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THE WORKS

OF

THOMAS MIDDLETON.

VOL. II.

CONTAINING

A TRICK TO CATCH THE OLD ONE.
THE FAMILY OF LOVE.
YOUR FIVE GALLANTS.
A MAD WORLD, MY MASTERS.
THE ROARING GIRL.

LONDON :
PRINTED BY ROBSON, LEVEY, AND FRANKLYN,
46 St. Martin's Lane.

THE WORKS

OF

THOMAS MIDDLETON,

Now first collected,

WITH

SOME ACCOUNT OF THE AUTHOR,

AND

NOTES,

BY

THE REVEREND ALEXANDER DYCE.

IN FIVE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

LONDON:

EDWARD LUMLEY, CHANCERY LANE.

1840.

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A TRICK

TO CATCH THE OLD ONE.

A Tricke to Catch the Old-one. As it hath beene often in Action, both at Paules, and the Black-Fryers. Presented before his Maiestie on New-yeares night last. Composde by T. M. At London Printed by G: E. and are to be sold by Henry Rockytt, at the long shop in the Poultrie vnder the Dyall. 1608. 4to. Second ed., 1616. 4to.

This drama (which Langbaine not undeservedly calls "excellent") is reprinted in the 5th vol. of *A Continuation of Dodsley's Old Plays*, 1816.

A Trick to catch the Old One was licensed by Sir George Bucke, 7th Oct. 1607: see Chalmers's *Suppl. Apol.* p. 201.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

WITGOOD.
LUCRE, *his uncle.*
HOARD.
ONESIPHORUS HOARD, *his brother.*
LIMBER,
KIX,[a]
LAMPREY,
SPICHCOCK,
} *friends of* HOARD.
DAMPIT.
GULF.
FREEDOM, *son to* MISTRESS LUCRE.
MONEYLOVE.
Host.
SIR LAUNCELOT.
Creditors.
Gentlemen.
GEORGE.
Drawer.
Boy.
Scrivener.
Servants, &c.

Courtesan.
MISTRESS LUCRE.
JOYCE, *niece to* HOARD.
LADY FOXSTONE.
AUDREY, *servant to* DAMPIT.

SCENE (except during the first two scenes of act i.), LONDON.

[a] *Kix*] I may just remark that this name is intended to describe the person who bears it, an elderly gentleman: *kix* (or, as it is generally written, *kex*) means a dry stalk.

A TRICK

TO CATCH THE OLD ONE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Street in a Country Town.

Enter WITGOOD.

WIT. All's gone! still thou'rt a gentleman, that's all; but a poor one, that's nothing. What milk bring[a] thy meadows forth now? where are thy goodly uplands, and thy down lands? all sunk into that little pit, lechery. Why should a gallant pay but two shillings for his ordinary[b] that nourishes him, and twenty times two for his brothel[c] that consumes him? But where's Long-acre?[d] in my uncle's conscience, which is three years' voyage about: he that sets out upon his conscience ne'er finds the way home again; he is either swallowed in the quicksands of law-quillets, or splits upon the piles of a *præmunire;* yet these old fox-brained

[a] *bring*] Old eds. "brings."

[b] *ordinary*] See note, vol. i. p. 389.

[c] *brothel*] i. e. harlot: so in a passage of Greene's *Groatsworth of Wit* (quoted in my Account of Greene and his writings, p. xxx., prefixed to his *Works*), "brother to a *brothell* he kept." The word was at an early period applied to the worthless of both sexes.

[d] *Long-acre*] "Probably the name of the estate Witgood had mortgaged to his uncle."—*Edit. of* 1816.

and ox-browed uncles have still defences for their avarice, and apologies for their practices, and will thus greet our follies :

He that doth his youth expose
To brothel, drink, and danger,
Let him that is his nearest kin
Cheat him before a stranger :

and that's his uncle ; 'tis a principle in usury. I dare not visit the city : there I should be too soon visited by that horrible plague, my debts ; and by that means I lose a virgin's love, her portion, and her virtues. Well, how should a man live now that has no living ? hum,—why, are there not a million of men in the world that only sojourn upon their brain, and make their wits their mercers ; and am I but one amongst that million, and cannot thrive upon't ? Any trick out of the compass of law[e] now would come happily to me.

Enter Courtesan.

COUR. My love !

WIT. My loathing ! hast thou been the secret consumption of my purse, and now comest to undo my last means, my wits ? wilt leave no virtue in me, and yet thou ne'er the better ?
Hence, courtesan, round-webb'd tarantula,
That dry'st the roses in the cheeks of youth !

COUR. I've[f] been true unto your pleasure ; and all your lands
Thrice rack'd, were[g] never worth the jewel which
I prodigally gave you, my virginity :
Lands mortgag'd may return, and more esteem'd,
But honesty once pawn'd, is ne'er redeem'd.

[e] *out of the compass of law*] i. e. out of the reach of, not punishable by, law.
[f] *I've*] Old eds. " I have." [g] *were*] Old eds. " was."

WIT. Forgive: I do thee wrong
To make thee sin, and then to chide thee for't.
COUR. I know I am your loathing now; farewell.
WIT. Stay, best invention, stay.
COUR. I that *have been the secret consumption of your purse*, shall I stay now *to undo your last means, your wits? hence, courtesan, away!*
WIT. I prithee, make me not mad at my own weapon: stay (a thing few women can do, I know that, and therefore they had need wear stays), be not contrary: dost love me? Fate[g] has so cast it that all my means I must derive from thee.
COUR. From me? be happy then;
What lies within the power of my performance
Shall be commanded of thee.
WIT. Spoke like
An honest drab, i'faith: it may prove something;
What trick is not an embryon at first,
Until a perfect shape come over it?
COUR. Come,[h] I must help you: whereabouts left you?

[g] *Fate*, &c.] Qy. was the whole of this speech originally blank verse?

[h] *Come*, &c.] The editor of 1816 printed,

"*Come, I must help; where left you? I'll proceed,*"

without mentioning the reading of the old eds., which I have followed, and which (though this scene is probably more than slightly corrupted in several places) I believe to be right. Middleton sometimes, when he introduces a couplet, shews perfect indifference about the length of the first line: see note, vol. i. p. 424, and compare the following passage of *The Phœnix*;

"Without thee,
All the whole world were soiled bastardy."

vol. i. p. 351, (where, in my note, I too hastily remarked that part of the first line had probably dropt out).

I'll proceed:
Though you beget, 'tis I must help to breed.
Speak, what is't? I'd fain conceive it.

WIT. So, so, so: thou shalt presently take the name and form upon thee of a rich country widow, four hundred a-year valiant,[i] in woods, in bullocks, in barns, and in rye-stacks; we'll to London, and to my covetous uncle.

COUR. I begin to applaud thee; our states being both desperate, they are soon resolute: but how for horses?

WIT. Mass, that's true; the jest will be of some continuance. Let me see; horses now, a bots on 'em! Stay, I have acquaintance with a mad host, never yet bawd to thee; I have rinsed the whoreson's gums in mull-sack many a time and often: put but a good tale into his ear now, so it come off cleanly, and there's horse and man for us, I dare warrant thee.

COUR. Arm your wits then
Speedily; there shall want nothing in me,
Either in behaviour, discourse, or fashion,
That shall discredit your intended purpose.
I will so artfully disguise my wants,
And set so good a courage on my state,
That I will be believ'd.

WIT. Why, then, all's furnished.[j] I shall go nigh to catch that old fox mine uncle: though he make but some amends for my undoing, yet there's some comfort in't, he cannot otherwise choose (though it be but in hope to cozen me again) but supply any hasty want that I bring to town with me. The

[i] *valiant*] i. e. worth.
[j] *furnished*] The editor of 1816 prints "finish'd."

device well and cunningly carried, the name of a rich widow, and four hundred a-year in good earth, will so conjure up a kind of usurer's love in him to me, that he will not only desire my presence,—which at first shall scarce be granted him, I'll keep off a' purpose,—but I shall find him so officious to deserve, so ready to supply! I know the state of an old man's affection so well: if his nephew be poor indeed, why, he lets God alone with him; but if he be once rich, then he'll be the first man that helps him.

COUR. 'Tis right the world; for, in these days, an old man's love to his kindred is like his kindness to his wife, 'tis always done before he comes at it.

WIT. I owe thee for that jest. Begone: here's all my wealth; prepare thyself, away. I'll to mine host with all possible haste; and with the best art, and most profitable form, pour the sweet circumstance into his ear, which shall have the gift to turn all the wax to honey. [*Exit Courtesan.*]—How no[w]? O, the right worshipful seniors of our country!

Enter ONESIPHORUS HOARD, LIMBER, *and* KIX.[k]

ONES. H. Who's that?

[k] *Enter Onesiphorus Hoard, Limber, and Kix*] In the old eds. the entrance of these "right worshipful seniors" is not marked, and the prefixes to their speeches are merely 1., 2., and 3. That one of them is Onesiphorus Hoard, there can be no doubt. That the other two are Limber and Kix, is, I think, as certain: they appear together with Onesiphorus in the last scene of the play, where they are addressed as "*old* master Limber and master Kix," and where they immediately recognise the Courtesan.—The editor of 1816 makes the stage-direction here "*Enter Two Gentlemen:*" he ought at least to have observed, that the speech which concludes this scene is given to a *third* speaker.

LIM. O, the common rioter; take no note of him.

WIT. You will not see me now; the comfort is,
Ere it be long you will scarce see yourselves.
[*Aside; and exit.*

ONES. H. I wonder how he breathes; has consum'd all
Upon that courtesan.

LIM. We have heard so much.

ONES. H. You've[1] heard all truth. His uncle and my brother
Have been these three years mortal adversaries:
Two old tough spirits, they seldom meet but fight,
Or quarrel when 'tis calmest:
I think their anger be the very fire
That keeps their age alive.

LIM. What was the quarrel, sir?

ONES. H. Faith, about a purchase, fetching over a young heir. Master Hoard, my brother, having wasted much time in beating the bargain, what did me old Lucre, but as his conscience moved him, knowing the poor gentleman, stept in between 'em, and cozened him himself.

LIM. And was this all, sir?

ONES. H. This was e'en it, sir; yet, for all this, I know no reason but the match might go forward betwixt his wife's son and my niece: what though there be a dissension between the two old men, I see no reason it should put a difference between the two younger; 'tis as natural for old folks to fall out, as for young to fall in. A scholar comes a-wooing to my niece; well, he's wise, but he's poor: her son comes a-wooing to my niece; well, he's a fool, but he's rich.

LIM. Ay, marry, sir.

[1] *You've*] Old eds. "You have."

ONES. H. Pray, now, is not a rich fool better than a poor philosopher?

LIM. One would think so, i'faith.

ONES. H. She now remains at London with my brother, her second uncle, to learn fashions, practise music; the voice between her lips, and the viol[m] between her legs, she'll be fit for a consort very speedily: a thousand good pound is her portion; if she marry, we'll ride up and be merry.

KIX. A match, if it be a match. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Another Street in the same Town.

Enter WITGOOD, *meeting Host.*

WIT. Mine host!

HOST. Young master Witgood!

WIT. I have been laying[n] all the town for thee.

HOST. Why, what's the news, bully Had-land?

WIT. What geldings are in the house, of thine own? answer me to that first.

HOST. Why, man, why?

WIT. Mark me what I say: I'll tell thee such a tale in thine ear, that thou shalt trust me spite of thy teeth, furnish me with some money wille nille, and ride up with me thyself *contra voluntatem et professionem.*

HOST. How? let me see this trick, and I'll say thou hast more art than a conjurer.

WIT. Dost thou joy in my advancement?

[m] *the viol*] i. e. the *viol de gambo*, which in those days it was the fashion for ladies to play.

[n] *laying*] "Is used in the same sense by Jack Cade in the 'Second Part of Henry VI.' (Act iv. scene x.) 'These five days have I hid me in these woods, and durst not peep out, for all the country is *lay'd* for me.'" *Editor of* 1816.

Host. Do I love sack and ginger?

Wit. Comes my prosperity desiredly to thee?

Host. Come forfeitures to a usurer, fees to an officer, punks to an host, and pigs to a parson desiredly? why, then, la.

Wit. Will the report of a widow of four hundred a-year, boy, make thee leap, and sing, and dance, and come to thy place again?

Host. Wilt thou command me now? I am thy spirit; conjure me into any shape.

Wit. I ha' brought her from her friends, turned back the horses by a slight;° not so much as one among her six men, goodly large yeomanly fellows, will she trust with this her purpose: by this light, all unmanned, regardless of her state, neglectful of vain-glorious ceremony, all for my love. O, 'tis a fine little voluble tongue, mine host, that wins a widow!

Host. No, 'tis a tongue with a great T, my boy, that wins a widow.

Wit. Now, sir, the case stands thus: good mine host, if thou lovest my happiness, assist me.

Host. Command all my beasts i' th' house.

Wit. Nay, that's not all neither: prithee, take truce with thy joy, and listen to me. Thou knowest I have a wealthy uncle i' th' city, somewhat the wealthier by my follies: the report of this fortune, well and cunningly carried, might be a means to draw some goodness from the usuring rascal; for I have put her in hope already of some estate that I have either in land or money: now, if I be found true in neither, what may I expect but a sudden breach of our love, utter dissolution of the match, and confusion of my fortunes for ever?

° *slight*] See note, vol. i. p. 441.

HOST. Wilt thou but trust the managing of thy business with me?

WIT. With thee? why, will I desire to thrive in my purpose? will I hug four hundred a-year, I that know the misery of nothing? Will that man wish a rich widow, that has ne'er a hole to put his head in? With thee, mine host? why, believe it, sooner with thee than with a covey of counsellors.

HOST. Thank you for your good report, i'faith, sir; and if I stand you not in stead, why then let an host come off *hic et hæc hostis*, a deadly enemy to dice, drink, and venery. Come, where's this widow?

WIT. Hard at Park-end.

HOST. I'll be her serving-man for once.

WIT. Why, there we let off together: keep full time; my thoughts were striking then just the same number.

HOST. I knew't: shall we then see our merry days again?

WIT. Our merry nights—which ne'er shall be more seen. [*Aside.*] [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Street.[p]

Enter[q] LUCRE *and* HOARD *quarrelling;* LAMPREY, SPICHCOCK, FREEDOM, *and* MONEYLOVE, *coming between to pacify them.*

LAM. Nay, good master Lucre, and you, master Hoard, anger is the wind which you're both too much troubled withal.

[p] *A Street*] i. e. in London, which continues to be the place of action during the rest of the play.

[q] *Enter*, &c.] Old eds. "*Enter* at seuerall doores."

HOA. Shall my adversary thus daily affront[r] me, ripping up the old wound of our malice, which three summers could not close up? into which wound the very sight of him drops scalding lead instead of balsamum.

LUC. Why, Hoard, Hoard, Hoard, Hoard, Hoard! may I not pass in the state of quietness to mine own house? answer me to that, before witness, and why? I'll refer the cause to honest, even-minded gentlemen, or require the mere indifferences of the law to decide this matter. I got the purchase, true: was't not any man's case? yes: will a wise man stand as a bawd, whilst another wipes his nose[s] of the bargain? no; I answer no in that case.

LAM. Nay, sweet master Lucre.

HOA. Was it the part of a friend—no, rather of a Jew;—mark what I say—when I had beaten the bush to the last bird, or, as I may term it, the price to a pound, then, like a cunning usurer, to come in the evening of the bargain, and glean all my hopes in a minute? to enter, as it were, at the back door of the purchase? for thou ne'er camest the right way by it.

LUC. Hast thou the conscience to tell me so without any impeachment to thyself?

HOA. Thou that canst defeat thy own nephew, Lucre, lap his lands into bonds, and take the extremity of thy kindred's forfeitures, because he's a rioter, a wastethrift, a brothel-master,[t] and so

[r] *affront*] i. e. encounter, face.

[s] *wipes his nose*] i. e. cheats him: the expression is of frequent occurrence; but not so the following one, which has the same meaning,—"'Twould anger any man to be *nos'd* of such a match." Brome's *English Moor*, p. 7.—*Five New Plays*, 1659.

[t] *brothel-master*] See note, p. 5.

forth; what may a stranger expect from thee but *vulnera dilacerata*, as the poet says, dilacerate dealing?

Luc. Upbraidest thou me with nephew? is all imputation laid upon me? what acquaintance have I with his follies? if he riot, 'tis he must want it; if he surfeit, 'tis he must feel it; if he drab it, 'tis he must lie by't: what's this to me?

Hoa. What's all to thee? nothing, nothing; such is the gulf of thy desire and the wolf of thy conscience: but be assured, old Pecunius[u] Lucre, if ever fortune so bless me, that I may be at leisure to vex thee, or any means so favour me, that I may have opportunity to mad thee, I will pursue it with that flame of hate, that spirit of malice, unrepressed wrath, that I will blast thy comforts.

Luc. Ha, ha, ha!

Lam. Nay, master Hoard, you're a wise gentleman ——

Hoa. I will so cross thee ——

Luc. And I thee.

Hoa. So without mercy fret thee ——

Luc. So monstrously oppose thee ——

Hoa. Dost scoff at my just anger? O, that I had as much power as usury has over thee!

Luc. Then thou wouldst have as much power as the devil has over thee.

Hoa. Toad!

Luc. Aspic!

Hoa. Serpent!

Luc. Viper!

[u] *Pecunius*] Though the word here is not printed with a capital letter in the old eds., we learn from a subsequent scene that it is the Christian name of Lucre.

SPI. Nay, gentlemen, then we must divide you perforce.

LAM. When the fire grows too unreasonable hot, there's no better way than to take off the wood.

[*Exeunt* LAMPREY *and* SPICHCOCK, *drawing off* LUCRE *and* HOARD *different ways: manent*[v] FREEDOM *and* MONEYLOVE.

FREE. A word, good signior.

MON. How now, what's the news?

FREE. 'Tis given me to understand that you are a rival of mine in the love of mistress Joyce, master Hoard's niece: say me ay, say me no?

MON. Yes, 'tis so.

FREE. Then look to yourself, you cannot live long: I'm practising every morning; a month hence I'll challenge you.

MON. Give me your hand upon't; there's my pledge I'll meet you. [*Strikes him, and exit.*

FREE. O, O! what reason had you for that, sir, to strike before the month? you knew I was not ready for you, and that made you so crank:[w] I am not such a coward to strike again, I warrant you. My ear has the law of her side, for it burns horribly. I will teach him to strike a naked face, the longest day of his life: 'slid, it shall cost me some money but I'll bring this box into the chancery. [*Exit.*

[v] *manent*] Old eds. "manet"—which I mention, because the editor of 1816 makes Freedom and Moneylove *enter* after the others have gone out.

[w] *crank*] i. e. brisk.

SCENE IV.

Another Street.

Enter WITGOOD *and Host.*

HOST. Fear you nothing, sir; I have lodged her in a house of credit, I warrant you.

WIT. Hast thou the writings?

HOST. Firm, sir.

WIT. Prithee, stay, and behold two the most prodigious rascals that ever slipt into the shape of men; Dampit, sirrah, and young Gulf his fellow-caterpillar.

HOST. Dampit? sure I have heard of that Dampit?

WIT. Heard of him? why, man, he that has lost both his ears may hear of him; a famous infamous trampler of time; his own phrase. Note him well: that Dampit, sirrah, he in the uneven beard and the serge cloak, is the most notorious, usuring, blasphemous, atheistical, brothel-vomiting rascal, that we have in these latter times now extant; whose first beginning was the stealing of a masty[x] dog from a farmer's house.

HOST. He looked as if he would obey the commandment[s] well, when he began first with stealing.

WIT. True: the next town he came at, he set the dogs together by th' ears.

HOST. A sign he should follow the law, by my faith.

WIT. So it followed, indeed; and being destitute of all fortunes, staked his masty against a noble,[y] and by great fortune his dog had the day: how he made it up ten shillings, I know not; but

[x] *masty*] i. e. mastiff.
[y] *a noble*] A gold coin worth 6*s.* 8*d.*

his own boast is, that he came to town but with ten shillings in his purse, and now is credibly worth ten thousand pound.

HOST. How the devil came he by it?

Enter DAMPIT *and* GULF.

WIT. How the devil came he not by it? If you put in the devil once, riches come with a vengeance: has been a trampler of the law,[z] sir; and the devil has a care of his footmen. The rogue has spied me now; he nibbled me finely once, too:—a pox search you! [*Aside.*]—O, master Dampit!—the very loins of thee! [*Aside.*]—Cry you mercy, master Gulf; you walk so low, I promise you I saw you not, sir.

GULF. He that walks low walks safe, the poets tell us.

WIT. And nigher hell by a foot and a half than the rest of his fellows.— [*Aside.*

But, my old Harry!

DAM. My sweet Theodorus!

WIT. 'Twas a merry world when thou camest to town with ten shillings in thy purse.

[z] *trampler of the law*] Taylor, the water-poet, begins the account of "A Corrupted Lawyer, and a Knauish Vndershriue," with the following lines;

"A hall, a hall, the *tramplers* are at hand,
A shifting Master, and as sweetly man'd;
His Buckram-bearer, one that knowes his ku,
Can write with one hand and receiue with two.
The *trampler* is in hast, O cleere the way,
Takes fees with both hands cause he cannot stay,
No matter wheth'r the cause be right or wrong,
So hee be payd for letting out his tongue."

A Brood of Cormorants, p. 13; *Workes*, 1630.

In Brome's *Sparagus Garden*, 1640 (acted 1635), one of the characters is a lawyer named *Trampler*.

DAM. And now worth ten thousand pound, my boy. Report it; Harry Dampit, a trampler of time, say, he would be up in a morning, and be here with his serge gown, dashed up to the hams in a cause; have his feet stink about Westminster Hall, and come home again; see the galleons, the galleasses,[a] the great armadas of the law; then there be hoys and petty vessels, oars and scullers of the time; there be picklocks of the time too; then would I be here; I would trample up and down like a mule: now to the judges, *May it please your reverend honourable fatherhoods;* then to my counsellor, *May it please your worshipful patience;* then to the examiner's office, *May it please your mastership's gentleness;* then to one of the clerks, *May it please your worshipful lousiness,*—for I find him scrubbing in his cod-piece; then to the hall again, then to the chamber again ——

WIT. And when to the cellar again?

DAM. E'en when thou wilt again: tramplers of time, motions of Fleet Street, and visions of Holborn;[b] here I have fees of one, there I have fees of another; my clients come about me, the fooliaminy and coxcombry of the country: I still trashed[c]

[a] *galleasses*] Large, heavy, low-built vessels: see Steevens's note on Shakespeare's *Taming of a Shrew*, act ii. sc. 1.

[b] *motions of Fleet Street, and visions of Holborn*] The editor of 1816 says that he "knows not *exactly* what these visions were:" nor do I: they are evidently used here as a cant term, like the words with which they are coupled—*tramplers* (see note in the preceding page), and *motions* (i. e. puppet-shows, puppets: see note, vol. i. p. 229.)

[c] *trashed*] The following passage of *The Puritan*, "a guarded lackey to run before it [a coach], and pied liveries to come *trashing* after it," act iv. sc. 1, which is cited here by the editor of 1816, is given by Todd in his additions to Johnson's *Dict.* as an example of *trash* in the sense of—to follow with bustle, to tramp about with fatigue; and such seems to be the meaning of the word in our text.

and trotted for other men's causes; thus was poor Harry Dampit made rich by others' laziness, who, though they would not follow their own suits, I made 'em follow me with their purses.

WIT. Didst thou so, old Harry?

DAM. Ay, and I soused 'em with bills of charges, i'faith; twenty pound a-year have I brought in for boat-hire, and I ne'er stept into boat in my life.

WIT. Tramplers of time!

DAM. Ay, tramplers of time, rascals of time, bull-beggars![d]

Wit. Ah, thou'rt a mad old Harry!—Kind master Gulf, I am bold to renew my acquaintance.

GULF. I embrace it, sir. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Room in LUCRE'S *House.*

Enter LUCRE.

LUC. My adversary evermore twits me with my nephew, forsooth, my nephew: why may not a virtuous uncle have a dissolute nephew? What though he be a brotheller, a wastethrift, a common surfeiter, and, to conclude, a beggar, must sin in him call up shame in me? Since we have no part in their follies, why should we have part in their infamies? For my strict hand toward his mortgage, that I deny not: I confess I had an uncle's pen'worth; let me see, half in half, true: I saw neither hope of his reclaiming, nor comfort in his being; and was it not then better bestowed upon

[d] *bull-beggars*] i. e. hobgoblins—a word of uncertain derivation.

his uncle than upon one of his aunts?—I need not say bawd, for every one knows what aunt stands for in the last translation.

Enter Servant.

Now, sir?

SER. There's a country serving-man, sir, attends to speak with your worship.

LUC. I'm at best leisure now; send him in to me. [*Exit Servant.*

Enter Host disguised as a serving-man.

HOST. Bless your venerable worship.

LUC. Welcome, good fellow.

HOST. He calls me thief[e] at first sight, yet he little thinks I am an host. [*Aside.*

LUC. What's thy business with me?

HOST. Faith, sir, I am sent from my mistress, to any sufficient gentleman indeed, to ask advice upon a doubtful point: 'tis indifferent, sir, to whom I come, for I know none, nor did my mistress direct me to any particular man, for she's as mere a stranger here as myself; only I found your worship within, and 'tis a thing I ever loved, sir, to be despatched as soon as I can.

LUC. A good, blunt honesty; I like him well. [*Aside.*]—What is thy mistress?

HOST. Faith, a country gentlewoman, and a widow, sir. Yesterday was the first flight of us; but now she intends to stay till a little term business be ended.

LUC. Her name, I prithee?

HOST. It runs there in the writings, sir, among her lands; widow Medler.

[e] *he calls me thief*] Because *good fellow* was one of the cant terms for a thief.

Luc. Medler? mass, have I ne'er heard of that widow?

Host. Yes, I warrant you, have you, sir: not the rich widow in Staffordshire?

Luc. Cuds me, there 'tis indeed; thou hast put me into memory: there's a widow indeed! ah, that I were a bachelor again!

Host. No doubt your worship might do much then; but she's fairly promised to a bachelor already.

Luc. Ah, what is he, I prithee?

Host. A country gentleman too; one whom your worship knows not, I'm sure; has spent some few follies in his youth, but marriage, by my faith, begins to call him home: my mistress loves him, sir, and love covers faults, you know: one master Witgood, if ever you have heard of the gentleman.

Luc. Ha! Witgood, sayst thou?

Host. That's his name indeed, sir; my mistress is like to bring him to a goodly seat yonder; four hundred a-year, by my faith.

Luc. But, I pray, take me with you.[g]

Host. Ay, sir.

Luc. What countryman might this young Witgood be?

Host. A Leicestershire gentleman, sir.

Luc. My nephew, by th' mass, my nephew! I'll fetch out more of this, i'faith: a simple country fellow, I'll work't out of him. [*Aside.*]—And is that gentleman, sayst thou, presently to marry her?

Host. Faith, he brought her up to town, sir; has the best card in all the bunch for't, her heart; and I know my mistress will be married ere she

[g] *take me with you*] i. e. let me understand you.

go down; nay, I'll swear that, for she's none of those widows that will go down first, and be married after; she hates that, I can tell you, sir.

Luc. By my faith, sir, she is like to have a proper gentleman, and a comely; I'll give her that gift.

Host. Why, does your worship know him, sir?

Luc. I know him? does not all the world know him? can a man of such exquisite qualities be hid under a bushel?

Host. Then your worship may save me a labour, for I had charge given me to inquire after him.

Luc. Inquire of him? If I might counsel thee, thou shouldst ne'er trouble thyself further; inquire of him of no more but of me; I'll fit thee. I grant he has been youthful; but is he not now reclaimed? mark you that, sir: has not your mistress, think you, been wanton in her youth? if men be wags, are there not women wagtails?

Host. No doubt, sir.

Luc. Does not he return wisest that comes home whipt with his own follies?

Host. Why, very true, sir.

Luc. The worst report you can hear of him, I can tell you, is that he has been a kind gentleman, a liberal, and a worthy: who but lusty Witgood, thrice-noble Witgood!

Host. Since your worship has so much knowledge in him, can you resolve[h] me, sir, what his living might be? my duty binds me, sir, to have a care of my mistress' estate; she has been ever a good mistress to me, though I say it: many wealthy suitors has she nonsuited for his sake;

[h] *resolve*] i. e. satisfactorily inform.

yet though her love be so fixed, a man cannot tell whether his non-performance may help to remove it, sir: he makes us believe he has lands and living.

Luc. Who, young master Witgood? why, believe it, he has as goodly a fine living out yonder, —what do you call the place?

Host. Nay, I know not, i'faith.

Luc. Hum—see, like a beast, if I have not forgot the name—pooh! and out yonder again, goodly grown woods and fair meadows: pax[i] on't, I can ne'er hit of that place neither: he? why, he's Witgood of Witgood Hall; he, an unknown thing!

Host. Is he so, sir? To see how rumour will alter! trust me, sir, we heard once he had no lands, but all lay mortgaged to an uncle he has in town here.

Luc. Push,[j] 'tis a tale, 'tis a tale.

Host. I can assure you, sir, 'twas credibly reported to my mistress.

Luc. Why, do you think, i'faith, he was ever so simple to mortgage his lands to his uncle? or his uncle so unnatural to take the extremity of such a mortgage?

Host. That was my saying still, sir.

Luc. Pooh, ne'er think it.

Host. Yet that report goes current.

Luc. Nay, then you urge me:
Cannot I tell that best that am his uncle?

Host. How, sir? what have I done!

[i] *pax*] For pox,—perhaps an affected mode of pronouncing the word: it occurs frequently in Middleton. See my note on Webster's *Works*, vol. iii. p. 195.

[j] *Push*] See note, vol. i. p. 29.

Luc. Why, how now! in a swoon, man?

Host. Is your worship his uncle, sir?

Luc. Can that be any harm to you, sir?

Host. I do beseech you, sir, do me the favour to conceal it: what a beast was I to utter so much! pray, sir, do me the kindness to keep it in; I shall have my coat pulled o'er my ears, an't should be known; for the truth is, an't please your worship, to prevent much rumour and many suitors, they intend to be married very suddenly and privately.

Luc. And dost thou think it stands with my judgment to do them injury? must I needs say the knowledge of this marriage comes from thee? am I a fool at fifty-four? do I lack subtlety now, that have got all my wealth by it? There's a leash of angels[j] for thee: come, let me woo thee speak where lie they?

Host. So I might have no anger, sir ——

Luc. Passion of me, not a jot: prithee, come.

Host. I would not have it known, sir,[k] it came by my means.

Luc. Why, am I a man of wisdom?

Host. I dare trust your worship, sir; but I'm a stranger to your house; and to avoid all intelligencers, I desire your worship's ear.

Luc. This fellow's worth a matter of trust. [*Aside.*]—Come, sir. [*Host whispers to him.*] Why, now thou'rt an honest lad.—Ah, sirrah, nephew!

Host. Please you, sir, now I have begun with your worship, when shall I attend for your advice upon that doubtful point? I must come warily now.

[j] *angels*] See note, vol. i. p. 250.
[k] *sir*] So ed. 1616. Not in first ed.

LUC. Tut, fear thou nothing;
To-morrow's evening shall resolve the doubt.

HOST. The time shall cause my attendance.

LUC. Fare thee well. [*Exit Host.*]—There's more true honesty in such a country serving-man than in a hundred of our cloak companions:[l] I may well call 'em companions, for since blue coats have been turned into cloaks,[m] we can scarce know the man from the master.—George!

Enter GEORGE.

GEO. Anon, sir.

LUC. List hither: [*whispers*] keep the place secret: commend me to my nephew; I know no cause, tell him, but he might see his uncle.

GEO. I will, sir.

LUC. And, do you hear, sir?
Take heed you use him with respect and duty.

GEO. Here's a strange alteration; one day he must be turned out like a beggar, and now he must be called in like a knight. [*Aside, and exit.*

LUC. Ah, sirrah, that rich widow!—four hundred a-year! beside, I hear she lays claim to a title of a hundred more. This falls unhappily that he should bear a grudge to me now, being likely to prove so rich: what is't, trow,[n] that he makes me a stranger for? Hum,—I hope he has not so much wit to apprehend that I cozened him: he

[l] *companions*] i. e. scurvy fellows,—in which sense the word was often used.

[m] *blue coats have been turned into cloaks*] Every reader of our early dramas is aware that blue was the colour usually worn by servants: from the present passage it appears that their coats had been recently exchanged for cloaks, like those which gentlemen then wore.

[n] *trow*] i. e. think you.

deceives me then. Good heaven, who would have thought it would ever have come to this pass! yet he's a proper gentleman, i'faith, give him his due, marry, that's his mortgage; but that I ne'er mean to give him: I'll make him rich enough in words, if that be good; and if it come to a piece of money, I will not greatly stick for't; there may be hope some of the widow's lands, too, may one day fall upon me, if things be carried wisely.

Re-enter GEORGE.

Now, sir, where is he?

GEO. He desires your worship to hold him excused; he has such weighty business, it commands him wholly from all men.

LUC. Were those my nephew's words?

GEO. Yes, indeed, sir.

LUC. When men grow rich, they grow proud too, I perceive that; he would not have sent me such an answer once within this twelvemonth: see what 'tis when a man's come to his lands! [*Aside.*]—Return to him again, sir; tell him his uncle desires his company for an hour; I'll trouble him but an hour, say; 'tis for his own good, tell him: and, do you hear, sir? put *worship* upon him: go to, do as I bid you; he's like to be a gentleman of worship very shortly.

GEO. This is good sport, i'faith. [*Aside, and exit.*

LUC. Troth, he uses his uncle discourteously now: can he tell what I may do for him? goodness may come from me in a minute, that comes not in seven year again: he knows my humour; I am not so usually good; 'tis no small thing that draws kindness from me, he may know that and[o]

[o] *and*] i. e. if.

he will. The chief cause that invites me to do him most good, is the sudden astonishing of old Hoard, my adversary: how pale his malice will look at my nephew's advancement! with what a dejected spirit he will behold his fortunes, whom but last day he proclaimed rioter, penurious makeshift, despised brothel-master![p] Ha, ha! 'twill do me more secret joy than my last purchase, more precious comfort than all these widow's revenues.

Re-enter GEORGE, *shewing in* WITGOOD.

Now, sir?

GEO. With much entreaty he's at length come, sir. [*Exit.*

LUC. O, nephew, let me salute you, sir! you're welcome, nephew.

WIT. Uncle, I thank you.

LUC. You've a fault, nephew; you're a stranger here:
Well, heaven give you joy!

WIT. Of what, sir?

LUC. Hah, we can hear!
You might have known your uncle's house, i'faith,
You and your widow: go to, you were to blame;
If I may tell you so without offence.

WIT. How could you hear of that, sir?

LUC. O, pardon me!
'Twas[q] your will to have kept it[r] from me, I perceive now.

WIT. Not for any defect of love, I protest, uncle.

LUC. O, 'twas unkindness, nephew! fie, fie, fie.

WIT. I am sorry you take it in that sense, sir.

LUC. Pooh, you cannot colour it, i'faith, nephew.

[p] *brothel-master*] See note, p. 5.
[q] *'Twas*] Old eds. "It was."
[r] *kept it*] So ed. 1616. First ed. "*it kept.*"

WIT. Will you but hear what I can say in my just excuse, sir?

LUC. Yes, faith, will I, and welcome.

WIT. You that know my danger i' th' city, sir, so well, how great my debts are, and how extreme my creditors, could not out of your pure judgment, sir, have wished us hither.

LUC. Mass, a firm reason indeed.

WIT. Else, my uncle's house! why, 't had been the only make-match.

LUC. Nay, and thy credit.

WIT. My credit? nay, my countenance: push,[r] nay, I know, uncle, you would have wrought it so by your wit, you would have made her believe in time the whole house had been mine.

LUC. Ay, and most of the goods too.

WIT. La, you there! well, let 'em all prate what they will, there's nothing like the bringing of a widow to one's uncle's house.

LUC. Nay, let nephews be ruled as they list, they shall find their uncle's house the most natural place when all's done.

WIT. There they may be bold.

LUC. Life, they may do any thing there, man, and fear neither beadle nor somner:[s] an uncle's house! a very Cole-Harbour.[t] Sirrah, I'll touch thee near now: hast thou so much interest in thy widow, that by a token thou couldst presently send for her?

WIT. Troth, I think I can, uncle.

LUC. Go to, let me see that.

WIT. Pray, command one of your men hither, uncle.

[r] *push*] See note, vol. i. p. 29.
[s] *somner*]—*sumner*, *summoner*—i. e. apparitor.
[t] *Cole-Harbour*] See note on act iv. sc. 1.

LUC. George!

Re-enter GEORGE.

GEO. Here, sir.

LUC. Attend my nephew. [WITGOOD *whispers to* GEORGE, *who then goes out.*]—I love a' life[u] to prattle with a rich widow; 'tis pretty, methinks, when our tongues go together: and then to promise much and perform little; I love that sport a' life, i'faith: yet I am in the mood now to do my nephew some good, if he take me handsomely. [*Aside.*]—What, have you despatched?

WIT. I ha' sent, sir.

LUC. Yet I must condemn you of unkindness, nephew.

WIT. Heaven forbid, uncle!

LUC. Yes, faith, must I. Say your debts be many, your creditors importunate, yet the kindness of a thing is all, nephew: you might have sent me close word on't, without the least danger or prejudice to your fortunes.

WIT. Troth, I confess it, uncle; I was to blame there; but, indeed, my intent was to have clapped it up suddenly, and so have broke forth like a joy to my friends, and a wonder to the world: beside, there's a trifle of a forty pound matter toward the setting of me forth; my friends should ne'er have known on't; I meant to make shift for that myself.

LUC. How, nephew? let me not hear such a word again, I beseech you: shall I be beholding[v] to you?

WIT. To me? Alas, what do you mean, uncle?

[u] *a' life*] See note, vol. i. p. 272.
[v] *beholding*] See note, vol. i. p. 441.

Luc. I charge you, upon my love, you trouble nobody but myself.

Wit. You've no reason for that, uncle.

Luc. Troth, I'll ne'er be friends with you while you live, and[w] you do.

Wit. Nay, and you say so, uncle, here's my hand; I will not do't.

Luc. Why, well said! there's some hope in thee when thou wilt be ruled; I'll make it up fifty, faith, because I see thee so reclaimed. Peace; here comes my wife with Sam, her t'other husband's son.

Enter Mistress Lucre *and* Freedom.

Wit. Good aunt.

Free. Cousin Witgood, I rejoice in my salute; you're most welcome to this noble city, governed with the sword in the scabbard.

Wit. And the wit in the pommel. [*Aside.*]—Good master Sam Freedom, I return the salute.

Luc. By the mass, she's coming, wife; let me see now how thou wilt entertain her.

Mis. L. I hope I am not to learn, sir, to entertain a widow; 'tis not so long ago since I was one myself.

Enter Courtesan.

Wit. Uncle ——

Luc. She's come indeed.

Wit. My uncle was desirous to see you, widow, and I presumed to invite you.

Court. The presumption was nothing, master Witgood: is this your uncle, sir?

Luc. Marry am I, sweet widow; and his good uncle he shall find me; ay, by this smack that I

[w] *and*] i. e. if.

give thee [*kisses her*], thou'rt welcome.—Wife, bid the widow welcome the same way again.

FREE. I am a gentleman now too by my father's occupation, and I see no reason but I may kiss a widow by my father's copy: truly, I think the charter is not against it; surely these are the words, *The son once a gentleman may revel it, though his father were a dauber;* 'tis about the fifteenth page: I'll to her.

[*Aside, then offers to kiss the Courtesan, who repulses him.*

LUC. You're not very busy now; a word with thee, sweet widow.

FREE. Coads-nigs! I was never so disgraced since the hour my mother whipt me.

LUC. Beside, I have no child of mine own to care for; she's my second wife, old, past bearing: clap sure to him, widow; he's like to be my heir, I can tell you.

COURT. Is he so, sir?

LUC. He knows it already, and the knave's proud on't: jolly rich widows have been offered him here i' th' city, great merchants' wives; and do you think he would once look upon 'em? forsooth, he'll none: you are beholding[x] to him i' th' country, then, ere we could be: nay, I'll hold a wager, widow, if he were once known to be in town, he would be presently sought after; nay, and happy were they that could catch him first.

COURT. I think so.

LUC. O, there would be such running to and fro, widow! he should not pass the streets for 'em: he'd be took up in one great house or other presently: faugh! they know he has it, and must

[x] *beholding*] See note, vol. i. p. 441.

have it. You see this house here, widow; this house and all comes to him; goodly rooms, ready furnished, ceiled with plaster of Paris, and all hung about[y] with cloth of arras.—Nephew.

WIT. Sir.

LUC. Shew the widow your house; carry her into all the rooms, and bid her welcome.—You shall see, widow.—Nephew, strike all sure above and[z] thou beest a good boy,—ah!

[*Aside to* WITGOOD.

WIT. Alas, sir, I know not how she would take it!

LUC. The right way, I warrant t'ye: a pox, art an ass? would I were in thy stead! get you up, I am ashamed of you. [*Exeunt* WITGOOD *and Courtesan*]. So: let 'em agree as they will now: many a match has been struck up in my house a' this fashion: let 'em try all manner of ways, still there's nothing like an uncle's house to strike the stroke in. I'll hold my wife in talk a little.—Now, Jenny, your son there goes a-wooing to a poor gentlewoman but of a thousand [pound] portion: see my nephew, a lad of less hope, strikes at four hundred a-year in good rubbish.

MIS. L. Well, we must do as we may, sir.

LUC. I'll have his money ready told for him again[a] he come down: let me see, too;—by th' mass, I must present the widow with some jewel, a good piece of[b] plate, or such a device; 'twill hearten her on well: I have a very fair standing cup; and a good high standing cup will please a widow above all other pieces. [*Exit.*

MIS. L. Do you mock us with your nephew?—I have a plot in my head, son;—i'faith, husband, to cross you.

[y] *about*] So ed. 1616. First ed. "above." [z] *and*] i. e. if.
[a] *again*] i. e. against. [b] *of*] So ed. 1616. First ed. "a."

FREE. Is it a tragedy plot, or a comedy plot, good mother?

MIS. L. 'Tis a plot shall vex him. I charge you, of my blessing, son Sam, that you presently withdraw the action of your love from master Hoard's niece.

FREE. How, mother?

MIS. L. Nay, I have a plot in my head, i'faith. Here, take this chain of gold, and this fair diamond: dog me the widow home to her lodging, and at thy best opportunity fasten 'em both upon her. Nay, I have a reach: I can tell you thou art known what thou art, son, among the right worshipful, all the twelve companies.

FREE. Truly, I thank 'em for it.

MIS. L. He? he's a scab to thee: and so certify her thou hast two hundred a-year of thyself, beside thy good parts—a proper person and a lovely. If I were a widow, I could find in my heart to have thee myself, son; ay, from 'em all.

FREE. Thank you for your good will, mother; but, indeed, I had rather have a stranger: and if I woo her not in that violent fashion, that I will make her be glad to take these gifts ere I leave her, let me never be called the heir of your hody.

MIS. L. Nay, I know there's enough in you, son, if you once come to put it forth.

FREE. I'll quickly make a bolt or a shaft on't.[c]

[*Exeunt.*

[c] *make a bolt or a shaft on't*] "This is a proverbial expression, and is enumerated by Ray in his Collection of Proverbial Phrases. The meaning is, that he would immediately try his fortune with the widow, and either be rejected or accepted. The same expression is used by Slender in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, act. iii. sc. 4. See notes on the passage." *Editor of* 1816.

SCENE II.

A Street.

Enter HOARD *and* MONEYLOVE.

MON. Faith, master Hoard, I have bestowed many months in the suit of your niece, such was the dear love I ever bore to her virtues: but since she hath so extremely denied me, I am to lay out for my fortunes elsewhere.

HOA. Heaven forbid but you should, sir! I ever told you my niece stood otherwise affected.

MON. I must confess you did, sir; yet, in regard of my great loss of time, and the zeal with which I sought your niece, shall I desire one favour of your worship?

HOA. In regard of those two, 'tis hard but you shall, sir.

MON. I shall rest grateful: 'tis not full three hours, sir, since the happy rumour of a rich country widow came to my hearing.

HOA. How? a rich country widow?

MON. Four hundred a-year landed.

HOA. Yea?

MON. Most firm, sir; and I have learnt her lodging: here my suit begins, sir; if I might but entreat your worship to be a countenance for me, and speak a good word (for your words will pass), I nothing doubt but I might set fair for the widow; nor shall your labour, sir, end altogether in thanks; two hundred angels[d] ——

HOA. So, so: what suitors has she?

MON. There lies the comfort, sir; the report of her is yet but a whisper; and only solicited by

[d] *angels*] See note, vol. i. p. 250.

young riotous Witgood, nephew to your mortal adversary.

HOA. Ha! art certain he's her suitor?

MON. Most certain, sir; and his uncle very industrious to beguile the widow, and make up the match.

HOA. So: very good.

MON. Now, sir, you know this young Witgood is a spendthrift, dissolute fellow.

HOA. A very rascal.

MON. A midnight surfeiter.

HOA. The spume of a brothel-house.

MON. True, sir: which being well told in your worship's phrase, may both heave him out of her mind, and drive a fair way for me to the widow's affections.

HOA. Attend me about five.

MON. With my best care, sir. [*Exit.*

HOA. Fool, thou hast left thy treasure with a thief,
To trust a widower with a suit in love!
Happy revenge, I hug thee! I have not only the means laid before me, extremely to cross my adversary, and confound the last hopes of his nephew, but thereby to enrich my state, augment my revenues, and build mine own fortunes greater: ha, ha!
I'll mar your phrase, o'erturn your flatteries,
Undo your windings, policies, and plots,
Fall like a secret and despatchful plague
On your secured comforts. Why, I am able
To buy three of Lucre; thrice outbid him,
Let my out-monies be reckoned and all.

Enter Three of WITGOOD'S *Creditors.*

FIRST C. I am glad of this news.

SEC. C. So are we, by my faith.

THIRD C. Young Witgood will be a gallant again now.

HOA. Peace. [*Listening.*

FIRST C. I promise you, master Cockpit, she's a mighty rich widow.

SEC. C. Why, have you ever heard of her?

FIRST C. Who? widow Medler? she lies open to much rumour.

THIRD C. Four hundred a-year, they say, in very good land.

FIRST C. Nay, take't of my word, if you believe that, you believe the least.

SEC. C. And to see how close he keeps it!

FIRST C. O, sir, there's policy in that, to prevent better suitors.

THIRD C. He owes me a hundred pound, and I protest I ne'er looked for a penny.

FIRST C. He little dreams of our coming; he'll wonder to see his creditors upon him.

[*Exeunt Creditors.*

HOA. Good, his creditors: I'll follow. This makes for me:

All know the widow's wealth; and 'tis well known
I can estate her fairly, ay, and will.
In this one chance shines a twice happy fate;
I both deject my foe and raise my state. [*Exit.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

WITGOOD'S *Lodging*.

Enter WITGOOD *and Three Creditors.*

WIT. Why, alas, my creditors, could you find no other time to undo me but now? rather your malice appears in this than the justness of the debt.

FIRST C. Master Witgood, I have forborne my money long.

WIT. I pray, speak low, sir: what do you mean?

SEC. C. We hear you are to be married suddenly to a rich country widow.

WIT. What can be kept so close but you creditors hear on't! well, 'tis a lamentable state, that our chiefest afflictors should first hear of our fortunes. Why, this is no good course, i'faith, sirs: if ever you have hope to be satisfied, why do you seek to confound the means that should work it? there's neither piety, no, nor policy in that. Shine favourably now: why, I may rise and spread again, to your great comforts.

FIRST C. He says true, i'faith.

WIT. Remove me[e] now, and I consume for ever.

SEC. C. Sweet gentleman!

WIT. How can it thrive which from the sun you sever?

THIRD. C. It cannot, indeed.

WIT. O, then, shew patience! I shall have enough
To satisfy you all.

[e] *Remove me*, &c.] "This and the next speech of Witgood's form a couplet, and are, I am inclined to think, a quotation." *Editor of* 1816.

FIRST C. Ay, if we could
Be content, a shame take us!
WIT. For, look you;
I am but newly sure yet to[f] the widow,
And what a rend might this discredit make!
Within these three days will I bind you lands
For your securities.
FIRST C. No, good master Witgood:
Would 'twere as much as we dare trust you with!
WIT. I know you have been kind; however, now,
Either by wrong report, or false incitement,
Your gentleness is injured: in such
A state as this a man cannot want foes.
If on the sudden he begin to rise,
No man that lives can count his enemies.
You had some intelligence, I warrant ye,
From an ill-willer.
SEC. C. Faith, we heard you brought up a rich widow, sir, and were suddenly to marry her.
WIT. Ay, why there it was: I knew 'twas so: but since you are so well resolved[g] of my faith toward you, let me be so much favoured of you, I beseech you all ——
ALL. O, it shall not need, i'faith, sir! ——

[f] *sure yet to*] Compare Brome:

"RA. Who do you think
Has married fair Mistris Millicent?
DI. Theophilus (I can name him, though his father
Was fatal unto mine) was *sure to* her."
The English Moor, p. 3.—*Five New Playes*, 1659.

"ER. Then you are *sure to* her.
MAT. No, I never us'd
A marriage-question, nor a wooing word," &c.
The New Academy, p. 19. *ibid.*

[g] *resolved*] i. e. convinced, satisfied.

WIT. As to lie still awhile, and bury my debts in silence, till I be fully possessed of the widow; for the truth is—I may tell you as my friends —

ALL. O, O, O! ——

WIT. I am to raise a little money in the city, toward the setting forth of myself, for mine own credit and your comfort; now, if my former debts should be divulged, all hope of my proceedings were quite extinguished.

FIRST C. Do you hear, sir? I may deserve your custom hereafter; pray, let my money be accepted before a stranger's: here's forty pound I received as I came to you; if that may stand you in any stead, make use on't. [*Offers him money, which he at first declines.*] Nay, pray, sir; 'tis at your service. [*Aside to* WITGOOD.

WIT. You do so ravish me with kindness, that
I am[g] constrain'd to play the maid, and take it.

FIRST C. Let none of them see it, I beseech you.

WIT. Faugh!

FIRST C. I hope I shall be first in your remembrance
After the marriage rites.

WIT. Believe it firmly.

FIRST C. So.—What, do you walk, sirs?

SEC. C. I go.—Take no care, sir, for money to furnish you; within this hour I'll send you sufficient. [*Aside to* WITGOOD.]—Come, master Cockpit, we both stay for you.

THIRD C. I ha' lost a ring, i'faith; I'll follow you presently: [*exeunt First and Second Creditors*] —but you shall find it, sir; I know your youth and expenses have disfurnished you of all jewels:

[g] *I am*] Old eds. "I'm."

there's a ruby of twenty pound price, sir; bestow it upon your widow. [*Offers him the ring, which he at first declines.*]—What, man! 'twill call up her blood to you; beside, if I might so much work with you, I would not have you beholding[h] to those bloodsuckers for any money.

WIT. Not I, believe it.

THIRD C. They're a brace of cut-throats.

WIT. I know 'em.

THIRD C. Send a note of all your wants to my shop, and I'll supply you instantly.

WIT. Say you so? why, here's my hand then, no man living shall do't but thyself.

THIRD C. Shall I carry it away from 'em both, then?

WIT. I'faith, shalt thou.

THIRD C. Troth, then, I thank you, sir.

WIT. Welcome, good master Cockpit. [*Exit Third Creditor.*]—Ha, ha, ha! why, is not this better now than lying a-bed? I perceive there's nothing conjures up wit sooner than poverty, and nothing lays it down sooner than wealth and lechery: this has some savour yet. O that I had the mortgage from mine uncle as sure in possession as these trifles! I would forswear brothel at noonday, and muscadine and eggs at midnight.

COURT. [*within*] Master Witgood, where are you?

WIT. Holla!

Enter Courtesan.

COURT. Rich news!

WIT. Would 'twere all in plate!

COURT. There's some in chains and jewels: I am so haunted with suitors, master Witgood, I know not which to despatch first.

[h] *beholding*] See note, vol. i. p. 441.

WIT. You have the better term,[1] by my faith.

COURT. Among the number
One master Hoard, an ancient gentleman.

WIT. Upon my life, my uncle's adversary.

COURT. It may well hold so, for he rails on you,
Speaks shamefully of him.

WIT. As I could wish it.

COURT. I first denied him, but so cunningly,
It rather promis'd him assured hopes,
Than any loss of labour.

WIT. Excellent!

COURT. I expect him every hour with gentlemen,
With whom he labours to make good his words,
To approve you riotous, your state consum'd,
Your uncle ——

WIT. Wench, make up thy own fortunes now; do thyself a good turn once in thy days: he's rich in money, movables, and lands; marry him: he's an old doating fool, and that's worth all; marry him: 'twould be a great comfort to me to see thee do well, i'faith; marry him: 'twould ease my conscience well to see thee well bestowed; I have a care of thee, i'faith.

COURT. Thanks, sweet master Witgood.

WIT. I reach at farther happiness: first, I am sure it can be no harm to thee, and there may happen goodness to me by it: prosecute it well; let's send up for our wits, now we require their best and most pregnant assistance.

COURT. Step in, I think I hear 'em. [*Exeunt.*

[1] *the better term*] "Ladies of easy virtue were, in the time of our poet, frequently called *termers*, from their visiting the city when the courts of justice were open, and the inns of court filled with young lawyers: to this, I conceive, Witgood alludes." *Editor of* 1816.—Witgood seems to use the word *term* with a playful allusion to the double meaning of *suitors*.

Enter HOARD *and Gentlemen, with the Host as Servant.*

HOA. Art thou the widow's man? by my faith, sh'as a company of proper men then.

HOST. I am the worst of six, sir; good enough for blue coats.[j]

HOA. Hark hither: I hear say thou art in most credit with her.

HOST. Not so, sir.

HOA. Come, come, thou'rt modest: there's a brace of royals;[k] prithee, help me to th' speech of her. [*Gives him money.*

HOST. I'll do what I may, sir, always saving myself harmless.

HOA. Go to, do't, I say; thou shalt hear better from me.

HOST. Is not this a better place than five mark a-year standing wages? Say a man had but three such clients in a day, methinks he might make a poor living on't; beside, I was never brought up with so little honesty to refuse any man's money; never: what gulls there are a' this side the world! now know I the widow's mind; none but my young master comes in her clutches: ha, ha, ha!

[*Aside, and exit.*

HOA. Now, my dear gentlemen, stand firmly to me;
You know his follies and my worth.

FIRST G. We do, sir.

SEC. G. But, master Hoard, are you sure he is not i' th' house now?

HOA. Upon my honesty, I chose this time

[j] *blue coats*] See note, p. 26.
[k] *royals*] See note, vol. i. p. 345.

A' purpose, fit: the spendthrift is abroad:
Assist me; here she comes.

Enter Courtesan.

Now, my sweet widow.

COURT. You're welcome, master Hoard.

HOA. Despatch, sweet gentlemen, despatch.—
I am come, widow, to prove those my words
Neither of envy sprung nor of false tongues,
But such as their[k] deserts and actions
Do merit and bring forth; all which these gentlemen,
Well known, and better reputed, will confess.

COURT. I cannot tell
How my affections may dispose of me;
But surely if they find him so desertless,
They'll have that reason to withdraw themselves:
And therefore, gentlemen, I do entreat you,
As you are fair in reputation
And in appearing form, so shine in truth:
I am a widow, and, alas, you know,
Soon overthrown! 'tis a very small thing
That we withstand, our weakness is so great:
Be partial unto neither, but deliver,
Without affection, your opinion.

HOA. And that will drive it home.

COURT. Nay, I beseech your silence, master Hoard;
You are a party.

HOA. Widow, not a word.

FIRST G. The better first to work you to belief,
Know neither of us owe him flattery,
Nor t'other malice; but unbribed censure,[l]
So help us our best fortunes![m]

[k] *their*] i. e. Witgood's and his uncle's.
[l] *censure*] i. e. opinion, judgment.
[m] *So help us our best fortunes*] "The declaration of this gen-

COURT. It suffices.
FIRST G. That Witgood is a riotous, undone man,
Imperfect both in fame and in estate,
His debts wealthier than he, and executions
In wait for his due body, we'll maintain
With our best credit and our dearest blood.
COURT. Nor land nor living, say you? Pray, take heed
You do not wrong the gentleman.
FIRST G. What we speak
Our lives and means are ready to make good.
COURT. Alas, how soon are we poor souls beguil'd!
SEC. G. And for his uncle ——
HOA. Let that come to me.
His uncle['s] a severe extortioner;
A tyrant at a forfeiture; greedy of others'
Miseries; one that would undo his brother,
Nay, swallow up his father, if he can,
Within the fathoms of his conscience.
FIRST G. Nay, believe it, widow,
You had not only match'd yourself to wants,
But in an evil and unnatural stock.
HOA. Follow hard, gentlemen, follow hard.
[*Aside to Gent.*
COURT. Is my love so deceiv'd? Before you all
I do renounce him; on my knees I vow [*Kneeling.*
He ne'er shall marry me.
WIT. [*looking in*] Heaven knows he never meant it! [*Aside.*
HOA. There, take her at the bound.
[*Aside to Gent.*

tleman somewhat resembles the oath taken by grand jurymen respecting their presentations, and was probably formed on that model." *Editor of* 1816.

First G. Then, with a new and pure affection
Behold yon gentleman; grave, kind, and rich,
A match worthy yourself: esteeming him,
You do regard your state.

Hoa. I'll make her a jointure, say.
[*Aside to Gent.*

First G. He can join land to land, and will possess you
Of what you can desire.

Sec. G. Come, widow, come.

Court. The world is so deceitful!

First G. There 'tis deceitful,
Where flattery, want, and imperfection lie;[m]
But none of these in him: push![n]

Court. Pray, sir ——

First G. Come, you widows are ever most backward when you should do yourselves most good; but were it to marry a chin not worth a hair now, then you would be forward enough. Come, clap hands, a match.

Hoa. With all my heart, widow. [Hoard *and Courtesan shake hands.*]—Thanks, gentlemen:
I will deserve your labour, and [*to Courtesan*] thy love.

Court. Alas, you love not widows but for wealth!
I promise you I ha' nothing, sir.

Hoa. Well said, widow,
Well said; thy love is all I seek, before
These gentlemen.

Court. Now I must hope the best.

Hoa. My joys are such they want to be express'd.

Court. But, master Hoard, one thing I must

[m] *lie*] Old eds. "lies."
[n] *push*] See note, vol. i. p. 29.

remember you of, before these gentlemen, your friends: how shall I suddenly avoid the loathed soliciting of that perjured Witgood, and his tedious, dissembling uncle? who this very day hath appointed a meeting for the same purpose too; where, had not truth come forth, I had been undone, utterly undone!

HOA. What think you of that, gentlemen?

FIRST G. 'Twas well devised.

HOA. Hark thee, widow: train out young Witgood single; hasten him thither with thee, somewhat before the hour; where, at the place appointed, these gentlemen and myself will wait the opportunity, when, by some slight[o] removing him from thee, we'll suddenly enter and surprise thee, carry thee away by boat to Cole-Harbour,[p] have a priest ready, and there clap it up instantly. How likest it, widow?

COURT. In that it pleaseth you, it likes[q] me well.

HOA. I'll kiss thee for those words. [*Kisses her.*]—Come, gentlemen,
Still must I live a suitor to your favours,
Still to your aid beholding.[r]

FIRST G. We're engag'd, sir;
'Tis for our credits now to see't well ended.

HOA. 'Tis for your honours, gentlemen; nay, look to't.
Not only in joy, but I in wealth excel:
No more sweet widow, but, sweet wife, farewell.

COURT. Farewell, sir.

[*Exeunt* HOARD *and Gentlemen.*

[o] *slight*] See note, vol. i. p. 441.
[p] *Cole-Harbour*] See note on act iv. sc. 1.
[q] *likes*] i. e. pleases.
[r] *Beholding*] See note, vol. i. p. 441.

Re-enter WITGOOD.

WIT. O for more scope! I could laugh eternally! Give you joy, mistress Hoard, I promise your fortune was good, forsooth; you've fell upon wealth enough, and there's young gentlemen enow can help you to the rest. Now it requires our wits: carry thyself but heedfully now, and we are both ——

Re-enter Host.

HOST. Master Witgood, your uncle.

WIT. Cuds me! remove thyself awhile; I'll serve for him. [*Exeunt Courtesan and Host.*

Enter LUCRE.

LUC. Nephew, good morrow, nephew.

WIT. The same to you, kind uncle.

LUC. How fares the widow? does the meeting hold?

WIT. O, no question of that, sir.

LUC. I'll strike the stroke, then, for thee; no more days.[8]

WIT. The sooner the better, uncle. O, she's mightily followed!

LUC. And yet so little rumoured!

WIT. Mightily: here comes one old gentleman, and he'll make her a jointure of three hundred a-year, forsooth; another wealthy suitor will estate his son in his lifetime, and make him weigh down the widow; here a merchant's son will possess her with no less than three goodly lordships at once, which were all pawns to his father.

LUC. Peace, nephew, let me hear no more of

[8] *days*] Altered by the editor of 1816 to "delays:" but I believe the old text is right. So in act iv. sc. 5, Dampit says of one who owed him money, "he comes to have a longer *day*."

'em; it mads me. Thou shalt prevent[1] 'em all. No words to the widow of my coming hither. Let me see—'tis now upon nine: before twelve, nephew, we will have the bargain struck, we will, faith, boy.

WIT. O, my precious uncle! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Room in HOARD'S *House.*

Enter HOARD *and* JOYCE.

HOA. Niece, sweet niece, prithee, have a care to my house; I leave all to thy discretion. Be content to dream awhile; I'll have a husband for thee shortly: put that care upon me, wench, for in choosing wives and husbands I am only fortunate; I have that gift given me. [*Exit.*

JOY. But 'tis not likely you should choose for me,
Since nephew to your chiefest enemy
Is he whom I affect: but, O, forgetful!
Why dost thou flatter thy affections so,
With name of him that for a widow's bed
Neglects thy purer love? Can it be so,
Or does report dissemble?

Enter GEORGE.

How now, sir?

GEO. A letter, with which came a private charge.

JOY. Therein I thank your care. [*Exit* GEORGE.]
—I know this hand—
[*Reads*] *Dearer than sight, what the world reports of me, yet believe not; rumour will alter shortly: be*

[1] *prevent*] i. e. anticipate.

thou constant; I am still the same that I was in love, and I hope to be the same in fortunes.

THEODORUS WITGOOD.

I am resolv'd:[u] no more shall fear or doubt
Raise their pale powers to keep affection out.

[*Exit.*

SCENE III.

A Tavern.

Enter HOARD, *Gentlemen,*[v] *and Drawer.*

DRA. You're very welcome, gentlemen.—Dick, shew those gentlemen the Pomegranate there.

HOA. Hist!

DRA. Up those stairs, gentlemen.

HOA. Hist, drawer!

DRA. Anon, sir.

HOA. Prithee, ask at the bar if a gentlewoman came not in lately.

DRA. William, at the bar, did you see any gentlewoman come in lately? Speak you ay, speak you no.

[*Within.*] No, none came in yet but mistress Florence.

DRA. He says none came in yet, sir, but one mistress Florence.

HOA. What is that Florence? a widow?

DRA. Yes, a Dutch widow.[w]

[u] *resolv'd*] See note, p. 39.

[v] *Gentlemen*] As Lamprey and Spichcock appear afterwards with Hoard at Cole-Harbour, they ought perhaps to be with him on the present occasion. I suspect, indeed, that some of the speeches given here, and in a former scene, to *Gentlemen*, belong, properly, to these two worthies.

[w] *a Dutch widow*] A cant term, sufficiently explained by what follows.

HOA. How?

DRA. That's an English drab, sir: give your worship good morrow. [*Exit.*

HOA. A merry knave, i'faith! I shall remember a Dutch widow the longest day of my life.

FIRST G. Did not I use most art to win the widow?

SEC. G. You shall pardon me for that, sir; master Hoard knows I took her at best 'vantage.

HOA. What's that, sweet gentlemen, what's that?

SEC. G. He will needs bear me down, that his art only wrought with the widow most.

HOA. O, you did both well, gentlemen, you did both well, I thank you.

FIRST G. I was the first that moved her.

HOA. You were, i'faith.

SEC. G. But it was I that took her at the bound.

HOA. Ay, that was you: faith, gentlemen, 'tis right.

THIRD G. I boasted least, but 'twas I join'd their hands.

HOA. By th' mass, I think he did: you did all well,
Gentlemen, you did all well; contend no more.

FIRST G. Come, yon room's fittest.

HOA. True, 'tis next the door. [*Exeunt.*

Enter WITGOOD, *Courtesan, Host, and Drawer.*

DRA. You're very welcome: please you to walk up stairs; cloth's laid, sir.

COURT. Up stairs? troth, I am very[x] weary, master Witgood.

WIT. Rest yourself here awhile, widow; we'll have a cup of muscadine in this little room.

[x] *very*] So ed. 1616. Not in first ed.

DRA. A cup of muscadine? You shall have the best, sir.

WIT. But, do you hear, sirrah?

DRA. Do you call? anon, sir.

WIT. What is there provided for dinner?

DRA. I cannot readily tell you, sir: if you please you may go into the kitchen and see yourself, sir; many gentlemen of worship do use to do it, I assure you, sir. [*Exit.*

HOST. A pretty familiar, prigging[x] rascal; he has his part without book.

WIT. Against you are ready to drink to me, widow, I'll be present to pledge you.

COURT. Nay, I commend your care, 'tis done well of you. [*Exit* WITGOOD.]—'Las,[y] what have I forgot!

HOST. What, mistress?

COURT. I slipt my wedding-ring off when I washed, and left it at my lodging: prithee, run; I shall be sad without it. [*Exit Host.*]—So, he's gone. Boy.

Enter Boy.

BOY. Anon, forsooth.

COURT. Come hither, sirrah; learn secretly if one master Hoard, an ancient gentleman, be about house.

BOY. I heard such a one named.

COURT. Commend me to him.

[x] *prigging*] "*Prig*, in the cant language of that age, meant *thief*, or pickpocket. It is found in Shakespeare, and Beaumont and Fletcher." *Editor of* 1816.—*Prigging* is used in this passage merely as a jocular term of reproach.

[y] *'Las*] Old eds. "asse,"—the initial letter having dropt out in the first ed.

Re-enter HOARD *and Gentlemen.*

HOA. Ay, boy,[z] do thy commendations.

COURT. O, you come well: away, to boat, begone.

HOA. Thus wise men are reveng'd, give two for one. [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter WITGOOD *and Vintner.*

WIT. I must request
You, sir, to shew extraordinary care:
My uncle comes with gentlemen, his friends,
And 'tis upon a making.[a]

VIN. Is it so?
I'll give a special charge, good master Witgood.
May I be bold to see her?

WIT. Who? [t]he widow?
With all my heart, i'faith, I'll bring you to her.

VIN. If she be a Staffordshire gentlewoman, 'tis much if I know her not.

WIT. How now? boy! drawer!

VIN. Hie!

Re-enter Boy.

BOY. Do you call, sir?

WIT. Went the gentlewoman up that was here?

BOY. Up, sir? she went out, sir.

WIT. Out, sir?

BOY. Out, sir: one master Hoard, with a guard of gentlemen, carried her out at back door, a pretty while since, sir.

WIT. Hoard? death and darkness! Hoard?

[z] *Ay, boy*] Old eds. "I bee."

[a] *making*] i. e. matching: in our early writers *make* is often used for mate.

Re-enter Host.

HOST. The devil of ring I can find.

WIT. How now? what news? where's the widow?

HOST. My mistress? is she not here, sir?

WIT. More madness yet!

HOST. She sent me for a ring.

WIT. A plot, a plot! — To boat! she's stole away.

HOST. What?

Enter LUCRE *and Gentlemen.*

WIT. Follow! inquire old Hoard, my uncle's adversary. [*Exit Host.*

LUC. Nephew, what's that?

WIT. Thrice-miserable wretch!

LUC. Why, what's the matter?

VIN. The widow's borne away, sir.

LUC. Ha? passion of me! — A heavy welcome, gentlemen.

FIRST G. The widow gone?

LUC. Who durst attempt it?

WIT. Who but old Hoard, my uncle's adversary?

LUC. How!

WIT. With his confederates.

LUC. Hoard, my deadly enemy? — Gentlemen, stand to me,
I will not bear it; 'tis in hate of me;
That villain seeks my shame, nay, thirsts my blood;
He owes me mortal malice.
I'll spend my wealth on this despiteful plot,
Ere he shall cross me and my nephew thus.

WIT. So maliciously!

Re-enter Host.

LUC. How now, you treacherous rascal?
HOST. That's none of my name, sir.
WIT. Poor soul, he knew not on't!
LUC. I'm sorry. I see then 'twas a mere plot.
HOST. I trac'd 'em nearly ——
LUC.[b] Well?
HOST. And hear for certain
They have took Cole-Harbour.[c]
LUC. The devil's sanctuary!
They shall not rest; I'll pluck her from his arms.—
Kind and dear gentlemen,
If ever I had seat within your breasts ——
FIRST G. No more, good sir; it is a wrong to us
To see you injur'd: in a cause so just
We'll spend our lives but we will right our friends.
LUC. Honest and kind! come, we've[d] delay'd too long:
Nephew, take comfort; a just cause is strong.
WIT. That's all my comfort, uncle. [*Exeunt all but* WITGOOD.] Ha, ha, ha!
Now may events fall luckily and well:
He that ne'er strives, says wit, shall ne'er excel.
[*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

A Room in DAMPIT'S *House.*

Enter DAMPIT, *drunk.*

DAM. When did I say my prayers? In anno 88, when the great armada was coming; and in anno 89,[e] when the great thundering and lightning

[b] *Luc.*] Ed. 1616, "*Wit.*"
[c] *Cole-Harbour*] See note on act iv. sc. 1.
[d] *we've*] Old eds. "we have."
[e] *anno* 89] "Both the quartos read '99;' but Stow does

was, I prayed heartily then, i'faith, to overthrow Poovies' new buildings; I kneeled by my great iron chest, I remember.

Enter AUDREY.

AUD. Master Dampit, one may hear you before they see you: you keep sweet hours, master Dampit; we were all a-bed three hours ago.

DAM. Audrey?

AUD. O, you're a fine gentleman!

DAM. So I am, i'faith, and a fine scholar: do you use to go to bed so early, Audrey?

AUD. Call you this early, master Dampit?

DAM. Why, is't not one of clock i' th' morning? is not that early enough? fetch me a glass of fresh beer.

AUD. Here, I have warmed your nightcap for you, master Dampit.

DAM. Draw it on then. I am very weak truly: I have not eaten so much as the bulk of an egg these three days.

AUD. You have drunk the more, master Dampit.

DAM. What's that?

AUD. You mought, and[f] you would, master Dampit.

DAM. I answer you, I cannot: hold your prating; you prate too much, and understand too little: are you answered? Give me a glass of beer.

not mention any *very* great storm in that year, although he has noticed one or two; whereas in the year 1589, he observes, that on 'The 1st August, at night, was the greatest lightning and thunder that had, at any time, bin seene or heard about London in the memory of any man living; and yet, thankes be given to God, little hurt heard of.'" *Editor of* 1816.—See Stow's *Annales*, p. 757. ed. 1631.

[f] *mought, and*] i. e. might, if.

AUD. May I ask you how you do, master Dampit?

DAM. How do I? i'faith, naught.

AUD. I ne'er knew you do otherwise.

DAM. I eat not one pen'north of bread these two years.[f] Give me a glass of fresh beer. I am not sick, nor I am not well.

AUD. Take this warm napkin about your neck, sir, whilst I help to make you unready.[g]

DAM. How now, Audrey-prater, with your scurvy devices, what say you now?

AUD. What say I, master Dampit? I say nothing, but that you are very weak.

DAM. Faith, thou hast more cony-catching[h] devices than all London.

AUD. Why, master Dampit, I never deceived you in all my life.

DAM. Why was that? because I never did trust thee.

AUD. I care not what you say, master Dampit.

DAM. Hold thy prating: I answer thee, thou art a beggar, a quean, and a bawd: are you answered?

AUD. Fie, master Dampit! a gentleman, and have such words?

DAM. Why, thou base drudge of infortunity, thou kitchen-stuff-drab of beggary, roguery, and cockscombry, thou cavernesed quean of foolery, knavery, and bawdreaminy, I'll tell thee what, I will not give a louse for thy fortunes.

AUD. No, master Dampit? and there's a gentleman comes a-wooing to me, and he doubts[i] nothing but that you will get me from him.

[f] *years*] Qy. "days?"
[g] *make you unready*] i. e. undress you.
[h] *cony-catching*] See note, vol. i. p. 290.
[i] *doubts*] i. e. fears.

DAM. I? If I would either have thee or lie with thee for two thousand pound, would I might be damned! why, thou base, impudent quean of foolery, flattery, and coxcombry, are you answered?

AUD. Come, will you rise and go to bed, sir?

DAMP. Rise, and go to bed too, Audrey? How does mistress Proserpine?

AUD. Fooh!

DAM. She's as fine a philosopher of a stinkard's wife, as any within the liberties. Faugh, faugh, Audrey!

AUD. How now, master Dampit?

DAM. Fie upon't, what a choice of stinks here is! what hast thou done, Audrey? fie upon't, here's a choice of stinks indeed! Give me a glass of fresh beer, and then I will to bed.

AUD. It waits for you above, sir.

DAM. Foh! I think they burn horns in Barnard's Inn. If ever I smelt such an abominable stink, usury forsake me. [*Exit.*

AUD. They be the stinking nails of his trampling feet, and he talks of burning of horns. [*Exit.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

An Apartment at Cole-Harbour.[1]

Enter HOARD, *Courtesan*, LAMPREY, SPICHCOCK, *and Gentlemen.*

FIRST G. Join hearts, join hands,
In wedlock's bands,

[1] *Cole-Harbour*] The stage-direction in the old eds. is "*Enter at Cole-harbour, Hoord, the Widdow, and Gentlemen, he married now.*"—*Cole-Harbour* (a corruption of *Cold-Harbour*, or *Cold-Harborough*) was an ancient building, situated

Never to part
Till death cleave your heart.
[*To* HOARD] You shall forsake all other women;
[*To Courtesan*] You lords, knights, gentlemen, and yeomen.
What my tongue slips
Make up with your lips.
HOA. [*kisses her*] Give you joy, mistress Hoard: let the kiss come about. [*Knocking.*
Who knocks? Convey my little pig-eater[1] out.
LUC. [*within*] Hoard!
HOA. Upon my life, my adversary, gentlemen!
LUC. [*within*] Hoard, open the door, or we will force it ope:
Give us the widow.
HOA. Gentlemen, keep 'em out.

in the parish of All-hallows the Less, in Downgate Ward: see an account of it in Stow's *Survey*, b. ii. p. 206. (vol. i.) ed. 1720. A good many years before the date of this play, the then Earl of Shrewsbury took it down, and built a number of small tenements in its stead, which were let at great rents, and served as a retreat for debtors, &c.; the place being considered a sort of sanctuary, probably because Tunstall, bishop of Durham, had resided there in Henry the Eighth's reign. Lodge says, "It was pulled down by Earl Gilbert, about the year 1600." *Illust. of Brit. Hist.* vol. i. p. 9: but its demolition must have been earlier; for, in Nash's *Haue with you to Saffron Walden*, 1596, we find, "Or hast thou tooke thee a chamber in *Cole-harbour?*" &c. sig. D. 4. From the present scene, as the editor of 1816 observes in a note on act ii. sc. I, "it may be inferred that it was notorious as a place where marriages were solemnised hastily and without the proper forms; such as the Fleet Prison and Keith's Chapel were for some time previously to the passing the marriage-act." He adds, that "the only [other] allusion he recollects to it among the dramatic writers of the time, is in our author's *Roaring Girl:*" but half-a-dozen might easily be furnished.

[1] *pig-eater*] An odd term of endearment: *pigsnie* is common enough.

LAM. He comes upon his death that enters here.
LUC. [*within*] My friends, assist me!
HOA. He has assistants, gentlemen.
LAM. Tut, nor him nor them we in this action fear.
LUC. [*within*] Shall I, in peace, speak one word with the widow?
COURT. Husband, and gentlemen, hear me but a word.
HOA. Freely, sweet wife.
COURT. Let him in peaceably;
You know we're sure from any act of his.
HOA. Most true.
COURT.[k] You may stand by and smile at his old weakness:
Let me alone to answer him.
HOA. Content;
'Twill be good mirth, i'faith. How think you, gentlemen?
LAM. Good gullery!
HOA. Upon calm conditions let him in.
LUC. [*within*] All spite and malice!
LAM. Hear me, master Lucre:
So you will vow a peaceful entrance
With those your friends, and only exercise
Calm conference with the widow, without fury,
The passage shall receive you.
LUC. [*within*] I do vow it.
LAM. Then enter and talk freely: here she stands.

Enter LUCRE, *Gentlemen, and Host.*

LUC. O, master Hoard, your spite has watch'd the hour!
You're excellent at vengeance, master Hoard.

[k] *Court.*] Old eds. "*Luc.*"

HOA. Ha, ha, ha!
LUC. I am the fool you laugh at:
You are wise, sir, and know the seasons well.—
Come hither, widow: why is it thus?
O, you have done me infinite disgrace,
And your own credit no small injury!
Suffer mine enemy so despitefully
To bear you from my nephew? O, I had
Rather half my substance had been forfeit
And begg'd by some starv'd rascal!
COURT. Why, what would you wish me do, sir?
I must not overthrow my state for love:
We have too many precedents for that;
From thousands of our wealthy undone widows
One may derive some wit. I do confess
I lov'd your nephew, nay, I did affect him
Against the mind and liking of my friends;[1]
Believ'd his promises; lay here in hope
Of flatter'd living, and the boast of lands:
Coming to touch his wealth and state, indeed,
It appears dross; I find him not the man;
Imperfect, mean, scarce furnish'd of his needs;
In words, fair lordships; in performance, hovels:
Can any woman love the thing that is not?
LUC. Broke you for this?
COURT. Was it not cause too much?
Send to inquire his state: most part of it
Lay two years mortgag'd in his uncle's hands.
LUC. Why, say it did, you might have known my mind:
I could have soon restor'd it.
COURT. Ay, had I but seen any such thing perform'd,
Why, 'twould have tied my affection, and contain'd

[1] *friends*] So ed. 1616. First ed. "friend."

Me in my first desires: do you think, i'faith,
That I could twine such a dry oak as this,
Had promise in your nephew took effect?
LUC. Why, and there's no time past; and rather than
My adversary should thus thwart my hopes,
I would ——
COURT. Tut, you've been ever full of golden speech:
If words were lands, your nephew would be rich.
LUC. Widow, believe't,[m] I vow by my best bliss,
Before these gentlemen, I will give in
The mortgage to my nephew instantly,
Before I sleep or eat.
FIRST G. [*friend to* LUCRE] We'll pawn our credits,
Widow, what he speaks shall be perform'd
In fulness.
LUC. Nay, more; I will estate him
In farther blessings; he shall be my heir;
I have no son;[n]
I'll bind myself to that condition.
COURT. When I shall hear this done, I shall soon yield
To reasonable terms.
LUC. In the mean season,
Will you protest, before these gentlemen,
To keep yourself as you're[o] now at this present?
COURT. I do protest, before these gentlemen,
I will be as clear then as I am now.

[m] *believe't*] Old eds. "*believe* it."
[n] *I have no son*, &c.] See what I have said on couplets imperfect in the first line, notes p. 7 of the present vol., and p. 424 of vol. i.
[o] *you're*] Old eds. "you are."

LUC. I do believe you. Here's your own honest servant,
I'll take him along with me.
COURT. Ay, with all my heart.
LUC. He shall see all perform'd, and bring you word.
COURT. That's all I wait for.
HOA. What, have you finished, master Lucre? ha, ha, ha, ha!
LUC. So laugh, Hoard, laugh at your poor enemy, do;
The wind may turn, you may be laugh'd at too;
Yes, marry may you, sir.—Ha, ha, ha, [ha]!
[*Exeunt* LUCRE, *Gentlemen, and Host.*
HOA. Ha, ha![p] if every man that swells in malice
Could be reveng'd as happily as I,
He would choose hate, and forswear amity.—
What did he say, wife, prithee?
COURT. Faith, spoke to ease his mind.
HOA. O, O, O!
COURT. You know now little to any purpose.
HOA. True, true, true!
COURT. He would do mountains now.
HOA. Ay, ay, ay, ay.
LAM. You've struck him dead, master Hoard.
SPI. And[q] his nephew desperate.
HOA. I know't, sirs, I.
Never did man so crush his enemy. [*Exeunt.*

[p] *Ha, ha!*] Old eds. "*ha, ha,* ha."
[q] *And*] So ed. 1616. First ed. "I [ay] *and.*"—The speech is part of the first line of a couplet."

SCENE II.

A Room in LUCRE'S *House.*

Enter LUCRE, *Gentlemen, and Host, meeting* FREEDOM.

LUC. My son-in-law, Sam Freedom, where's my nephew?

FREE. *O man in lamentation,*[r] father.

LUC. How!

FREE. He thumps his breast like a gallant dicer that has lost his doublet, and stands in's shirt to do penance.

LUC. Alas, poor gentleman!

FREE. I warrant you may hear him sigh in a still evening to your house at Highgate.

LUC. I prithee, send him in.

FREE. Were it to do a greater matter, I will not stick with you, sir, in regard you married my mother. [*Exit.*

LUC. Sweet gentlemen, cheer him up; I will but fetch the mortgage and return to you instantly.

FIRST G. We'll do our best, sir. [*Exit* LUCRE.]—
See where he comes,
E'en joyless and regardless of all form.

Enter WITGOOD.

SEC. G. Why, how now,[s] master Witgood? Fie! you a firm scholar, and an understanding gentleman, and give your best parts to passion?[t]

[r] *O man in lamentation*] In *The Old Wives' Tale*, "the tune of *O man in desperation*" is mentioned: see Peele's *Works*, vol. i. p. 208 (ed. 1829), and my note there.

[s] *now*] So ed. 1616. Not in first ed.

[t] *passion*] i. e. sorrow.

FIRST G. Come, fie, fie![u]
WIT. O, gentlemen ——
FIRST G. Sorrow of me, what a sigh was there, sir!
Nine such widows are not worth it.
WIT. To be borne from me by that lecher Hoard!
FIRST G. That vengeance is your uncle's; being done
More in despite to him than wrong to you:
But we bring comfort now.
WIT. I beseech you, gentlemen ——
SEC. G. Cheer thyself, man; there's hope of her, i'faith.
WIT. Too gladsome to be true.

Re-enter LUCRE.

LUC. Nephew, what cheer?
Alas, poor gentleman, how art thou chang'd!
Call thy fresh blood into thy cheeks again:
She comes.
WIT. Nothing afflicts me so much,
But that it is your adversary, uncle,
And merely plotted in despite of you.
LUC. Ay, that's it mads me, spites me! I'll spend my wealth ere he shall carry her so, because I know 'tis only to spite me. Ay, this is it. Here, nephew [*giving a paper*], before these kind gentlemen, I deliver in your mortgage, my promise to the widow; see, 'tis done: be wise, you're once more master of your own. The widow shall perceive now you are not altogether such a beggar as the world reputes you; you can make shift to bring her to three hundred a-year, sir.

[u] *fie, fie*] So ed. 1616. First ed. "fie."

FIRST G. Byrlady,[v] and that's no toy,[w] sir.

LUC. A word, nephew.

FIRST G. [*to Host*] Now you may certify the widow.

LUC. You must conceive it aright, nephew, now;
To do you good I am content to do this.

WIT. I know it, sir.

LUC. But your own conscience can tell I had it
Dearly enough of you.

WIT. Ay, that's most certain.

LUC. Much money laid out, beside many a journey
To fetch the rent; I hope you'll think on't, nephew.

WIT. I were worse than a beast else, i'faith.

LUC. Although, to blind the widow and the world,
I out of policy do't, yet there's a conscience, nephew.

WIT. Heaven forbid else!

LUC. When you are full possess'd,
'Tis nothing to return it.

WIT. Alas, a thing quickly done, uncle!

LUC. Well said! you know I give it you but in trust.

WIT. Pray, let me understand you rightly, uncle:
You give it me but in trust?

LUC. No.

WIT. That is, you trust me with it?

LUC. True, true.

WIT. But if ever I trust you with it again,
Would I might be truss'd up[x] for my labour!
[*Aside.*

[v] *Byrlady*] A corruption of *By our Lady.*

[w] *toy*] i. e. trifle.

[x] *would I might be truss'd up*] Brome has the same poor play on words:

"when Lodovico
Does not prove *trustie*, then let me be *truss'd.*"

The Queen and Concubine, p. 106.—*Five New Playes*, 1659.

LUC. You can all witness, gentlemen; and you, sir yeoman?

HOST. My life for yours, sir, now, I know my mistress's mind so[y] well toward your nephew, let things be in preparation, and I'll train her hither in most excellent fashion. *Exit.*

LUC. A good old boy!—Wife! Jenny!

Enter MISTRESS LUCRE.

MIS. L. What's the news, sir?

LUC. The wedding-day's at hand: prithee, sweet wife, express thy housewifery; thou'rt a fine cook, I know't; thy first husband married thee out of an alderman's kitchen; go to, he raised thee for raising of paste. What! here's none but friends; most of our beginnings must be winked at.—Gentlemen, I invite you all to my nephew's wedding against Thursday morning.

FIRST G. With all our hearts, and we shall joy to see
Your enemy so mock'd.

LUC. He laugh'd at me, gentlemen; ha, ha, ha! [*Exeunt all but* WITGOOD.

WIT. He has no conscience, faith, would laugh at them;
They laugh at one another;
Who then can be so cruel? troth, not I;
I rather pity now, than ought envy:[z]
I do conceive such joy in mine own happiness,
I have no leisure yet to laugh at their follies.
Thou soul of my estate, I kiss thee! [*To the mortgage.*
I miss life's comfort when I miss thee;

[y] *so*] First ed. "to." Sec. ed. "too."
[z] *envy*] i. e. bear ill will.

O, never will we part agen,[a]
Until I leave the sight of men!
We'll ne'er trust conscience of our kin,
Since cozenage brings that title in. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

A Street.

Enter Three Creditors.

First C. I'll wait these seven hours but I'll see him caught.

Sec. C. Faith, so will I.

Third C. Hang him, prodigal! he's stript of the widow.

First C. A' my troth, she's the wiser; she has made the happier choice: and I wonder of what stuff those widows' hearts are made of, that will marry unfledged boys before comely thrum-chinned[b] gentlemen.

Enter Boy.

Boy. News, news, news!

First C. What, boy?

Boy. The rioter is caught.

First C. So, so, so, so! it warms me at the heart;
I love a' life[c] to see dogs upon men.
O, here he comes.

Enter Sergeants, with Witgood *in custody.*

Wit. My last joy was so great, it took away the

[a] *agen*] So written for the sake of the rhyme: compare vol. i. p. 416.

[b] *thrum-chinned*] i. e. rough-chinned: see note, vol. i. p. 431.

[c] *a' life*] See note, vol. i. p. 272.

sense of all future afflictions. What a day is here o'ercast! how soon a black tempest rises!

First C. O, we may speak with you now, sir! what's become of your rich widow? I think you may cast your cap at the widow, may you not, sir?

Sec. C. He a rich widow? who, a prodigal, a daily rioter, and a nightly vomiter? he a widow of account? he a hole i' th' counter.[d]

Wit. You do well, my masters, to tyrannise over misery, to afflict the afflicted: 'tis a custom you have here amongst you; I would wish you never leave it, and I hope you'll do as I bid you.

First C. Come, come, sir, what say you extempore now to your bill of a hundred pound? a sweet debt for froating[e] your doublets.

Sec. C. Here's mine of forty.

Third C. Here's mine of fifty.

Wit. Pray, sirs,—you'll give me breath?

First C. No, sir, we'll keep you out of breath still; then we shall be sure you will not run away from us.

Wit. Will you but hear me speak?

Sec. C. You shall pardon us for that, sir; we know you have too fair a tongue of your own; you overcame us too lately, a shame take you! we are like to lose all that for want of witnesses: we dealt in policy then; always when we strive to be most politic we prove most coxcombs: *non plus ultra*

[d] *hole i' th' counter*] See notes, vol. i. p. 392.

[e] *froating*] "May mean *freting* or adorning with fretwork. But Witgood's vices, according to his own confession in a former scene, were those of sensuality, and not of foppery; and it is possible that this was the demand of the keeper of some brothel," &c. &c. *Editor of* 1816.—Perhaps so; but, I think, *froating* means here nothing more than dressing up, repairing.

I perceive by us, we're not ordained to thrive by wisdom, and therefore we must be content to be tradesmen.

WIT. Give me but reasonable time, and I protest I'll make you ample satisfaction.

FIRST C. Do you talk of reasonable time to us?

WIT. 'Tis true, beasts know no reasonable time.

SEC. C. We must have either money or carcass.

WIT. Alas, what good will my carcass do you?

THIRD C. O, 'tis a secret delight we have amongst us! we that are used to keep birds in cages, have the heart to keep men in prison, I warrant you.

WIT. I perceive I must crave a little more aid from my wits: do but make shift for me this once, and I'll forswear ever to trouble you in the like fashion hereafter; I'll have better employment for you, and[f] I live. [*Aside.*]—You'll give me leave, my masters, to make trial of my friends, and raise all means I can?

FIRST C. That's our desire,[g] sir.

Enter Host.

HOST. Master Witgood.

WIT. O, art thou come?

HOST. May I speak one word with you in private, sir?

WIT. No, by my faith, canst thou; I am in hell here, and the devils will not let me come to thee.

FIRST C.[h] Do you call us devils? you shall find us puritans.—Bear him away; let 'em talk as they go; we'll not stand to hear 'em.—Ah, sir, am I a devil? I shall think the better of myself as long as I live: a devil, i'faith! [*Exeunt.*

[f] *and*] i. e. if. [g] *desire*] Old eds. "desires."
[h] *First C.*] Old eds. "*Cit.*"

SCENE IV.

A Room in HOARD'S *House.*

Enter HOARD.

HOA. What a sweet blessing hast thou, master Hoard, above a multitude! wilt thou never be thankful? how dost thou think to be blest another time? or dost thou count this the full measure of thy happiness? by my troth, I think thou dost: not only a wife large in possessions, but spacious in content; she's rich, she's young, she's fair, she's wise: when I wake, I think of her lands—that revives me; when I go to bed, I dream of her beauty—and that's enough for me: she's worth four hundred a-year in her very smock, if a man knew how to use it. But the journey will be all, in troth, into the country; to ride to her lands in state and order following; my brother, and other worshipful gentlemen, whose companies I ha' sent down for already, to ride along with us in their goodly decorum beards, their broad velvet cassocks, and chains of gold twice or thrice double; against which time I'll entertain some ten men of mine own into liveries, all of occupations or qualities; I will not keep an idle man about me: the sight of which will so vex my adversary Lucre—for we'll pass by his door of purpose, make a little stand for [the] nonce,[1] and have our horses curvet before the window—certainly he will never endure it, but run up and hang himself presently.

Enter Servant.

How now, sirrah, what news? any that offer their service to me yet?

[1] *nonce*] i. e. occasion.

SER. Yes, sir, there are some i' th' hall that wait for your worship's liking, and desire to be entertained.

HOA. Are they of occupation?

SER. They are men fit for your worship, sir.

HOA. Sayest so? send 'em all in. [*Exit Servant.*]—To see ten men ride after me in watchet[j] liveries, with orange-tawny capes,[k]—'twill cut his comb, i'faith.

Enter Tailor, Barber, Perfumer, Falconer, and Huntsman.

How now? of what occupation are you, sir?

TAI. A tailor, an't please your worship.

HOA. A tailor? O, very good: you shall serve to make all the liveries.—What are you, sir?

BAR. A barber, sir.

HOA. A barber? very needful: you shall shave all the house, and, if need require, stand for a reaper i' th' summer time.—You, sir?

PER. A perfumer.

HOA. I smelt you before: perfumers, of all men, had need carry themselves uprightly; for if they were once knaves, they would be smelt out quickly.—To you, sir?

FAL. A falconer, an't please your worship.

HOA. Sa ho, sa ho, sa ho!—And you, sir?

HUNT. A huntsman, sir.

HOA. There, boy, there, boy, there, boy! I am not so old but I have pleasant days to come. I promise you, my masters, I take such a good liking to you, that I entertain you all; I put you already into my countenance, and you shall be shortly in

[j] *watchet*] i. e. blue: see note, p. 26.

[k] *capes*] The editor of 1816 prints "*caps*," which may be right.

my livery; but especially you two, my jolly falconer and my bonny huntsman; we shall have most need of you at my wife's manor-houses i' th' country; there's goodly parks and champion[l] grounds for you; we shall have all our sports within ourselves; all the gentlemen a' th' country shall be beholding[m] to us and our pastimes.

FAL. And we'll make your worship admire, sir.

HOA. Sayest thou so? do but make me admire, and thou shalt want for nothing.—My tailor.

TAI. Anon, sir.

HOA. Go presently in hand with the liveries.

TAI. I will, sir.

HOA. My barber.

BAR. Here, sir.

HOA. Make 'em all trim fellows, louse 'em well, —especially my huntsman,—and cut all their beards of the Polonian fashion.—My perfumer.

PER. Under your nose, sir.

HOA. Cast a better savour upon the knaves, to take away the scent of my tailor's feet, and my barber's lotium-water.

PER. It shall be carefully performed, sir.

HOA. But you, my falconer and huntsman, the welcomest men alive, i'faith!

HUNT. And we'll shew you that, sir, shall deserve your worship's favour.

HOA. I prithee, shew me that.—Go, you knaves all, and wash your lungs i' th' buttery, go. [*Exeunt Tailor, Barber, &c.*]—By th' mass, and well re-

[l] *champion*] i. e. champaign.

"These many ruts and furrows in thy cheek
Proves thy old face to be but *champion* ground
Till'd with the plough of age."

RANDOLPH'S *Hey for Honesty*, 1651, p. 36.

[m] *beholding*] See note, vol. i. p. 441.

membered! I'll ask my wife that question.—Wife, mistress Jane Hoard!

Enter Courtesan, altered in apparel.

COURT. Sir, would you with me?

HOA. I would but know, sweet wife, which might stand best to thy liking, to have the wedding dinner kept here or i' th' country?

COURT. Hum:—faith, sir, 'twould like[n] me better here; here you were married, here let all rites be ended.

HOA. Could a marquesse[o] give a better answer? Hoard, bear thy head aloft, thou'st a wife will advance it.

Enter Host with a letter.

What haste comes here now? yea, a letter? some dreg of my adversary's malice. Come hither; what's the news?

HOST. A thing that concerns my mistress, sir.

[*Giving a letter to Courtesan.*

HOA. Why then it concerns me, knave.

HOST. Ay, and you, knave, too (cry your worship mercy): you are both like to come into trouble, I promise you, sir; a pre-contract.

HOA. How? a pre-contract, sayest thou?

HOST. I fear they have too much proof on't, sir: old Lucre, he runs mad up and down, and will to law as fast as he can; young Witgood laid hold on by his creditors, he exclaims upon you a' t'other side, says you have wrought his undoing by the injurious detaining of his contract.

HOA. Body a' me!

[n] *like*] See note, p. 47.
[o] *marquesse*] i. e. marchioness.

HOST. He will have utmost satisfaction ;
The law shall give him recompense, he says.

COURT. Alas, his creditors so merciless! my state being yet uncertain, I deem it not unconscionable to further him. [*Aside.*

HOST. True, sir.

HOA. Wife, what says that letter? let me construe it.

COURT. Curs'd be my rash and unadvised words!
[*Tears the letter and stamps on it.*
I'll set my foot upon my tongue,
And tread my inconsiderate grant to dust.

HOA. Wife ——

HOST. A pretty shift, i'faith! I commend a woman when she can make away a letter from her husband handsomely, and this was cleanly done, by my troth. [*Aside.*

COURT. I did, sir;
Some foolish words I must confess did pass,
Which now litigiously he fastens on me.

HOA. Of what force? let me examine 'em.

COURT. Too strong, I fear: would I were well freed of him!

HOA. Shall I compound?

COURT. No, sir, I'd have it done some nobler way
Of your side; I'd have you come off with honour;
Let baseness keep with them. Why, have you not
The means, sir? the occasion's offer'd you.

HOA. Where? how, dear wife?

COURT. He is now caught by his creditors; the slave's needy; his debts petty; he'll rather bind himself to all inconveniences than rot in prison: by this only means you may get a release from him: 'tis not yet come to his uncle's hearing; send speedily for the creditors; by this time he's

desperate; he'll set his hand to any thing: take order for his debts, or discharge 'em quite: a pax[o] on him, let's be rid of a rascal!

HOA. Excellent!
Thou dost astonish me.—Go, run, make haste;
Bring both the creditors and Witgood hither.

HOST. This will be some revenge yet.
[*Aside, and exit.*

HOA. In the mean space I'll have a release drawn.—Within there!

Enter Servant.

SER. Sir?

HOA. Sirrah, come take directions; go to my scrivener.

COURT. [*aside; while* HOARD *gives directions to the servant*] I'm yet like those whose riches lie in dreams,
If I be wak'd, they're false; such is my fate,
Who venture[p] deeper than the desperate state.
Though I have sinn'd, yet could I become new,
For where I once vow, I am ever true.

HOA. Away, despatch, on my displeasure quickly.
[*Exit Servant.*
Happy occasion! pray heaven he be in the right vein now to set his hand to't, that nothing alter him; grant that all his follies may meet in him at once, to besot him enough!
I pray for him, i'faith, and here he comes.

Enter WITGOOD *and Creditors.*

WIT. What would you with me now, my uncle's spiteful adversary?

HOA. Nay, I am friends.

WIT. Ay, when your mischief's spent.

[o] *pax*] See note, p. 24.
[p] *venture*] Old eds. "ventures."

Hoa. I heard you were arrested.
Wit. Well, what then? you will pay none of my
ts, I am sure.
Hoa. A wise man cannot tell;
ere may be those conditions 'greed upon
y move me to do much.
Wit. Ay, when?—
s thou, perjurèd woman! (O, no name
vild[p] enough to match thy treachery!)
at art the cause of my confusion.
Court. Out, you penurious slave!
Hoa. Nay, wife, you are too froward;
t him alone; give losers leave to talk.
Wit. Shall I remember thee of another promise
r stronger than the first?
Court. I'd fain know that.
Wit. 'Twould call shame to thy cheeks.
Court. Shame?
Wit. Hark in your ear.—
ll he come off, think'st thou, and pay my
bts roundly?
Court. Doubt nothing; there's a release
drawing and all, to which you must set
ur hand.
Wit. Excellent!
Court. But methinks, i'faith, you might
ve made some shift to discharge this your-
lf, having in the mortgage, and never have
rdened my conscience with it.
Wit. A' my troth, I could not, for my cre-
tors' cruelties extend to the present.
Court. No more.— *They converse apart.*
hy, do your worst for that, I defy you.
Wit. You're impudent; I'll call up witnesses.

[p] *vild*] i. e. vile: see note, vol. i. p. 94.

COURT. Call up thy wits, for thou hast been devoted
To follies a long time.

HOA. Wife, you're too bitter.—
Master Witgood, and you, my masters, you shall hear a mild speech come from me now, and this it is: 't has been my fortune, gentlemen, to have an extraordinary blessing poured upon me a' late, and here she stands; I have wedded her, and bedded her, and yet she is little the worse: some foolish words she hath passed to you in the country, and some peevish[q] debts you owe here in the city; set the hare's head to the goose-giblet,[r] release you her of her words, and I'll release you of your debts, sir.

WIT. Would you so? I thank you for that, sir; I cannot blame you, i'faith.

HOA. Why, are not debts better than words, sir?

WIT. Are not words promises, and are not promises debts, sir?

HOA. He plays at back-racket with me. [*Aside.*

FIRST C. Come hither, master Witgood, come hither; be ruled by fools once.

SEC. C. We are citizens, and know what belong[s] to't.

FIRST C. Take hold of his offer: pax[s] on her, let her go; if your debts were once discharged, I would help you to a widow myself worth ten of her.

[q] *peevish*] i. e. foolish, trifling.

[r] *set the hare's head to the goose-giblet*] A not uncommon proverbial expression:

"Since tit for tat (quoth I) on euen hand is set,
Set the hares head agaynst the goose ieblet."

HEYWOOD'S *Dialogue, &c.*, sig. G.—*Workes*, ed. 1598.

[s] *pax*] See note, p. 24.

'HIRD C. Mass, partner, and now you remember on't, there's master Mulligrub's sister newly en a widow.

'IRST C. Cuds me, as pat as can be! there's a low left for you; ten thousand in money, beside te, jewels, *et cetera:* I warrant it a match; we do all in all with her; prithee, despatch; we'll ry thee to her presently.

WIT. My uncle will ne'er endure me when he ll hear I set my hand to a release.

SEC. C. Hark, I'll tell thee a trick for that: I ve spent five hundred pound in suits in my e, I should be wise; thou'rt now a prisoner; ke a release; take't of my word, whatsoever a n makes as long as he is in durance, 'tis nothing law, not thus much. [*Snaps his fingers.*

WIT. Say you so, sir?

THIRD C. I have paid for't, I know't.

WIT. Proceed then; I consent.

THIRD C. Why, well said.

HOA. How now, my masters, what have you me with him?

FIRST C. With much ado, sir, we have got him consent.

HOA. Ah—a—a! and what come[s] his debts to w?

FIRST C. Some eight score odd pounds, sir.

HOA. Naw, naw, naw, naw, naw! tell me the cond time; give me a lighter sum; they are but esperate debts, you know; ne'er called in but pon such an accident; a poor, needy knave, he ould starve and rot in prison: come, come, you hall have ten shillings in the pound, and the sum own roundly.

FIRST C. You must make it a mark,[t] sir.

[s] *come*] Old eds. "came."

[t] *mark*] i. e. 13*s.* 4*d.*

HOA. Go to then, tell your money in the meantime; you shall find little less there. [*Giving them money.*]—Come, master Witgood, you are so unwilling to do yourself good now!

Enter Scrivener.

Welcome, honest scrivener.—Now you shall hear the release read.

SCRI. [*reads*] *Be it known to all men, by these presents, that I, Theodorus Witgood, gentleman, sole nephew to Pecunius Lucre, having unjustly made title and claim to one Jane Medler, late widow of Anthony Medler, and now wife to Walkadine Hoard, in consideration of a competent sum of money to discharge my debts, do for ever hereafter disclaim any title, right, estate, or interest in or to the said widow, late in the occupation of the said Anthony Medler, and now in the occupation of Walkadine Hoard; as also neither to lay claim by virtue of any former contract, grant, promise, or demise, to any of her manor[s], manor-houses, parks, groves, meadow-grounds, arable lands, barns, stacks, stables, dove-holes, and coney-burrows; together with all her cattle, money, plate, jewels, borders, chains, bracelets, furnitures, hangings, moveables or immoveables.*[t] *In witness whereof, I the said Theodorus Witgood have interchangeably set to my hand and seal before these presents, the day and date above written.*

WIT. What a precious fortune hast thou slipt here, like a beast as thou art!

HOA. Come, unwilling heart, come.

WIT. Well, master Hoard, give me the pen; I see
'Tis vain to quarrel with our destiny.
[*Signs the paper.*

[t] *immoveables*] So ed. 1616. First ed. "immouerables."

HOA. O, as vain a thing as can be! you cannot commit a greater absurdity, sir. So, so; give me that hand now; before all these presents, I am friends for ever with thee.

WIT. Troth, and it were pity of my heart now, if I should bear you any grudge, i'faith.

HOA. Content: I'll send for thy uncle against the wedding dinner; we will be friends once again.

WIT. I hope to bring it to pass myself, sir.

HOA. How now? is't right, my masters?

FIRST C. 'Tis something wanting, sir; yet it shall be sufficient.

HOA. Why, well said; a good conscience makes a fine shew now-a-days. Come, my masters, you shall all taste of my wine ere you depart.

ALL THE CRED. We follow you, sir.

[*Exeunt* HOARD *and Scrivener.*

WIT. I'll try these fellows now. [*Aside.*]—A word, sir: what, will you carry me to that widow now?

FIRST C. Why, do you think we were in earnest, i'faith? carry you to a rich widow? we should get much credit by that: a noted rioter! a contemptible prodigal! 'twas a trick we have amongst us to get in our money: fare you well, sir.

[*Exeunt Creditors.*

WIT. Farewell, and be hanged, you short pig-haired, ram-headed rascals! he that believes in you shall ne'er be saved, I warrant him. By this new league I shall have some access[t] unto my love.

[t] *some access*] "The quarto of 1616 reads, '*some above access*;' and the niece [Joyce] speaks without a notice of her having entered: whereas in the first quarto there is a stage-direction, 'She is *above*;' and I suppose the word caught the printer's eye, and was erroneously introduced into the text." *Editor of* 1816.

JOYCE *appears above.*

JOYCE. Master Witgood!

WIT. My life!

JOYCE. Meet me presently; that note directs you [*throws him a letter*]: I would not be suspected: our happiness attends us: farewell.

WIT. A word's enough. [*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE V.

DAMPIT'S *Bed-chamber.*

DAMPIT *in bed;* AUDREY *spinning by; Boy.*

AUD. [*singing*]
Let the usurer cram him, in interest that excel,
There's pits enow to damn him before he comes to hell;
In Holborn some, in Fleet Street some,
Where'er he come there's some, there's some.

DAMP. *Trahe, trahito,* draw the curtain; give me a sip of sack more.

While he drinks, enter LAMPREY *and* SPICHCOCK.

LAM. Look you; did not I tell you he lay like the devil in chains, when he was bound for a thousand year?[u]

SPI. But I think[v] the devil had no steel bedstaffs; he goes beyond him for that.

[u] *a thousand year*] "Our poet alludes here [very irreverently] to a passage in the Revelation of St. John, chap. xx. ver. 2." *Editor of* 1816.

[v] *But I think*] "It is unnecessary to observe there was something particular about Dampit's bed; the reader, however, will collect all the information I could give him from this scene." *Editor of* 1816.

AM. Nay, do but mark the conceit of his drink-
; one must wipe his mouth for him with a
kinder,[w] do you see, sir?
PI. Is this the sick trampler?[x] why, he is only
-rid with drinking.
AM. True, sir. He spies us.
AM. What, Sir Tristram? you come and see a
k man here, a very weak man.
AM. If you be weak in body, you should be
ng in prayer, sir.
AM. O, I have prayed too much, poor man!
AM. There's a taste of his soul for you!
PI. Faugh, loathsome!
LAM. I come to borrow a hundred pound of
, sir.
DAM. Alas, you come at an ill time! I cannot
re it, i'faith; I ha' but two thousand i' th'
se.
AUD. Ha, ha, ha!
DAM. Out, you gernative quean, the mullipood
villany, the spinner of concupiscency!

Enter SIR LAUNCELOT, *and others.*

SIR L. Yea, gentlemen, are you here before us?
w is he now?
LAM. Faith, the same man still: the tavern bitch
s bit him i' th' head.[y]
SIR L. We shall have the better sport with him:
ace.—And how cheers master Dampit now?
DAM. O, my bosom Sir Launcelot, how cheer I!
y presence is restorative.

[w] *muckinder*] i. e. a handkerchief.
[x] *trampler*] See note, p. 18.
[y] *the tavern bitch*, &c.] "One of the many proverbs ex-
essive of inebriety." *Editor of* 1816.

SIR L. But I hear a great complaint of you, master Dampit, among gallants.

DAM. I am glad of that, i'faith: prithee, what?

SIR L. They say you are waxed proud a' late, and if a friend visit you in the afternoon, you'll scarce know him.

DAM. Fie, fie; proud? I cannot remember any such thing: sure I was drunk then.

SIR L. Think you so, sir?

DAM. There 'twas, i'faith; nothing but the pride of the sack; and so certify 'em.—Fetch sack, sirrah.

BOY. A vengeance sack you once!

[*Exit, and returns presently with sack.*

AUD. Why, master Dampit, if you hold on as you begin, and lie a little longer, you need not take care how to dispose your wealth; you'll make the vintner your heir.

DAM. Out, you babliaminy, you unfeathered, cremitoried quean, you cullisance of scabiosity!

AUD. Good words, master Dampit, to speak before a maid and a virgin!

DAM. Hang thy virginity upon the pole of carnality!

AUD. Sweet terms! my mistress shall know 'em.

LAM. Note but the misery of this usuring slave: here he lies, like a noisome dunghill, full of the poison of his drunken blasphemies; and they to whom he bequeaths all, grudge him the very meat that feeds him, the very pillow that eases him. Here may a usurer behold his end: what profits it to be a slave in this world, and a devil i' th' next?

DAM. Sir Launcelot, let me buss thee, Sir Launcelot; thou art the only friend that I honour and respect.

SIR L. I thank you for that, master Dampit.

'AM. Farewell, my bosom Sir Launcelot.
IR L. Gentlemen, and[a] you love me, let me step
ind you, and one of you fall a-talking of me to
.
'AM. Content.—Master Dampit ——
)AM. So, sir.
'AM. Here came Sir Launcelot to see you e'en
r.
)AM. Hang him, rascal!
'AM. Who? Sir Launcelot?
)AM. Pythagorical rascal!
'AM. Pythagorical?
)AM. Ay, he changes[b] his cloak when he meets
ergeant.
SIR L. What a rogue's this!
LAM. I wonder you can rail at him, sir; he
nes in love to see you.
DAM. A louse for his love! his father was a
nb-maker; I have no need of his crawling love:
comes to have longer day,[c] the superlative
cal!
SIR L. 'Sfoot, I can no longer endure the rogue!
Master Dampit, I come to take my leave once
ain, sir.
DAM. Who? my dear and kind Sir Launcelot,

[a] *and*] i. e. if.
[b] *Ay, he changes*, &c.] "I scarcely need notice that Dam-
's explanation of the name is in allusion to the doctrine of
tempsychosis, first taught by that philosopher." *Editor of*
16.
[c] *longer day*] "Dampit means to insinuate, I conceive, that
had borrowed money of him, and only called to postpone
e payment." *Editor of* 1816.—

"You know this meeting
Was for the creditors to give *longer day*."

BROME's *City Wit*, act i. sc. 1.—*Five New Playes*, 1653.

the only gentleman of England? let me hug thee: farewell, and a thousand.[d]

LAM. Compos'd of wrongs and slavish flatteries!

SIR L. Nay, gentlemen, he shall shew you more tricks yet; I'll give you another taste of him.

LAM. Is't possible?

SIR L. His memory is upon departing.

DAM. Another cup of sack!

SIR L. Mass, then 'twill be quite gone! Before he drink that, tell him there's a country client come up, and here attends for his learned advice.

LAM. Enough.

DAM. One cup more, and then let the bell toll: I hope I shall be weak enough by that time.

LAM. Master Dampit ——

DAM. Is the sack spouting?

LAM. 'Tis coming forward, sir. Here's a country man, a client of yours, waits for your deep and profound advice, sir.

DAM. A coxcombry, where is he? let him approach: set me up a peg higher.

LAM. [*to* SIR LAUN.] You must draw near, sir.

DAM. Now, good man fooliaminy, what say you to me now?

SIR L. Please your good worship, I am a poor man, sir ——

DAM. What make you in my chamber then?

SIR L. I would entreat your worship's device[e] in a just and honest cause, sir.

[d] *farewell, and a thousand*] i. e. a thousand times farewell: see Peele's *Works*, vol. i. p. 217. ed. 1829, and my note there.

[e] *device*] "For *advice*; I suppose it intentional." *Editor of* 1816.—Of course it is: so a clown in Randolph's *Hey for Honesty*, 1651; "Ile tell you what I do *devise* you now, this is my pinion," act i. sc. 1.

DAM. I meddle with no such matters; I refer
n to master No-man's office.

SIR L. I had but one house left me in all the
orld, sir, which was my father's, my grandfather's,
y great-grandfather's, and now a villain has un-
stly wrung me out, and took possession on't.

DAM. Has he such feats? Thy best course is
bring thy *ejectione firmæ*, and in seven year thou
ayst shove him out by the law.

SIR L. Alas, an't please your worship, I have
nall friends and less money!

DAM. Hoyday! this geer will fadge well:[f] hast
o money? why, then, my advice is, thou must
t fire a' th' house, and so get him out.

LAM. That will break strife, indeed.

SIR L. I thank your worship for your hot coun-
el, sir.—Altering but my voice a little, you see
e knew me not: you may observe by this, that a
runkard's memory holds longer in the voice than
n the person. But, gentlemen, shall I shew you a
ight? Behold the little dive-dapper[g] of damnation,
Gulf the usurer, for his time worse than t'other.

LAM. What's he comes with him?

SIR L. Why Hoard, that married lately the
idow Medler.

LAM. O, I cry you mercy, sir.

Enter HOARD *and* GULF.

HOA. Now, gentlemen visitants, how does master
Dampit?

SIR L. Faith, here he lies, e'en drawing in, sir,
good canary as fast as he can, sir; a very weak
creature truly, he is almost past memory.

[f] *this geer will fadge well*] i. e. this matter will fit well, succeed well.

[g] *dive-dapper*] i. e. dabchick.

HOA. Fie, master Dampit! you lie lazing a-bed here, and I come to invite you to my wedding-dinner: up, up, up!

DAM. Who's this? master Hoard? who hast thou married, in the name of foolery?

HOA. A rich widow.

DAM. A Dutch widow?[h]

HOA. A rich widow; one widow Medler.

DAM. Medler? she keeps open house.

HOA. She did, I can tell you, in her t'other husband's days; open house for all comers; horse and man was welcome, and room enough for 'em all.

DAM. There's too much for thee then; thou mayst let out some to thy neighbours.

GULF. What, hung alive in chains? O spectacle! bed-staffs of steel? *O monstrum horrendum, informe, ingens, cui lumen ademptum!*[i] O Dampit, Dampit, here's a just judgment shewn upon usury, extortion, and trampling[j] villany!

SIR L. This [is] excellent, thief rails upon the thief!

GULF. Is this the end of cut-throat usury, brothel, and blasphemy? now mayst thou see what race a usurer runs.

DAM. Why, thou rogue of universality, do not I know thee? thy sound is like the cuckoo, the Welch ambassador:[k] thou cowardly slave, that offers to fight with a sick man when his weapon's

[h] *a Dutch widow*] See note, p. 50.

[i] Virg. *Æn.* iii. 658.

[j] *trampling*] See note, p. 18.

[k] *Welch ambassador*] "A jocular name for the cuckoo, I presume from its migrating hither from the west." NARES's *Gloss. in v.*—Perhaps it was so called because

> "the note which his hoarse voice doth beare
> Is harsh and fatall to the wedded eare."
>
> *The Cuckow* (by NICCOLS), 1607, sig. A 3.

vn! rail upon me in my naked bed? why, thou at Lucifer's little vicar! I am not so weak but now a knave at first sight: thou inconscionable cal! thou that goest upon Middlesex juries, and t make haste to give up thy verdict[l] because u wilt not lose thy dinner! Are you answered?

GULF. An't were not for shame ——

[*Draws his dagger.*

DAM. Thou wouldst be hanged then.

LAM. Nay, you must exercise patience, master lf, always in a sick man's chamber.

SIR L. He'll quarrel with none, I warrant you, t those that are bed-rid.

DAM. Let him come, gentlemen, I am armed: ach my close-stool hither.

SIR L. Here will be a sweet fray anon; I'll ave you, gentlemen.

LAM. Nay, we'll along with you.—Master ulf ——

GULF. Hang him, usuring rascal!

SIR L. Push,[m] set your strength to his, your wit his!

AUD. Pray, gentlemen, depart; his hour's come pon him.—Sleep in my bosom, sleep.

SIR L. Nay, we have enough of him, i'faith; eep him for the house.

Now make your best:[n]

For thrice his wealth I would not have his breast.

[l] *make haste to give up thy verdict*, &c.] Did Pope remember his passage?

"The hungry judges soon the sentence sign,
And wretches hang, that jurymen may dine."
The Rape of the Lock, iii. 21.

[m] *Push*] See note, vol. i. p. 29.

[n] *Now make your best*] Another couplet, of which the first ine is imperfect: see notes, p. 7 of this vol. and p. 424 of vol. i.

GULF. A little thing would make me beat him now he's asleep.

SIR L. Mass, then 'twill be a pitiful day when he wakes! I would be loath to see that day: come.

GULF. You overrule me, gentlemen, i'faith.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

A Room in LUCRE'S *House.*

Enter LUCRE *and* WITGOOD.

WIT. Nay, uncle, let me prevail with you so much;
I'faith, go, now he has invited you.

LUC. I shall have great joy there when he has borne away the widow!

WIT. Why, la, I thought where I should find you presently: uncle, a' my troth, 'tis nothing so.

LUC. What's nothing so, sir? is not he married to the widow?

WIT. No, by my troth, is he not, uncle.

LUC. How?

WIT. Will you have the truth on't? he is married to a whore, i'faith.

LUC. I should laugh at that.

WIT. Uncle, let me perish in your favour if you find it not so; and that 'tis I that have married the honest woman.

LUC. Ha! I'd walk ten mile a' foot to see that, i'faith.

WIT. And see't you shall, or I'll ne'er see you again.

LUC. A quean, i'faith? ha, ha, ha! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Room in HOARD'S *House.*

Enter HOARD *tasting wine, Host following in a livery cloak.*

HOA. Pup, pup, pup, pup, I like not this wine: is there never a better tierce in the house?

HOST. Yes, sir, there are as good tierce[s] in the house as any are in England.

HOA. Desire your mistress, you knave, to taste 'em all over; she has better skill.

HOST. Has she so? the better for her, and the worse for you. [*Aside, and exit.*

HOA. Arthur!

Enter ARTHUR.

Is the cupboard of plate set out?[o]

ARTH. All's in order, sir. [*Exit.*

HOA. I am in love with my liveries every time I think on 'em; they make a gallant shew, by my troth. Niece!

Enter JOYCE.

JOYCE. Do you call, sir?

HOA. Prithee, shew a little diligence, and overlook the knaves a little; they'll filch and steal today, and send whole pasties home to their wives: and[p] thou be'st a good niece, do not see me purloined.

JOYCE. Fear it not, sir—I have cause: though the feast be prepared for you, yet it serves fit for my wedding-dinner too.[q] [*Aside, and exit.*

[o] *cupboard of plate*] i. e. a moveable sideboard, or buffet, containing the plate.

[p] *and*] i. e. if.

[q] *too*] Qy. was this originally a couplet?

Enter LAMPREY *and* SPICHCOCK.

HOA. Master Lamprey and master Spichcock, two the most welcome gentlemen alive! your fathers and mine were all free a' th' fishmongers.

LAM. They were indeed, sir. You see bold guests, sir; soon entreated.

HOA. And that's best, sir.

Enter Servant.

How now, sirrah?

SER. There's a coach come to th' door, sir.

[*Exit.*

HOA. My Lady Foxtone, a' my life!—Mistress Jane Hoard! wife!—Mass, 'tis her ladyship indeed!

Enter LADY FOXTONE.

Madam, you are welcome to an unfurnished house, dearth of cheer, scarcity of attendance.

L. FOX. You are pleased to make the worst, sir.

HOA. Wife!

Enter Courtesan.

L. FOX. Is this your bride?

HOA. Yes, madam.—Salute my Lady Foxtone.

COURT. Please you, madam, awhile to taste the air in the garden?

L. FOX. 'Twill please us well.

[*Exeunt* L. FOXTONE *and Courtesan.*

HOA. Who would not wed? the most delicious life!
No joys are like the comforts of a wife.

LAM. So we bachelors think, that are not troubled with them.

Re-enter Servant.

R. Your worship's brother, with other ancient
emen,[q] are newly alighted, sir. [*Exit.*
A. Master Onesiphorus Hoard? why, now our
any begins to come in.

ter ONESIPHORUS HOARD, LIMBER, *and* KIX.

lear and kind brother, welcome, i'faith.
ES. H. You see we are men at an hour, bro-

OA. Ay, I'll say that for you, brother; you
as good an hour to come to a feast as any
leman in the shire.—What, old master Limber
master Kix! do we meet, i'faith, jolly gentle-
?
M. We hope you lack guess,[r] sir?
OA. O, welcome, welcome! we lack still such
s as your worships.
NES. H. Ah, sirrah brother, have you catched
vidow Medler?
OA. From 'em all, brother; and I may tell you
d mighty enemies, those that stuck sore; old
re is a sore fox, I can tell you, brother.
NES. H. Where is she? I'll go seek her out: I
to have a smack at her lips.
OA. And most wishfully, brother, see where
comes.

Re-enter Courtesan and LADY FOXTONE.

e her a smack[s] now we may hear it all the house
r. [*Courtesan and* ONES. H. *start and turn away.*

other ancient gentlemen] Old eds. "an *other ancient* gen-
aan:" but see what follows; and note, p. 9.
guess] i. e. guests: see note, vol. i. p. 326.
smack] Old eds. "smerck."

COURT. O heaven, I am betray'd! I know that face.

HOA. Ha, ha, ha! why, how now? are you both ashamed?—Come, gentlemen, we'll look another way.

ONES. H. Nay, brother, hark you: come, you're disposed to be merry.

HOA. Why do we meet else, man?

ONES. H. That's another matter: I was ne'er so 'fraid in my life but that you had been in earnest.

HOA. How mean you, brother?

ONES. H. You said she was your wife.

HOA. Did I so? by my troth, and so she is.

ONES. H. By your troth, brother?

HOA. What reason have I to dissemble with my friends, brother? if marriage can make her mine, she is mine. Why ——

[ONESIPHORUS HOARD *is about to retire.*

ONES. H. Troth, I am not well of a sudden: I must crave pardon, brother; I came to see you, but I cannot stay dinner, i'faith.

HOA. I hope you will not serve me so, brother?

LIM. By your leave, master Hoard ——

HOA. What now? what now? pray, gentlemen:—you were wont to shew yourselves wise men.

LIM. But you have shewn your folly too much here.

HOA. How?

KIX. Fie, fie! a man of your repute and name! You'll feast your friends, but cloy 'em first with shame.

HOA. This grows too deep; pray, let us reach the sense.

LIM. In your old age doat on a courtesan!

HOA. Ha!

KIX. Marry a strumpet!

HOA. Gentlemen!
ONES. H. And Witgood's quean!
HOA. O! nor lands nor living?
ONES. H. Living!
HOA. [*to Courtesan*] Speak.
COURT. Alas, you know, at first, sir,
I told you I had nothing!
HOA. Out, out! I am cheated; infinitely cozen'd!
LIM. Nay, master Hoard ——

Enter LUCRE, WITGOOD, *and* JOYCE.

HOA. A Dutch widow![8] a Dutch widow! a Dutch widow!
LUC. Why, nephew, shall I trace thee still a liar?
Wilt make me mad? is not yon thing the widow?
WIT. Why, la, you are so hard a' belief, uncle! by my troth, she's a whore.
LUC. Then thou'rt a knave.
WIT. *Negatur argumentum*, uncle.
LUC. *Probo tibi*, nephew: he that knows a woman to be a quean must needs be a knave; thou sayst thou knowest her to be one; *ergo*, if she be a quean, thou'rt a knave.
WIT. *Negatur sequela majoris*, uncle; he that knows a woman to be a quean must needs be a knave; I deny that.
HOA. Lucre and Witgood, you're both villains; get you out of my house!
LUC. Why, didst not invite me to thy wedding-dinner?
WIT. And are not you and I sworn perpetual friends before witness, sir, and were both drunk upon't?

[8] *a Dutch widow*] See note, p. 50.

HOA. Daintily abus'd! you've put a junt[t] upon me!
LUC. Ha, ha, ha!
HOA. A common strumpet!
WIT. Nay, now
You wrong her, sir; if I were she, I'd have
The law on you for that; I durst depose for her
She ne'er had common use nor common thought.
COURT. Despise me, publish me, I am your wife;
What shame can I have now but you'll have part?
If in disgrace you share, I sought not you;
You pursu'd, nay,[u] forc'd me; had I friends would follow it,
Less than your action has been prov'd a rape.
ONES. H. Brother!
COURT. Nor did I ever boast of lands unto you,
Money, or goods; I took a plainer course,
And told you true, I'd nothing:
If error were committed, 'twas by you;
Thank your own folly: nor has my sin been
So odious, but worse has been forgiven;
Nor am I so deform'd, but I may challenge
The utmost power of any old man's love.
She that tastes not sin before [twenty], twenty to one but she'll taste it after: most of you old men are content to marry young virgins, and take that which follows; where,[v] marrying one of us, you both save a sinner and are quit from a cuckold for ever:
And more, in brief, let this your best thoughts win,
She that knows sin, knows best how to hate sin.
HOA. Curs'd be all malice! black are the fruits of spite,

[t] *junt*] i. e. harlot.
[u] *pursu'd, nay*] Old eds. "*pursued* me, *nay*."
[v] *where*] i. e. whereas.

And poison first their owners. O, my friends,
I must embrace shame, to be rid of shame!
Conceal'd disgrace prevents a public name.
Ah, Witgood! ah, Theodorus!

WIT. Alas, sir, I was pricked in conscience to see her well bestowed, and where could I bestow her better than upon your pitiful worship? Excepting but myself, I dare swear she's a virgin; and now, by marrying your niece, I have banished myself for ever from her: she's mine aunt now, by my faith, and there's no meddling with mine aunt, you know: a sin against my nuncle.[v]

COURT. Lo, gentlemen, before you all [*Kneels.*
In true reclaimed form I fall.
Henceforth for ever I defy[w]
The glances of a sinful eye,[x]
Waving of fans (which some suppose
Tricks of fancy),[y] treading of toes,
Wringing of fingers, biting the lip,
The wanton gait, th' alluring trip;
All secret friends and private meetings,
Close-borne letters and bawds' greetings;
Feigning excuse to women's labours
When we are sent for to th' next neighbour's;

[v] *nuncle*] With this corruption of the word Shakespeare has made all readers acquainted.

[w] *defy*] i. e. renounce.

[x] *The glances of a sinful eye,*
Waving of fans,
. . . . . .
All secret friends] Here Middleton recollected the Palinode which closes *Cynthia's Revels:*

"From *secret friends,*
. . . . . .
From waving fans, coy *glances.*"
JONSON'S *Works*, vol. ii. p. 380, ed. Giff.

[y] *fancy*] i. e. love.

Taking false physic, and ne'er start
To be let blood though sign[y] be at heart;
Removing chambers, shifting beds,
To welcome friends in husbands' steads,
Them to enjoy, and you to marry,
They first serv'd, while you must tarry,
They to spend, and you to gather,
They to get, and you to father:
These, and thousand, thousand more,
New reclaim'd, I now abhor.

LUC. [*to* WITGOOD] Ah, here's a lesson, rioter, for you!

WIT. I must confess my follies; I'll down too: [*Kneels.*

And here for ever I disclaim
The cause of youth's undoing, game,
Chiefly dice, those true outlanders,
That shake out beggars, thieves, and panders;
Soul-wasting surfeits, sinful riots,
Queans' evils, doctors' diets,
'Pothecaries' drugs, surgeons' glisters;
Stabbing of arms[z] for a common mistress;

[y] *sign*] The editor of 1816 altered this word to "sin."—According to the directions for bleeding in old almanacs, blood was to be taken from particular parts under particular planets.

"*Alen.* When is the time to let the weathers blood?
The forward spring that had such store of grasse,
Hath fild them full of ranke vnwholesome blood,
Which must be purg'd, else when the winter comes,
The rot will leaue me nothing but their skinnes.
Fall. Chil let om blood, but yet it is no time,
Vntill *the zygne be gone below the hart.*"

YARINGTON'S *Two Lamentable Tragedies*, 1601, sig. H 4.

[z] *Stabbing of arms*
. . . . . .
Dutch flapdragons] Here again (see note, p. 97) Middleton has an eye to Jonson:

Riband favours, ribald speeches;
Dear perfum'd jackets, pennyless breeches;
Dutch flapdragons, healths in urine;
Drabs that keep a man too sure in:
I do defy[a] you all.
Lend me each honest hand, for here I rise
A reclaim'd man, loathing the general vice.

HOA. So, so, all friends! the wedding-dinner cools:
Who seem most crafty prove ofttimes most fools.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

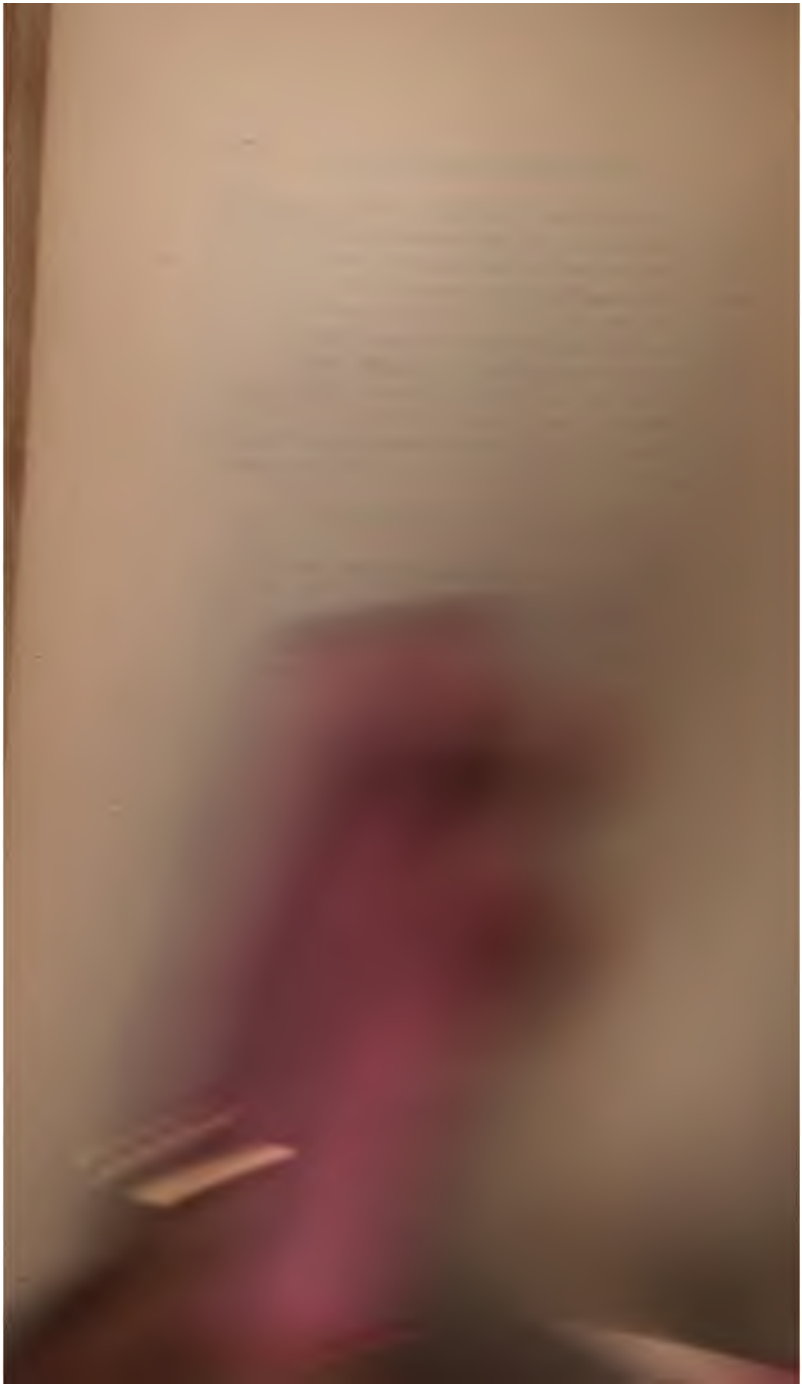
"From *stabbing of arms, flapdragons.*"

Works, ibid.

To stab their arms with daggers, and drink off the blood mixed with wine, to the health of their mistresses, was formerly a frequent practice among gallants.—For *flapdragons*, see note, vol. i. p. 66: from several passages in our early dramas, it appears that the Dutch were celebrated for swallowing them.—Drinking *healths in urine* was another and more disgusting feat of gallantry.

[a] *defy*] See note, p. 97.

THE FAMILY OF LOVE.



THE FAMILY OF LOVE.

The Familie of Love. Acted by the Children of his Maiesties Reuells.

Lectori.

Sydera iungamus, facito mihi Iuppiter adsit,
Et tibi Mercurius noster dabit omnia faxo.

At London Printed for John Helmes, and are to be sold in Saint Dunstans Churchyard in Fleetstreet. 1608. 4to.

Though there is undoubtedly but one edition of this drama, yet the copies differ slightly in several places; alterations having been introduced after part of the impression had been worked off: a circumstance which will surprise those persons only who have not been accustomed to collate the 4tos of old English plays.

The Family of Love was licensed by Sir George Bucke, 12th Oct. 1607: see Chalmers's *Suppl. Apol.* p. 201.

Concerning the sect which gives the title to the play, the following notices will be perhaps more than sufficient.

In Brandt's *Hist. of the Reform. &c. in the Low Countries*, we are told, under the year 1555: "That Family was suspected of being more addicted to carnal than to spiritual love. Henry Nicholas, a Westphalian, born at Munster, but who had lived a great while at Amsterdam, and some time likewise at Embden, was father of this Family. He appeared upon the stage about the year 1540, stiled himself the *deified man*, boasted of great matters, and seemed to exalt himself above the condition of a human creature. He was, as he pretended, greater than Moses and Christ, because Moses had taught mankind to *hope*, Christ to *believe*, but he to *love;* which last being of more worth than both the former, he was consequently greater than both those prophets." vol. i. p. 105, ed. 1720.

According to some writers, however, the sect was not founded by Henry Nicholas, but by David George, an anabaptist of Delft; and indeed there seems reason to believe that the Family of Love grew out of the heresies of George, with whom Nicholas had been on intimate terms.

"As to his [Nicholas's] pretensions," observes Mosheim, "they were indeed visionary and chimerical; for he maintained that he had a commission from heaven to teach men that the essence of religion consisted in the feelings of *divine love;* that all other theological tenets, whether they related to objects of faith or modes of worship, were of no sort of moment; and consequently that it was a matter of the most

perfect indifference what opinions Christians entertained concerning the divine nature, provided their hearts burned with the pure and sacred flame of piety and love. To this, his main doctrine, Nicholas may have probably added other odd fancies, as always is the case with those innovators who are endued with a warm and fruitful imagination: to come, however, at a true notion of the opinions of this enthusiast, it will be much easier to consult his own writings than to depend entirely upon the accounts and refutations of his adversaries." *Eccles. Hist.* (by MACLAINE), vol. iv. p. 484.

"Not content," says Fuller, "to confine his errours to his own country, over he [Nicholas] comes into England, and in the later end of the reign of Edward the Sixth joyned himself to the Dutch congregation in London, where he seduced a number of artificers and silly women," &c. *Church Hist.* b. ix. p. 112, ed. 1655.

"The twelfe of June [1575], stood at Paules Crosse fiue persons Englishmen, of the sect termed the Familie of Loue, who there confessed themselues vtterlie to detest as well the author of that sect H. N. as all his damnable errors and heresies." HOLINSHED'S *Chron.* vol. iv. p. 328, ed. 1808.

Towards the end of 1580, the sect was increasing so rapidly in England, that the government took active measures for its suppression. "The queenes maiestie being informed that in sundrie places of this realme, certeine persons secretlie taught damnable heresies, contrarie to diuers principall articles of our beleefe and christian faith, who to colour their sect named themselues the Familie of Loue, and then as manie as were allowed by them to be of that familie to be elect and saued, and all others, of what church soeuer they be, to be reiected and damned. And for that vpon conuenting of some of them before the bishops and ordinaries, it was found that the ground of their sect is mainteined by certeine lewd, hereticall, and seditious books, first made in the Dutch toong, and lastlie translated into English, and printed beyond the seas, and secretlie brought ouer into the realme, the author whereof they name H. N. &c. And considering also it is found, that those sectaries held opinion, that they may before anie magistrat or ecclesiasticall or temporall, or anie other person, noi being professed to be of their sect, by oth or otherwise denie anie thing for their aduantage: so as though manie of them are well knowne to be teachers and spreaders abroad of these dangerous and damnable sects; yet by their owne confession they cannot be condemned. Therefore hir maiestie being verie sorie to see so great an euill, by malice of the

diuell to be brought into this hir realme, and by hir bishops and ordinaries she vnderstandeth it verie requisit, not onelie to haue those dangerous heretiks and sectaries to be seueralie punished; but that also other meanes be vsed by hir maiesties roiall authoritie, which is giuen hir of God to defend Christs church, to root them out from further infecting of hir realme: she hath thought meet and conuenient, and so by hir proclamation commandeth, that all hir officers and ministers temporall shall in all their seuerall vocations assist the bishops of hir realme, and all other person, to search out all persons dulie suspected to be either teachers or professors of the foresaid damnable sects, and by all good meanes to proceed seuerelie against them, being found culpable, by order of the lawes ecclesiasticall or temporall: and that all search be made in all places suspected, for the books and writings mainteining the said heresies and sects, and them to destroie and burne, &c: as more at large may appeere by the said proclamation, giuen at Richmond the third of October, and proclamed at London on the nineteenth daie of the same moneth [1580]." HOLINSHED'S *Chron.* vol. iv. p. 432, ed. 1808. See also CAMDENI *Annales*, p. 318, ed. 1639.

A list of Nicholas's numerous writings may be found in Lowndes's *Bibliographer's Manual.* One of them is in verse: *An Enterlude of Myndes: witnessing the Mans Fall from God and Christ. Set forth by H. N. and by him newly perused and amended. Translated out of Base-Almayne into English.* n. d.: see an account of, and extracts from it, in Sir E. Brydges's *Restituta*, vol. iv. p. 140, sqq. Nicholas is mentioned in the last scene of *The Alchemist*,—B. JONSON'S *Works*, vol. iv. p. 187, ed. Giff.

"The Family of Love (or Lust rather)," says Fuller, "at this time [1604] presented a tedious Petition to King James, so that it is questionable whether his majesty ever graced it with his perusall, wherein they endeavoured to cleare themselves from some misrepresentations, and by fawning expression to insinuate themselves into his majesty's good opinion." *Church Hist.* b. x. p. 29, ed. 1655. Having given the document in question, which is too long for insertion here, Fuller proceeds: "I finde not what effect this their Petition produced; whether it was slighted, and the Petitioners looked upon as inconsiderable, or beheld as a few frantick folk out of their wits, which consideration alone often melted their adversaries anger into pity unto them. The main design driven on in the Petition is to separate themselves from the Puritans (as persons odious to King James), that they might

not fare the worse for their vicinity unto them; though these Familists could not be so desirous to leave them as the others were glad to be left by them. For if their opinions were so senselesse, and the lives of these Familists so sensuall as is reported, no *purity* at all belonged unto them." p. 32. From the Petition just mentioned, we find that "divers" of the Familists had been lately thrown into prison.

The sect was attacked, at different times, by various writers: among others by John Rogers, in *The Displaying of an horrible Secte of grosse & wicked Heretiques, naming themselues the Family of Loue, with the liues of their Authours, & what doctrine they teach in corners. Newly set foorth by J. R. &c.* London, 1579. 12mo.

In *The Lady of Pleasure*, act i. sc. 1, Shirley has the following passage:

"Another game you have, which consumes more
Your fame than purse: your revels in the night,
Your meetings call'd THE BALL, to which repair,
As to the court of pleasure, all your gallants,
And ladies, thither bound by a subpœna
Of Venus, and small Cupid's high displeasure;
'Tis but the Family of Love translated
Into more costly sin! There was a PLAY on't,
And had the poet not been brib'd to a modest
Expression of your antic gambols in't,
Some darks had been discover'd, and the deeds too:
In time he may repent, and make some blush,
To see the second part danc'd on the stage."

SHIRLEY'S *Works*, vol. iv. p. 9.

I have quoted the lines only for the sake of correcting a mistake of the last editor of Beaumont and Fletcher. In a note on *The Widow*, Weber remarks, that Middleton "wrote a play entitled *The Family of Love*, but it seems that he was reprehended for not displaying these sectaries in their true colours. Thus Shirley in *The Lady of Pleasure:*

"'Tis but the Family of Love translated
Into more costly sin! There was a Play on't," &c.

B. *and* F.'s *Works*, vol. xiv. p. 145.

What stupidity! not to perceive that the "Play on't" was the drama called *The Ball*, written by Shirley and Chapman!

TO THE READER.

Too soon and too late this work is published: too soon, in that it was in the press before I had notice of it, by which means some faults may escape in the printing; too late, for that it was not published when the general voice of the people had sealed it for good, and the newness of it made it much more desired than at this time; for plays in this city are like wenches new fallen to the trade, only desired of your neatest gallants whiles they're fresh; when they grow stale they must be vented by termers[a] and country chapmen. I know not how this labour will please: sure I am it passed the censure of the stage with a general applause. Now, whether *vox populi* be *vox Dei* or no, that I leave to be tried by the acute judgment of the famous six wits of the city.—FAREWELL.

[a] *termers*] i. e. persons (generally of ill repute) who resorted to London during term-time.

PROLOGUE.[b]

for opinion hath not blaz'd his fame,
· expectation fill'd the general round,
ı deem his labours slight, you both confound
ır graver judgment and his merits :
ɔartial hearing fits judicious spirits.
r let the fruit of many an hour fall
envy's tooth or base detraction's gall :
th which are tokens of such abject spirits,
ıich, wanting worth themselves, hate other[s']
merits ;
· else of such, which once made great by fame,
ıpine at those which seek t' attain the same.
'om both we know all truer judgments free :
ɔ them our Muse, with blushing modesty,
ıtiently to her entreats their favour ;
'hich done, with judgment praise, or else dislike
the labour.

[b] *Prologue*] The first line of it and a word in the fourth ıe have dropt out at press.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.[c]

GLISTER, *a doctor of physic.*
PURGE, *a jealous apothecary.*
DRYFAT, *a merchant, a brother of the Family.*
GERARDINE, *a lover* [*of* MARIA].
LIPSALVE, } *two gallants that only pursue city lechery.*
GUDGEON, }
CLUB, *an apprentice* [*to* PURGE].
VIAL, *a servant to* GLISTER.
SHRIMP *and* } *pages to the gallants.*
PERIWINKLE, }
[*Apprentice and Servants*].

MISTRESS GLISTER.
MISTRESS PURGE, *an elder in the Family.*
MARIA, *niece to* GLISTER.

[c] The old ed. has (what is generally wanting in early 4tos) a list of the characters. The only alteration I have made in it is the substitution of "SHRIMP" for "SMELT," the precocious youth being always throughout the play introduced under, and addressed by, the former name.

THE FAMILY OF LOVE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Gallery in GLISTER'S *House.*

nter GLISTER, MISTRESS GLISTER, *and* MARIA.

LI. Tricks and shows! Protestations with men like tears with women, forgot ere the cheek be . Gerardine is a gentleman; his lands be in utes: 'a[d] is not for thee, nor thou for him: 'a a gallant, and young thoughts be most unstant.

IAR. Yet young vines yield most wine.

IIS. G. But old vines the best. Believe not se great-breeched[e] gallants; they love for pro- not for affection: if 'a brings thee to a fool's adise, 'a will forsake thee.

GLI. Which fortune God send my enemy! Love a cold heat,[f] a bitter sweet, a pleasure full of n, a huge loss, and no gain. Why shouldest u love him only?

MAR. Words cannot force what destiny hath seal'd.

'a] For *he* occurs over and over again in this drama.

great-breeched gallants] i. e. gallants who wear *trunk-hose* reeches swelled out to a preposterous size by stuffings of s, wool, hair, &c.

a cold heat, &c.] Here, perhaps, the doctor meant to me.

Who can resist the influence of his stars,
Or give a reason why 'a loves or hates,
Since our affections are not rul'd by will,
But will by our affections?[g] 'Tis blasphemy
'Gainst love's most sacred deity, to ask[h]
Why we do love, since 'tis his only power
That sways all our affections: all things which be,
Beasts, birds, men, gods, pay him their fealty.

GLI. Tut, love is an idle fantasy, bred by desire, nursed by delight, an humour that begins his dominion in Leo the lion, the sign of the heart; and ends in Aries the ram, the sign of the head: his power is to stir the blood,—pricks up the flesh, fills all the body with a libidinous humour, and is indeed the overture[i] of all ladies: which to prevent, I have banished Gerardine, your dearly beloved, my house; and as for you, since I am your guardian by my brother's last will, I will sequester you from all other rooms in my house save this gallery and your upper chamber, till, in discretion, I shall find it convenient to enlarge you.

MAR. My body you may circumscribe, confine,
And keep in bounds; but my unlimited love
Extends itself beyond all circumscription.

MIS. G. Believe me, Maria, I have known the natures of divers of these gallants. If they possess the unlimited love of us women in never so ample manner, without the society of the body,

[g] *affections*] Qy. here and in the next line but two, for the sake of the verse, *affects*—which in our early poetry has the same meaning.

[h] *ask*] Old ed. "axe," which, though the genuine Saxon form of the word, and perhaps used here by Middleton, is now considered so ludicrous a vulgarism, that I have substituted the modern spelling.

[i] *overture*] i. e. overthrow.

v how soon their love vadeth :[j] young men's
like ivy ; it must have somewhat to cleave
it never prospers. Love is like fasting-days,
e body is like flesh-days ; and 'tis our Eng-
allants' fashion to prefer a morsel of flesh
all the fasting-days in the whole year.

Enter VIAL.

I. The news with you, Vial?
AL. And it like[k] your worship, here's Club,
r Purge the 'pothecary's 'prentice, come to
you, my mistress, and mistress Maria, to
er, and to see master Gerardine's will sealed.
I. Tell Club my wife and myself will be there,
Maria shall not come. [*Exit* VIAL.]—There
be your sweetheart's parting feast. Now 'a
eives no access to my house, 'a will to sea ; a
riddance : if 'a returns not, you, forsooth, are
eir ; that's not much amiss. Yet there may
ricks : I will not be overreached. Come, to
chamber ; where, till my return, you shall be
afe custody. [*Exit with* MISTRESS GLISTER.
IAR. O silly men, which seek to keep in awe
men's affections, which can know no law !
[MARIA *ascends*.[l]

vadeth] Brathwait (*Strappado for the Diuell*, 1615, p. 53)

" Thy form's diuine, no *fading*, *vading* flower ;"

Spenser and other poets use *vade* as a rhyme to *fade* : but
igh the words were considered as different, it would not
easy to assign a distinct meaning to each.
And it like] i. e. if it please.
Maria ascends] So old ed. — *i. e.* goes into the upper
mber which Glister has just mentioned.

SCENE II.

A Street: before GLISTER'S *House.*

Enter GERARDINE, LIPSALVE, *and* GUDGEON.

LIP. Now, by the horns of Cupid's bow, which hath been the bane to many a tall[m] citizen, I think there be no finer fools under heaven than we men when we are lovers. How thou goest crying up and down, with thy arms across, for a wife! which hadst thou, she'd cross both arms, head, and heart. Dost not yet know the old saying,—a wife brings but two good days, that is her wedding-day, and death-day?

GUD. Believe him, Gerardine, 'a speaks now gospel: a man may take more wife with one hand than he's able to put away with ten, Gerardine. A wife is such a cross, that all married men would most gladly be rid of.

GER. And yet such a cross,[n] that all bachelors would gladly be creeping to.

Profane not thus the sacred name of love,
You libertines, who never knew the joys
Nor precious thoughts of two consenting hearts!

LIP. Didst ever see the true picture of a lover? I can give thee the hieroglyphic; and this it is: a man standing naked, a wench tickling him on the left side with a feather, and pricking him under the right side with a needle. The allegory, as I take, is this: that at the first we are so overjoyed with obtaining a wife, that we conceit no heaven

[m] *tall*] i. e. brave, bold.

[n] *a cross*, &c.] Old ed. "to *cross*," &c.—*Creeping to the cross* was a ceremony of penance imposed by the Romish Church.

the first night's lodging; and that's the sig-
ion of the left side, for wives always in the
take the left-side place: but, sir, now come
needle on the right side,—that's the day-
wherein she commands; then, sir, she has a
n thing called tongue, ten times more sharp
needle, and that, at the least displeasure, a
nust have shot quite through him.

D. Gramercies, Lipsalve, my neat courtier!—
irrah Gerardine, be thyself, sociable and free:
not thy native soil for a giglot,[p] a wench who
r wit is proud ——

P. In her smile deceitful ——

D. In her hate revengeable ——

P. And in nothing but her death acceptable.
ell thee, there's no creature more desirous of
onest name, and worse keeps it, than a woman.
hear? follow this song; and if ever thou for-
thy country for a wagtail, let me be whipt to
h with ladies' hairlaces.

ER. Let's hear that worthy song, gentle master
alve.

IP. Observe:

[*Sings*] *Now, if I list, will I love no more,*
Nor longer wait upon a gill,[q]
Since every place now yields a wench;
If one will not, another will:
And, if what I have heard be true,
Then young and old and all will do.

w dost thou like this, man?

ER. No more, no more.

s is the chamber which confines my love,
s is the abstract of the spacious world:
thin it holds a gem so rich, so rare,

[p] *giglot*] i. e. wanton. [q] *gill*] i. e. girl, wench.

That art or nature never yet could set
A valued price[r] to her unvalued[s] worth.

LIP. Unvalued worth ?[t] ha, ha, ha ! Why, she's but
A woman ; and they are windy turning vanes ;
Love light as chaff, which when our nourishing grains
Are winnow'd from them, unconstantly they fly
At the least wind of passion : a woman's eye
Can turn itself with quick dexterity,
And in each wanton glass can comprehend
Their sundry fancy suited to each friend.[u]
Tut, their loves are all compact of levity,
Even like themselves : *nil muliere levius.*

GUD. Tut, man, every one knows their worth when they are at a rack-rent : in the term-time they bear as great a price as wheat when transportations are.

[MARIA *appears above at a window.*

GER. Peace : let's draw near the window, and listen if we may hear her.

MAR. Debarr'd of liberty ! O, that this flesh
Could, like swift-moving thoughts, transfer itself

[r] *A valued price,* &c.] i. e. a price equal in value to her inestimable worth.

[s] *unvalued*] Old ed. "in valued,"—which, as one word, might stand ; but see the next speech.

[t] *unvalued worth,* &c.] This passage seems to be corrupted. For the benefit of those who are not familiar with "small 4tos," I subjoin it as exhibited in the old ed.

"Vnvalued worth, ha ha ha ! Why ? shees but a woman,
And they are windy turning veins, loue light as chaffe which when
Our nourishing graynes are winnow'd from them,
Vnconstantly they flye at the least wind of passion
A womans eye, can turne it selfe with quick dexterity."

[u] *friend*] Old ed. "fend."

From place to place, unseen and undissolv'd!
Then should no iron ribs or churlish flint
Divide my love and me: dear Gerardine,
Despite of chance or guardian's tyranny,
I'd move within thy orb and thou in mine!

LIP. She'd move within thy orb and thou in hers? blood, she talk[s] bawdy to herself.—Gudgeon, stand close.

MAR. But, [ah], in vain do I proclaim my grief,
When air and walls can yield me no relief!

GUD. The walls are the more stony-hearted then.

LIP. Peace, good Gudgeon, gape not so loud.

MAR. Come thou, my best companion! thou art sensible,
And canst my wrongs reiterate: thou and I
Will make some mirth in spite of tyranny.
The black-brow'd Night, drawn in her pitchy[v] wain,
In starry-spangled pride rides now o'er heaven:
Now is the time when stealing minutes tell
The stole delight joy'd by all faithful lovers:
Now loving souls contrive both place and means
For wished pastimes: only I am pent
Within the closure of this fatal wall,
Depriv'd of all my joys.

GER. My dear Maria, be comforted in this:
The frame of heaven shall sooner cease to move,
Bright Phœbus' steeds leave their diurnal race,
And all that is forsake their natural being,
Ere I forget thy love.

MAR. Who's that protests so fast?

GER. Thy ever-vowed servant, Gerardine.

MAR. O, by your vows, it seems you'd fain get up.

LIP. Ay, and ride too. [*Aside.*

[v] *pitchy*] Old ed. "pithie."

GER. I would, most lov'd Maria.

MAR. I knew it: he that, to get up to a fair woman, will stick to vow and swear, may be accounted no man. But tell me,
Why hast thou chose this hour to visit me,
Which nor the day nor night can claim, but both
Or neither? why in this twilight cam'st thou?

GER. T' avoid suspicious eyes: I come, dear love,
To take my last farewell; fitting this hour,
Which nor bright day will claim nor pitchy night,
An hour fit to part conjoined souls.
Since that my native soil will not afford
My wish'd and best content, I will forsake it,
And prove more strange to it than it to me.
In time's swift course all things shall find event,
Be it good or ill; and destinies do grant
That most preposterous courses often gain
What labour and direct proceedings miss.

MAR. Wo't[w] thou forsake me then?

GER. Let first blest life forsake me! Be [thou] constant:
My absence may procure thy more enlarge,
And then ——

MAR. Desire's conceit is quick; I apprehend thee:
Be thou as loyal as I constant prove,
And time shall knit our mutual knot of love.
Wear this, my love's true pledge. [*Throws it down.*] I need not wish,
I know thou wo't return, n[or] will I say
Thou may'st conceal thyself, being return'd,
Till I may make escape, and visit thee.
I prithee, love, attempt not to ascend
My chamber-window by a ladder'd rope:

[w] *Wo't*] Or Wu't—a corruption of *will*.

ance is too narrow, except this post,
nay with ease,—yet that is dangerous :
e, do it not. I hear some call ;
l ![w]
stant love let after-actions tell. [*Exit above.*
O perfection of women !
A plague[x] of such perfection !
How she wooes ! by negatives shews ——
Thee what to do, under colour of dis-
y
She's truly virtuous !
Tut, man, outward apparance[z] is no authentic
e[a] of the inward desires : women have sharp
eyes, and can soar aloft ; but keep them,
cons, from flesh, and they soon stoop to a
lure.
. Why, then, Huguenot women are admir-
gels.
. But angels[b] make them admirable devils.
. My love's chaste smile to all the world
doth speak
otless innocence.

rewell] An imperfect couplet: see notes, p. 7 of this
l p. 424 of vol. i.
. *A plague*, &c.] What I have here assigned to Lip-
given to Gerardine in the old ed.
ler colour of dissuasion] Like another young lady, in
an's *May Day*, 1611 :
nilia. But good cuze, if you chance to see my chamber
open, that is upon the tarrasse, doe not let him come
in any case.
vico. 'Sblood how can he ? can he come over the wall
t ?
lia. O sir, you men have not devices with ladders of
to scale such walles at your pleasure, and abuse us
wenches !" p. 22.
parance] i. e. appearance. [a] *instance*] i. e. proof.
gels] See note, vol. i. p. 250.

LIP. Women's smiles are more of custom than of courtesy: women are creatures; their hearts and they are full of holes, apt to receive, but not retain affection. Thou wilt to-morrow, thou sayest, begone: if thou wilt know the worst of a country,[c] marry before thou goest; for if thou canst endure a curst wife, never care what company thou comest in.

GER. Come, merry gallants, will you associate me to my cousin Purge's the 'pothecary's, and take part of my parting feast[d] to-night?

GUD. O, his wife is of the Family of Love: I'll thither; perhaps I may prove of the fraternity in time: we'll thither, that's flat. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Room in PURGE'S *House.*

Enter MISTRESS PURGE.

MIS. P. What, Club, Club! Is Club within there?

Enter CLUB.

CLUB. Mistress?

MIS. P. I pray, what said master doctor Glister? will 'a come?

CLUB. 'A sent word 'a would, for 'a was but to carry a diet to one of his patients—what call you her? she that paints a day-times, and looks fair and fresh on the outside, but in the night-time is filthier than the inside of Bocardo,[e] and is indeed far more unsavoury [to those] that know her, forsooth.

[c] *country*] Old ed. "cuntries."

[d] *feast*] Old ed. "feasts."

[e] *Bocardo*] i. e. a dungeon, a prison,—properly, the old north gate of Oxford, which served as a prison. The gate no

MIS. P. Went 'a to her?

CLUB. 'A had a receipt for the grincomes[e] in his hand, and 'a said 'a would take that in his way.

MIS. P. 'Tis well: and what guest[s] besides him and his wife will be here at supper?

CLUB. The first in my account is master Gerardine your cousin, master doctor Glister and his wife, master Dryfat the merchant, master Lipsalve the courtier, master Gudgeon the gallant, and their pages,—these, I take, will be your full number.

MIS. P. Then belike my room shall be stuffed with courtiers and gallants to-night. Of all men I love not these gallants; they'll prate much, but do little: they are people most uncertain; they use great words, but little sense; great beards, but little wit; great breeches,[f] but no money.

CLUB. That was the last thing they swore away.

MIS. P. Belike they cannot fetch it again with swearing, for if they could, there's not a page of theirs but would be as rich as a monarch.

CLUB. There's nothing, mistress, that is sworn out of date that returns. Their first oath in times past was *by the mass;* and that they have sworn quite away: then came they to their faith, as, *by my faith, 'tis so;* that in a short time was sworn away too, for no man believes now more than 'a sees: then they swore *by their honesties;* and that, mistress, you know, is sworn quite away: after their honesty[g] was gone, then came they to their

longer exists, having been pulled down in 1771; but the syllogism from which it seems to have derived its name still torments the students of that university, in the pages of Aldrich's *Logic.*

[e] *grincomes*] i. e. the venereal disease.

[f] *great breeches*] See note, p. 111.

[g] *honesty*] Old ed. "honestyes."

Enter LIPSALVE, GERARDINE, *and* GUDGEON.

LIP. [*singing*] *Let every man his humour have,*
I do at none repine;
I never regard whose wench I kiss,
Nor who doth the like by mine:
Th' indifferent mind's I hold still best,
Whatever does befall;
For she that will do with me and thee
Will be a wench for all.
And how go the squares?[m]

PUR. Your stay, gentlemen, does wrong to a great many of good stomachs: your suppers expect you.

GUD. And we our suppers.

GLI. And from what good exercise come you three?

GER. From a play, where we saw most excellent Sampson[n] excel the whole world in gate-carrying.

DRY. Was it performed by the youths?[o]

LIP. By youths? Why, I tell thee we saw Sampson, and I hope 'tis not for youths to play

sattins, veluets, to pranke abroad in his pompe; but with this prouiso, that hee must binde ouer his land in *a statute-merchant or staple:* and so at last forfeit all vnto the mercilesse mercer, and leaue himselfe neuer a foot of ground in England." GREENE'S *Quip for an Vpstart Courtier*, sig. F 3. ed. 1620.

[m] *how go the squares*] Old ed. "*how* goes," &c.—i. e. how goes on the game?—(chess-boards being full of squares). "What, fellow Robin, *how goes the squares* with you?" *Wily Beguilde*, sig. E 4. ed. 1623.

[n] *a play, where we saw most excellent Sampson*, &c.] From Henslowe's MSS. we learn that "*Sampson*, by Samuel Rowley and Edw. Iubye," was acted in July 1602: see Malone's *Shakespeare* (by Boswell), vol. iii. p. 327. To this drama (which has not come down to us) Middleton perhaps alludes.

[o] *the youths*] i. e. the children of Paul's, or some of the other theatrical children then performing.

Sampson. Believe it, we saw Sampson bear the town-gates on his neck from the lower to the upper stage,[p] with that life and admirable accord, that it shall never be equalled, unless the whole new livery of porters set [to] their shoulders.

Mis. P. Fie, fie, 'tis pity young gentlemen can bestow their time no better: this playing is not lawful, for I cannot find that either plays or players were allowed in the prime church of Ephesus by the elders.

Dry. Aha, I think she tickled you there!

Pur. Cousin Gerardine, shall the will be read before supper?

Ger. Before supper, I beseech you.

Lip. Ay, ay, before supper,—for when these women's bellies be full, their tongues[q] will be soon at rest. [*Aside.*

Dry. Well, master doctor, pity the state of a poor gentleman: it is in you to stay his journey, and make him and yourself happy in his choice.

Gli. Hold you content.—Shall this will be read?

Pur. It shall.—Read you, good master Lipsalve.

Lip. Command silence then.

Gud. Silence!

Lip. [*reads*] *In the name of God, amen. Know all men by these presents,*[r] *that I Gerardine, being strong of body, and perfect in sense* ——

Dry. That's false; there's no lover in his perfect sense.

Gud. Peace, Dryfat.

[p] *the upper stage*] Was a balcony at the back of the stage, its platform being raised probably eight or nine feet from the ground. It served for a window, &c. &c. &c.—the frequently occurring direction in our early plays, "enter *above*," meaning "enter *on the upper stage*."

[q] *tongues*] Old ed. "bones."

[r] *presents*] Old ed. "presence."

LIP. [*reads*] *Do give and grant to Maria Glister, daughter of John Glister, and niece to doctor Glister, physician, all my leases, lands, chattels, goods, and moveables whatsoever.* This is stark naught: you cannot give away your moveables, for mistress doctor and mistress Purge claim both shares in your moveables by reason of their legacies.

DRY. That's true, for their legacies must go out of your moveables.

LIP. I['ll] put it in—*all my moveables, these following legacies being paid.*

GER. Do so, good master Lipsalve.

LIP. [*after writing*] 'Tis done.

MIS. P. I pray, read only the legacies, for supper stays.

LIP. Well, the legacies: [*reads*] *First, I give to my cousin, mistress Purge, a fair large standing*—what's this?—O, *cup,—a fair large standing cup, with a close stool.*

DRY. 'Tis not so, 'tis not so.

LIP. I cry you mercy; *a close cover* 'tis. [*Reads*] *To mistress doctor I give a fair bodkin of gold, with two orient pearls attending the same: all which are in my trunk to be delivered to the keeping of Maria. In witness, &c.*—Is this your will?

GER. 'Tis.

LIP. To it with your hand and seal.

[GERARDINE *signs and seals the will.*

MIS. P. How is it, chick? I must have the standing cup, and mistress Glister the bodkin?

PUR. Right, sweet duck.

GER. I pray, gentlemen, put to your hands.

DRY. Come, your fists, gentlemen, your fists.

GER. [*while the witnesses sign the will.*] Mistress Glister, I have found you always more flexible to understand the estate of a poor gentleman than

ısband was willing: therefore I have thought
nt of charity to reveal the wrongs you sus-
y your husband's looseness. Let me tell
private that the doctor cuckolds Purge
than he visits one of his patients: what 'a
from you 'a spends lavishly on her. These
aries are a kind of panders: look to it: if
Maria long close, it is for some lascivious
his own.

G. She is his niece.

. Tut, these doctors have tricks. Your nice-
such that you can endure no polluted shoes[t]
r house: take heed lest 'a make you a bawd
your time; look to it.

Come, our hands are testimonies to thy
Shall's now to supper? We'll have a health
ınd to thy voyage.

). Ay, and to all that forswear marriage, and
content with other men's wives.

ı. Of which consort[u] you two are grounds;
ouches the bass, and the other tickles the
in.[v]

) our cheer: come, gentles, let's away;
oast meat's in consumption by our stay.

[*Exeunt.*

tain] Old ed. "sustained."

es] Old ed. "showes:" in act ii. sc. 4, mistress Glister
I pray, let's have no *polluted feet* nor rheumatic chaps
the house; I shall have my floor look more greasy,"
ınd a little after, "Let them come in, *if their feet be*

nsort] i. e. company of musicians.

kles the minikin] "*Minikin*," says Nares (*Gloss.* in v.),
as sometimes to have meant *treble* in music."—It
nly also meant a fiddle: "when I was a young man and
tickle the Minikin . . . but now . . . I am falne from the
e," &c. "A Fidler, when he hath crackt his *Minikin*."
Drums Entertainement, sigs. A 3, E 3, ed. 1616.

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Room in PURGE'S *House.*

Enter PURGE.

PUR. The grey-eyed morning braves me to my face, and calls me sluggard: 'tis time for tradesmen to be in their shops; for he that tends well his shop, and hath an alluring wife with a graceful *what d'ye lack?*[w] shall be sure to have good doings, and good doings is that that crowns so many citizens with the horns of abundance. My wife, by ordinary course, should this morning have been at the Family, but now her soft pillow hath given her counsel to keep her bed: master doctor should indeed minister to her; to whose pills she is so much accustomed, that now her body looks for them as duly as the moon shakes off the old and borrows new horns. I smile to myself to hear our knights and gallants say how they gull us citizens, when, indeed, we gull them, or rather they gull themselves. Here they come in term-time, hire chambers, and perhaps kiss our wives: well, what lose I by that? God's blessing on's heart, I say still, that makes much of my wife! for they were very hard-favoured that none could find in's heart to love but ourselves: drugs would be dog-cheap, but for my private well-practised doctor and such customers. Tut, jealousy is a hell; and they that will thrive must utter their wares as they can, and wink at small faults. [*Exit.*

[w] *what d'ye lack*] See note, vol. i. p. 447.

SCENE II.

A Street.

Enter GLISTER.

The tedious night is past, and the jocund
ɔoks more lively and fresh than an old gen-
an's glazed face in a new periwig. By this
ıy humorous lover is at Gravesend; and I
ı more joy to fetch his trunk than ever the
Trojans did to draw in the Grecian jade:
ɔds shall into the walls of my Troy, and be
to a face more lovely[x] than ever was that
ravished Helen['s]; yet with such caution
ı danger shall happen to me. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Another Street.

er LIPSALVE *and* SHRIMP, *meeting* GUDGEON *and* PERIWINKLE.

ɔ. Master Lipsalve, welcome within ken: we
re so nearly linked, that if thou beest absent
ıe two hours, thy acquaintance grows almost
ly in my memory.
. And thine[y] fly-blown in mine: how dost
do?
R. Fellow page, I think our acquaintance
low too; but if it run not o' the lees, let's set
ilt, and give 'em some dregs to their mouldy,
own compliments.
R. No, rather let's pierce the rundlets of our

vely] Old ed. "liuely." [y] *thine*] Old ed. "then."

running heads, and give 'em a neat cup of wagship to put down their courtship.

SHR. Courtship? cartship! for the tongues of complimenters run on wheels: but mark 'em; they ha' not done yet.

GUD. And, i'faith, how is't? methinks thou hast been a long vagrant.

LIP. The rogation[z] hath been long indeed: therefore we may salute as ceremoniously as lawyers when they meet after a long vacation, who, to renew the discontinued state tale, they stretch it out with such length, that whilst they greet before, their clients kiss them behind.

SHR. If his nose were put i' the remainder of that state tale, he would say 'twere an unsavoury one.

PER. I wonder why many men gird[a] so at the law.

SHR. I'll tell thee, because they themselves have neither law nor conscience.

GUD. But what news now? how stands the state of things at Brussels?

LIP. Faith, weak and limber, weak and limber: nothing but pride and double-dealing: virtue is vice's lackey; beggars suck like horse-leeches at the heart of bounty, and leave him[b] so tired and spur-galled that he can be no longer ridden with honesty.

GUD. Well fare the city yet! there virtue rides a cockhorse, cherished and kept warm in good sables and fox-fur, and with the breath of his

[z] *rogation*] From the preceding words, "thou hast been a long vagrant," I suspect that a pun is intended here: to *rogue* meant—to play the vagrant.

[a] *gird*] i. e. cut, gibe.

[b] *leave him*] Old ed. "loues theame."

drives pride and covetousness before him,
rn shadow: beggars have whipping cheer:
obliges[c] men to't; and liberality gives
for scrips and scrolls, sealed with strong
d heraldry to outlive mortality: love there
the last man born, never give over while
an arrow i' th' quiver.

Now we talk of love, I do know, not far
so good a subject for that humour, that if
uld wear but the standing collar and her
in fashion, our ladies in the court were but
sugar-candy, as gross as grocery to her.

. She is not so sweet as a 'pothecary's shop,

A plague on you! ha' you so good a scent?
my life, he's my rival. [*Aside.*

). Her name begins with mistress Purge,
t not?

. True, the only comet of the city.

). Ay, if she would let her ruffs stream out
e wider: but I am sure she is ominous to
he makes civil wars and insurrections in the
of my stomach: I had thought to have bound
f from love, but her purging comfits make[d]
ose-bodied still.

. What, has she ministered to thee then?

D. Faith, some lectuary[e] or so.

. Ay, I fear she takes too much of that lec-
to stoop to love; it keeps her body soluble
sin: she is not troubled with carnal crudities
he binding of the flesh.

unty obliges, &c.] Old ed. "*bounty obliges men too't, giues for scrips and scrolls, and liberality seald*," &c.
ake] Old ed. "makes."
ctuary] i. e. electuary.

GUD. Thou hast sounded her then, belike.

LIP. Not I, I am too shallow to sound her; she's out of my element: if I shew passion and discourse of love to her, she tells me I am wide from the right scope; she says she has another object, and aims at a better love than mine.

GUD. O, that's her husband.

LIP. No, no; she speaks pure devotion: she's impenetrable; no gold or oratory, no virtue in herbs nor no physic will make her love.

GUD. More is the pity, I say, that fair women should prove saints before age had made them crooked.—'Tis my luck to be crossed still, but I must not give over the chase. [*Aside.*

LIP. Come hither, boy, while I think on't.

[LIPSALVE *talks apart to* SHRIMP.

GUD. Faith, friend Lipsalve, I perceive you would fain play with my love. A pure creature 'tis, for whom I have sought every angle[f] of my brain; but either she scorns courtiers, as most of them do, because they are given to boast of their doings, or else she's exceeding strait-laced: therefore to prevent[g] this smell-smock, I'll to my friend doctor Glister, a man exquisite in th' art magic, who hath told me of many rare experiments available in this case. [*Aside.*]—Farewell, friend Lipsalve.

LIP. Adieu, honest Gregory: frequent my lodging; I have a viol de gambo and good tobacco. [*Exeunt* GUDGEON *and* PERIWINKLE.]—Thou wilt do this feat, boy?

SHR. Else knock my head and my pate together.

LIP. Away then: bid him bring his measure with him. [*Exit* SHRIMP.]—Gerardine is travelled,

[f] *angle*] i. e. corner.
[g] *prevent*] See note, p. 49.

must needs be cast into his mould. My flesh
proud; and Maria's a sweet wench, &c.[h]
et I must not let fall my suit with mistress
lest, *sede vacante*, my friend Gudgeon join

her to my learned doctor for a spell,
have a fire in my liver[i] burns like hell.
[*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

A Room in GLISTER'S *House.*

Enter MISTRESS GLISTER *and* MARIA.

s. G. I pray,[j] let's have no polluted feet nor
matic chaps enter the house; I shall have my
look more greasy shortly than one of your
f-court dining-tables.—And now to you, good
I bend my speech. Let me tell you plainly,
re a fool to be love-sick for any man longer
he is in your company: are you so ignorant in
ules of courtship, to think any one man to bear
e prick and praise?[k] I tell thee, be he never
oper, there is another to second him.
AR. Let rules of courtship be authentic still
uch as do pursue variety;
nto those whose modest thoughts do tend

e.] See note, vol. i. p. 252.
ver] Was supposed to be the seat of love.
pray, &c.] The first part of this speech is addressed to
rant off the stage.
he prick and praise] So in *The London Prodigall*, 1605:
" she had *the pricke and praise* for a prettie wench."
3. Spenser has, *Faery Queene*, ii. xii. 1,

" her adorned head
To *prick of highest praise* forth to advance."

prick was the point or mark in the centre of the butts in
ry.

To honour'd nuptials and a regular life,
As far from shew of niceness[l] as from that
Of impure thoughts, all other objects seem
Of no proportion,[m] balanc'd with esteem
Of what their souls affect.

MIS. G. No marvel[n] sure you should regard these men with such reverend opinion: there's few good faces and fewer graces in any of them: if one among a multitude have a good pair of legs, he never leaves riding the ring till he has quite marred the proportion: nay, some, as I have heard, wanting lineaments to their liking and calf to support themselves, are fain to use art, and supply themselves with quilted calves, which oftentimes, in revelling, fall about their ankles; and for their behaviour, wit, and discourse, except some few that are travelled, it is as imperfectious and silly as your scholars new come from the university. By this light, I think we lose part of our happiness, when we make these weathercocks our equals.

MAR. Disgrace not that for which our sect[o] was made,
Society[p] in nuptials: 'bove those joys

[l] *niceness*] i. e. scrupulousness, over-delicacy.

[m] *Of no proportion*, &c.] Old ed.

" Respectlesse, *of no proportion*," &c.

" *Respectless*" is probably a word which the author had originally written, but forgot to erase. In the address *To the Reader* (p. 107) he mentions the " faults in the printing."

[n] *No marvel*] May be right perhaps, if mistress Glister is speaking ironically; but qy. " *Now I* marvel."

[o] *sect*] i. e. sex: the word in this sense is of frequent occurrence in old writers.

[p] *Society*, &c.] Old ed.

" *Society in* nuptiall beds aboue these *joys*."

In the MS., I suppose, the word " *beds*," for which Middleton had substituted " *nuptials*," was not deleted: see note [m] supr.

h lovers taste when their conjoined lips
forth each other's souls, the earth, the air,
gods themselves, know none. Elysium's sweet,
ll that bliss which poets' pens describe,
nly known when soft and amorous folds
ine the corps of two united lovers,
e what they wish they have, yet still desire,
sweets are known without satiety.[p]

Enter VIAL.

AL.[q] Here's Club, forsooth, and his fellow
tice have brought master Gerardine's trunk.
IS. G. Let them come in if their feet be clean.
t VIAL.]—So, then, your best-beloved is gone;
weather after him! all thy passions[r] go with
! recomfort thyself, wench, in a better choice:
ove to thee would have been of no longer con-
ance than the untrussing of his hose;[s] then
shouldst thou pine for such a one?
IAR. She's foolish sure: with what imperfect phrase
l shallow wit she answers me! [*Aside.*

nter CLUB *and another Apprentice, with a trunk.*

IIS. G. Honest Club, welcome: is this master
ardine's trunk? he is gone then?
LUB. Ay, indeed, mistress Glister, he is de-
ted this transitory city, but his whole substance
here enclosed; which, by command, we here

satiety] Old ed. "society."
Vial] Here, and afterwards in this scene, the old ed. pre-
s *Nun.* (i. e. *Nuntius*) to his speeches.
passions] i. e. sorrowings.
untrussing of his hose] i. e. untying the points of his hose:
note, vol. i. p. 367.

deliver to your custody, to the use of mistress Maria, according to the tenour of the premises.

MIS. G. Place it here, my honest Club: well done: and how does thy mistress? was she at the Family to-day? [CLUB *spits.*] Spit not, good Club, I cannot abide it.

CLUB. Not to-day, forsooth; she hath overcharged herself and her memory: she means to use a moderation, and take no more than she can make use of.

MIS. G. And, I prithee, Club, what kind of creatures are these Familists? thou art conversant with them.

CLUB. What are they? with reverence be it spoken, they are the most accomplished creatures under heaven; in them is all perfection.

MIS. G. As how, good Club?

CLUB. Omitting their outward graces, I'll shew you only one instance, which includes all other; they love their neighbours better than themselves.

MIS. G. Not than themselves, Club.

CLUB. Yes, better than themselves; for they love them better than their husbands, and husband and wife are all one; therefore, better than themselves.

MIS. G. This is logic: but tell me, doth she not endeavour to bring my doctor of her side and fraternity?

CLUB. Let him resolve* that himself, for here he comes.

Enter GLISTER.

GLI. O, hast thou brought the trunk, honest Club? I commend thy honest care: here's for thy pains. [*Giving money.*

CLUB. I thank you, master doctor; you are free

* *resolve*] See note, p. 23.

beral still: you'll command me nothing

. Nothing but commendations: farewell.
nt CLUB *and Apprentice.*]—Your sweetheart
line is by this time cold of his hope to
thee: he's gone; and a more equal and able
nd shall my care ere long provide thee.—
clients have been here in my absence, wife?
s. G. Faith, mouse,[t] none that I know more
n old woman that had lost her cat, and came
for a spell in the recovery.
I. I think egregious ignorance will go near to
this age; their blindness takes me for a con-
: yesterday a justice of peace salutes me with
r of a brace of angels[u] to help him to his
loth,[v] some three days before stolen, and was
o use his man's cloak instead on't.

Re-enter VIAL.

AL. Here's a gentleman craves speech with
sir.
LI. Go in, sweet wife, and give my niece good
counsel.
[*Exeunt* MISTRESS GLISTER *and* MARIA.
is name?
IAL. He will not tell it me.
LI. His countenance?
IAL. I can see nothing but his eyes: the rest
im is so wrapt in cloak that it suffers no view.
LI. Admit him. [*Exit* VIAL.]—What should
e for a man?[w]

mouse] Was formerly a common term of endearment.
angels] See note, vol. i. p. 250.
footcloth] See note, vol. i. p. 396.
What should he be for a man?] i. e. What man should
e?

Enter LIPSALVE.

What, master Lipsalve, is't you? why thus obscured? what discontent overshadows you?

LIP. A discontent indeed, master doctor, which to shake off I must have you extend your art to the utmost bounds. You physicians are as good as false doors behind hangings to ladies' necessary uses: you know the very hour in which they have neither will to deny nor wit to mistrust: faith now, by the way, when are women most apt?

GLI. Shall I unbutton myself unto you? after the receipt of a purgation, for then are their pores most open: but what creature of a courtier is it hath drawn your head into the woodcock's noose?

LIP. A courtier? nay, by this flesh, I am clean fallen out with them; they have nothing proportionable.

GLI. O, I perceive, then, 'tis some city star that attracts your aspect.

LIP. He knows by his art. [*Aside.*]—In plain terms, a certain 'pothecary's wife.

GLI. Upon my life, mistress[x] Purge: I smell you, sir.

LIP. You may smell a man after a purgation: indeed, sir, 'tis she. Now, for that fame hath bruited[y] you to be a man expert in necromancy, I would endear[z] myself to you for ever, would you vouchsafe to let one of your spirits bring mistress Purge into some convenient place, where I might enjoy her: I have heard of the like: can you perform this?

[x] *mistress*] Old ed. "master."

[y] *bruited*] i. e. reported.

[z] *endear*] Old ed. "endeauour:" compare our author's *Michaelmas Term;* "I'll *be dear to you,* do but perform it," vol. i. p. 478.

ı. With much facility, I assure you: but you understand that the apparition of a spirit is ful, and withal covetous, and with no small of gold hired to such feats.

Re-enter VIAL.

AL. Sir, here's another gentleman, muffled too, lesires present conference with you.

ı. Walk you into that room: I will bethink lf for your good, and instantly resolve[a] you. LIPSALVE.]—Let the gentleman come in. VIAL.]—Lipsalve in love with my vessel of come to me to help him to a morsel most ed by mine own palate? No more but so: e shaped it; the conceit tickles me.

Enter GUDGEON.

as a stranger I welcome you—what, master geon, have I caught you? I thought it was a nt that walked muffled: come, let me behold at full; here are no sergeants, man.

JD. Master doctor, this my obscure coming ires an action more obscure; and, in brief, this Sir, you are held a man far seen in nature's ts; I know you can effect many things almost ssible: know, then, I love mistress Purge, and rtunity favours me not, nor indeed is she so able as I expected: if either by medicine or art magical you can work her to my will, I a poor gallant's reward, sir.

LI. That's just nothing. [*Aside.*]—But how, would you have me to procure you access to ress Purge? you never knew a physician a d.

[a] *resolve*] See note, p. 23.

GUD. Why, by conjuration, I tell you, wherein you are said to be as well practised as in physic: here's the best part of my present store to effect it. [*Giving money.*

GLI. Not a penny for myself; but my spirits, indeed, they must be feed.[a] Walk you by here, while I think upon a spell. [GUDGEON *retires.*]—What mystery should this be? Lipsalve and Gudgeon both in love with mistress Purge, and come to me to help 'em by art magic? 'Tis some gullery sure; yet, if my invention hold, I'll fit them.—Who's within there?

Enter Servant.[b]

Fetch me, in all haste, two good whips; I think you may have them not far hence. [*Exit Servant.*]—It shall be so. [*Aside.*]—Now, tell me, master Gudgeon, does no man know of your love to mistress Purge?

GUD. Not a man, by my gentry.

GLI. Then, sir, know I'll effect it; but understand withal the apparition will be most horrid if it appear in his proper form, and will so amaze and dull your senses, that your appetite will be lost and weak, though mistress Purge should attend it naked. Now, sir, could you name a friend with whom you are most conversant, in his likeness should the spirit appear.

GUD. Of all men living my conversation is most frequent with Lipsalve the courtier.

GLI. 'Tis enough: I'll to my spirit. [GUDGEON *retires, and* GLISTER *writes a few words.*]—Are these whips come there?

[a] *feed*] Old ed. "fed."

[b] *Servant*] Old ed. "One."—Perhaps Vial should be the person who enters.

Re-enter Servant with whips.

ı. Ready here, sir. [*Exit.*

ı. So, lie thou[c] there. My noble gallants, I'll ɪ you! [*Aside.*]—Sir, my spirit agrees in Lip- s shape: to-morrow, 'twixt the hours of four ve, shall mistress Purge be rapt with a whirl- into Lipsalve's chamber: that's the fittest place, y the break of day, Lipsalve shall be mounted orsake the city for three days; so my spirit ves[d] me. Now, sir, by my art, at that very shall his chamber-door fly open; into which y enter in this sort accoutred; put me on a clean shirt, leave off your doublet (for spirits re nothing polluted), take me this whip in hand, and, being entered, you shall see the in Lipsalve's shape, in the self-same form you appear; speak these words here ready en [*giving a paper*], take three bold steps ard, then whip him soundly, who straight heth, and leaves mistress Purge to your will.

ɔɪ. Ay, but shall your spirit come armed with ip too?

ɪɪ. He shall, but have no power to strike.

ɔɪ. Is this infallible? have you seen the f?

ɪɪ. *Probatum*, upon my word; I have seen the rience: if it fail, say I am a fool, and no ma- n.

ɔɪ. Master doctor, I would you had some suit ɔurt; by the faith of a courtier, I would beg it ɔu. Fare you well, sir: I shall report of you find your charm.

hou] i. e. one of the whips: the other he presently gives idgeon.

resolves] See note, p. 23.

GLI. And no otherwise, sir: let me understand how you thrive. [*Exit* GUDGEON.]—Ha, ha, ha! Now to my friend Lipsalve: I must possess him with the same circumstance; wherein I am assured to get perpetual laughter in their follies and my revenge. [*Exit.*

Re-enter MARIA.[e]

MAR. O, which way shall I turn, or shift, or go,
To lose one thought of care? no soothing hope
Gives intermission, or beguiles one hour
Of tedious time, which never will have end,
Whilst love pursues in vain my absent friend.
Thou continent of wealth, whose want of store,
For that it could not peize[f] th' unequal scale
Of avarice, giv'st matter to my moan!
O dross, the level of insatiate eyes,
The devil's engine, and the soul's corrupter,
Thou play'st th' attorney 'gainst the lawful force
Of true affection, dost interpose a bar
'Twixt hearts conjoin'd! curs'd be thy seed of strife,
Whose progress chokes the natural course of life!

[GERARDINE *rises out of the trunk, while* MARIA *retreats in alarm.*

MAR. O, help, help, help!

GER. Stay, sweet Maria! I bring thee ample joy

[e] *Re-enter Maria*] The stage-direction in the old ed. is "*Enter Maria ouer the trunke;*" and Middleton probably intended the spectators to suppose (for, as there was no moveable painted scenery when he wrote, they were obliged to suppose a great deal,) that the trunk, left on the stage by the apprentices, had been removed to Maria's apartment since the exit of Glister. When she enters at the commencement of scene iv. (p. 133), the room is certainly not her own apartment: Gerardine is thought to have left the country, and she has the free range of the house.

[f] *peize*] i. e. weigh down.

k that sudden fear : let thy sweet heart,
nstant seat of thy affection,
hat blood exhausted from thy veins.
, sweet wench : I am no apparition,
firm substance of thy truest friend :
thou me now ?
Gerardine, my love ?
t unheard-of accident presents
xpected self, and gives my heart
f joy, mix'd with astonishment ?
t thou had'st been cabin'd in thy ship,
k'd within my cruel guardian's house.
That cruelty gives fuel to desire ;
suppress'd fares like a raging fire,
urns all obstacles that stop his course,
nts aloft. The ocean in his source
er hide himself and be confin'd,
e can be obscur'd ; for in the mind
ls her seat, and through that heavenly
ssence
hen far remote ; her virtual presence
e the air, all places, gives delight,
despair, and heart 'gainst fell despite.
rst of men, thy cruel guardian, may
wn awhile, but cannot dissipate
aven hath join'd ; for fate and providence
this stratagem, to let him know
e will creep where 'tis restrain'd to go.
I apprehend the rest : O rare conceit !
travel happily was feign'd
access, which with small ease thou'st[g]
ain'd.
k, which he so greedily supposes
thy substance (as it doth indeed),

[g] *thou'st*] Old ed. " thou hast."

Upon thy fair pretence in lieu of love
Bequeath'd to me, if death should stop the course,—
This trunk, I say, he hugs; sink thou or swim,
So he may feed his wolf, that root of sin,
His avarice: but heaven, that mocks man's might,
Gives this close means t' insist upon our right.

GER. Ingenious spirit, true oracle of love!
Thou hast prevented[h] me: this was my plot,
Whose end and scope I long to imitate
With accents free, and uncontroll'd with fear.
Does opportunity stand fair?

MAR. Not now:
Danger stands sentinel.

GER. Then I'll retire:
We must be cautelous.[i]

[*He goes again into the trunk.*

MAR. So, so: and time
Shall not oft turn his hour-glass ere I'll find
Place[j] and occasion fitting to thy mind. [*Exit.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

MARIA'S *Apartment.*

Enter GERARDINE *and* MARIA.

GER. The coast is clear, and Argus' wakeful eyes
Securely sleep: time turns to us his front.
Come, sweet Maria, of th' auspicious hours
Let's take advantage.

MAR. With all my heart;
I do embrace the motion with thyself:
Welcome, sweet friend, to liberty of air,

[h] *prevented*] See note, p. 40.
[i] *cautelous*] i. e. artfully cautious.
[j] *Place*] Old ed. "Peace."

ı now, methinks, doth promp[t] our breaths
to move
: accents of delight, the joys of love.
dost thou brook thy little-ease,[j] thy trunk?
R. That trunk confines this chest; this chest
contains
nbounded speculation of our love,
nprehensible grief, joy, hope, and fears;
ffections of my mind are like the spheres,
h in their jarring motions do agree,
ugh th' influence of love's sweet harmony.
AR. Are not inferior bodies here on earth
uc'd and govern'd by those heavenly ones?
ER. They are.
AR. They jar, you say; yet in that strife
maintain
etual league: why should their influence
ational souls be check'd by erring sense?
hy should mutual love, confirm'd by heaven,
ifring'd by men? methinks 'tis most uneven.[k]
ER. Thou argu'st well, Maria; and this withal,
t brutes nor animals do prove a thrall
such servility: souls that are wards
gold, opinion, or th' undue regards
roking men, wolves that in sheep-skin bands
y on the hearts to join th' unwilling hands,
n fair stocks, when generous houses die,
propagate their name with bastardy.

ittle-ease] Was a cant term, used long before Middleton's
, for the pillory, stocks, or bilboes, (and, as I suspect from
ral passages in our early writers, for some apartment in
ison);

"You dare not make discovery
For feare of *Little-ease*. That were a prison
Too fearful for such bravery to stoop into."

BROME'S *New Academy*, p. 58.—*Five New Playes*, 1659.

uneven] i. e. unjust.

MAR. Sterility and barrenness ensue
Such forced love; nor shall erroneous men
Pervert my settled thoughts, or turn mine eye
From thy fair object, which I will pursue,
Rich in thy love, proud of this interview.
GER. I'll suck these accents: let our breaths engender
A generation of such pleasing sounds,
To interchange delights. O, my blood's on fire!
Sweet, let me give more scope to true desire.
MAR. What wouldst thou more than our minds' firm contract?
GER. Tut, words are wind; thought unreduct[l] to act[m]
Is but an embryon in the truest sense.
MAR. I am beleague[r]'d; I had need of sense:
You make me blush: play fair yet above board.
GER. Hear me exemplify love's Latin word
Together with thyself:
As thus:—hearts join'd, *Amore:* take *A* from thence,
Then *more* is the perfect moral sense,
Plural in manners, which in thee do shine
Saint-like, immortal, spotless, and divine:
Take *M* away, *ore* in beauty's name
Craves an eternal trophy to thy fame:
Lastly, take *O*, in *re* stands all my rest,
Which I, in Chaucer-style, do term a jest.
MAR. You break all modest bounds; away, away!
GER. So when men come behind do women say.
MAR. Come, come, I say—
GER. Ay, that's the word indeed:
Men that come bold before are like to speed.

[l] *unreduct*] i. e. unreduced.
[m] *act*] Old ed. "art."

ho comes here ?[m] *Monstrum horrendum !* my
s have the rank scent of knavery. Maria,
emove ourselves to the window, and observe
ece of man's flesh. [*Scene closes.*

SCENE II.

A Street : before GLISTER's *House.*

ter LIPSALVE *disguised as* GERARDINE, *and* SHRIMP.

. Now, mistress Maria, ward yourself: if
rong hope fail not, I shall be with you to

. To bring what, sir ? some more o' your

. Faith, boy, that's mine aim.
. I'll be sworn, sir, you have a good loose ;[n]
et fly at 'em a-pace.
. I have shot fair and far off; but now I hope
the mark indeed.

ut who comes here] In the old ed. these words are pre-
by the stage-direction "*Enter Lipsalve and Shrimp his*
" and at the end of the speech Gerardine and Maria

ve already noticed (p. 142) the want of moveable painted
y in Middleton's days. Here the spectators were to sup-
hat Gerardine and Maria, standing on the upper-stage
ote, p. 125), were either in the apartment of the latter,
the gallery communicating with it (see p. 112): when
ve had entered, they were to suppose that the stage
ented a street; and when Gerardine and Maria had
eared "*above*," they were to suppose that the upper-
was a window. Having found it necessary to begin a
ene with the entrance of Lipsalve, I hope my readers
e kind enough to *suppose* that, when Gerardine says
comes here," he happens to turn his eye towards the
w, and catches a glimpse of that gallant.
ose] Means, in archery, the discharging of the arrow.

SHR. God save it!

LIP. But where's the sign?

SHR. Why, there.

LIP. That's a special thing to be observed.

SHR. I have heard talk of the Gemini: methinks, that should be a star favourable to your proceeding.

LIP. The Gemini? O, I apprehend thee: that's because I am so like Gerardine; ha, is't not so, boy?

SHR. As if you were spit out on's mouth, sir; you must needs be like him, for you are both cut out of a piece. But, lord, sir, how you hunt this chase of love! are you not weary?

LIP. Indefatigable, boy, indefatigable.

SHR. Fatigable, quoth you? you may call it leanable well enough, for I am sure it is able to make a man lean.

LIP. 'Tis my vocation, boy; we must never be weary of well-doing: love's as proper to a courtier as preciseness to a puritan.

[MARIA *appears above;* GERARDINE *concealing himself behind her.*°

SHR. Love, *subaudi* lust; a punk in this place *subintelligitur.* [*Aside.*

LIP. Boy, I have spied my saint.

SHR. Then down on your knees.

LIP. Fly off, lest she take thee for my familiar.—
Save thee, sweet Maria!
Nay, wonder not (for thou thyself art wonder,)
To see this unexpected gratulation.

° *Maria appears,* &c.] The stage-direction in the old ed. is "*Enter Gerardine and Maria above.*"—I may observe, that as curtains were suspended before the upper-stage (see note, p. 125), to conceal, if necessary, those who occupied it, they were probably used here for that purpose by Gerardine.

AR. Whom do I see? O, how my senses wander!
ot I Hero? art not thou Leander?
R. Thou'rt in the right, sweet wench; more of that vein.
P. Her passion o'ercomes[p] her; 'tis the kindest soul!
cellent device! it works, it works, boy.
R. It does indeed, sir, like the suds of an ale-
a washing-bowl.
P. Joy not too much; extremes are perilous.
AR. O weather-beaten love!—Cisley, go make a fire;
fetch my ladder of ropes, Leander's come.
P. Mark, how prettily in her rapture she harps
Gerardine's travel.—
h' ecstasy have end, for I am Gerardine.
ER. The devil you are! [*Aside.*
AR. Ha? let me see: my love so soon return'd?
P. I never travell'd farther than thine eyes;
bruited[q] journey was a happy project
ast a mist before thy jealous guardian,
now, suspectless, gives some hope t' attain
wish'd delight, before pursu'd in vain.
ER. Ask if he strain'd not hard for that same project.
AR. Has not that project overrack'd thy brain,
spent more wit than thou hast left behind?
HR. By this light, she flouts him. [*Aside.*
P. No, wit is infinite: I spent some brain;
love did stretch my wit upon the tenters.
ER. Then is't like to shrink in the wetting.
[*Aside.*

[p] *o'ercomes*] Old ed. "ouercomes."
[q] *bruited*] See note, p. 138.

MAR. It cottens well;[r] it cannot choose but bear
A pretty nap: I tender thy capacity;
A comfortable caudle cherish it:
But where's my favour that I bid thee wear
As pledge of love?

GER. Now dost thou put him to't;
More tenters for his wit; he's *non plus* quite.

LIP. I wear it, sweet Maria, but on high days,
Preserve it from the tainting of the air—
What should I say? [*Aside.*]—'Tis in my t'other hose.[s]

MAR. How? in your t'other hose? he that I love
Shall wear my favour in those hose he has on.

LIP. Fiends and furies! block that I am! [*Aside.*

SHR. In your t'other hose?—She talked of a ladder of ropes: if she would let it down, for my life, he would hang himself in't. [*Aside.*]—In your t'other hose? why, those hose are in lavender:[t] besides, they have never a codpiece; but, indeed, there needs no ivy where the wine is good: in your t'other hose?

MAR. I said you were too prodigal of wit.

LIP. Expostulate no more; grant me access,
Or else I'll travel to the wilderness.

MAR. Your only way: go, travel till you tire;
Be rid, and let a gull discharge the hire.

SHR. Master, the doctor, the doctor!

LIP. Where? which way?

SHR. This way, that way, some way I heard him coming.

LIP. O boy, I am abused, gulled, disgraced! my credit's cracked.

[r] *cottens well*] i. e. succeeds, goes on well—an expression drawn, as the present passage indicates, from the manufacturing of cloth.

[s] *hose*] i. e. breeches.

[t] *in lavender*] i. e. in pawn.

. You know that's nothing new for a[t] courtier.
O, I shall run beside myself!
. No, sir, that's my office; I'll run by your

My brain is out of temper! what shall I do?
. Take her counsel, sir; get a cullis[u] to
capacity, a restorative to your reason, and a
ng-pan to your wit: he comes, he comes!
Follow close, boy; let him not see us.
[*Exeunt* LIPSALVE *and* SHRIMP.

Enter GLISTER.

. What, more flutterers[v] about my carrion?
battery to my walls? shall I never be rid of
petronel-flashes?[w] As for my friend Gerar-
he wind of my rage has blown him to discover
ies; and let the sea purge his love away and
ogether,—I care not. Young wenches now
l o' the hoigh: we that are guardians must
t more besides titles, gold lace, person, or
; we must have lordships and manors else-
as well as in the man: wealth commands
nd wealth I'll have, or else my minion shall
pes in hell. I must after this gallant too:
now his rendezvous, and what company he
. [*Exit.*
R. Now must we be abrupt:[x] retire, sweet
friend,

v for a] Old ed. "*for a new.*"
te her counsel, sir; get a cullis] Maria had recommended le (see p. 150): but we find in old writers a distinction between cullises and caudles. A *cullis* (which will be particularly noticed hereafter) was a strong broth, a y jelly.
tterers] Old ed. "flatterers."
tronel-flashes] A *petronel* is a carbine, a horseman's gun.
rupt] i. e. separated.

To thy small-ease :[x] what more remains to do,
We'll consummate at our next interview.

GER. So shall I bear my prisonment with pleasure :
Look thou but big, our[y] cruel foe will yield,
And give to Hymen th' honour of the field.

[*Exeunt above.*

SCENE III.

A Street : before the Meeting-house of the Family of Love.

Enter MISTRESS PURGE, CLUB *carrying a link before her.*

MIS. P. Fie, fie, Club, go a' t'other side the way, thou collowest[z] me and my ruff; thou wilt make me an unclean member i' the congregation.

CLUB. If you be unclean, mistress, you may pure yourself; you have my master's ware at your commandment: but what am I then, that does all the drudgery in your house?

MIS. P. Thou'rt born to't: why, boy, I can shew thy indentures; thou givest no other milk: we know how to use all i' their kind.

CLUB. You're my better in bark and rine,[a] but in pith and substance I may compare with you: you're above me in flesh, mistress, and there's

[x] *small-ease*] See note, p. 145.

[y] *our*] Some copies of the old ed. "or," others "nor:" I have already noticed that, though they occasionally present different readings, there is but *one* edition of the play: see p. 103.

[z] *collowest*] i. e. begrimest, blackenest: she alludes to the smoke of the link. *Collow* is smut from burnt coals.

[a] *rine*] A vulgar corruption of *rind*: old ed. "rhyne;"

"Whose eyes doe shine
Like bacon *rine*."

Wily Beguilde, sig c 2, ed. 1623.

oast; but in my t'other part we are all one God.

Enter DRYFAT.

. P. All one with me? dost thou swear too? ıen, up and ride!

. Whither away, mistress Purge?

. P. To the Family, master Dryfat, to our se.[b]

. What, by night?

. P. O Lord, ay, sir, with the candles out ve fructify best i' th' dark: the glance of the a great matter; it leads us to other objects s the right.

. Indeed I think we perform those functions hen we are not thrall to the fetters of the

. P. The fetters of the body? what call you ?

. The organs of the body, as some term

s. P. Organs? fie, fie, they have a most inable squeaking sound in mine ears; they not a whit; I detest 'em: I hope my body o organs.[c]

. To speak more familiarly, mistress Purge, are the senses, the sight, hearing, smelling, and feeling.

s. P. Ay, marry—marry, said I? Lord, what rd's that in my mouth!—you speak now, r Dryfat; but yet let me tell you where you

ercise] See note, vol. i. p. 211.

hope my body has no organs] "But the most dangerous was a Puritan Chandler . . . . . he thought a man in a sse to be the Ghost of Heresy, *and was out of love with me members, because they were called Organs.*" MAR-'s *Fine Companion*, 1633, sig. I 4.

err too: this feeling I will prove to be neither organ nor fetter; it is a thing—a sense did you call it?

DRY. Ay, a sense.

MIS. P. Why, then, a sense let it be,—I say it is that we cannot be without; for, as I take it, it is a part belonging to understanding: understanding, you know, lifteth up the mind from earth: if the mind be lift up, you know, the body goes with it: also it descends into the conscience, and there tickles us with our works and doings: so that we make singular use of feeling.

DRY. And not of the rest?

MIS. P. Not at that time; therefore we hold it not amiss to put out the candles, for the soul sees best i' th' dark.

DRY. You come to me now, mistress Purge.

Enter PURGE *behind.*

MIS. P. Nay, I will come to you else, master Dryfat: these senses, as you term them, are of much efficacy in carnal mixtures; that is, when we crowd and thrust a man and a woman together.

PUR. What, so close at it? I thought this was one end of your exercise:[d] byrlady,[e] I think there is small profit in this. I'll wink no more; for I am now tickled with a conceit that it is a scurvy thing to be a cuckold. [*Aside.*

DRY. I commend this zeal in you, mistress Purge; I desire much to be of your society.

MIS. P. Do you indeed? blessing on your heart! are you upright in your dealings?

DRY. Yes, I do love to stand to any thing I do, though I lose by it: in truth, I deal but too truly for this world. You shall hear how far I am

[d] *exercise*] See note, vol. i. p. 211.
[e] *byrlady*] See note, p. 66.

in the right way already. First, I live in
and give small alms to such as be not of
t sect; I take under twenty i' th' hundred,
forfeiture of bonds unless the law tell my
nce I may do't; I set no pot on a' Sundays,
l on cold meat drest a' Saturdays; I keep
days nor fasts, but eat most flesh o' Fridays
ays i' the week; I do use to say inspired
able to starve a wicked man with length;
Aminadabs and Abrahams to my godsons,
hide them when they ask me blessing; and
ate the red letter[f] more than I follow the
verity.

Here's clergy![g] [*Aside.*

P. These are the rudiments indeed, master

Nay, I can tell you I am, or will be, of the
amp.

A pox o' your stamp! [*Aside.*

P. Then learn the word for your admit-
nd you will be much made on by the con-
on.

Ay, the word, good mistress Purge?

P. A Brother in the Family.

Enough, I have my lesson.

So have I mine. A Brother in the Family!
be a Familist to-day: I'll follow this gear[h]
tis on foot, i'faith. [*Aside.*

P. Then shore up your eyes, and lead the
the goodliest people that ever turned up
ite o' th' eye.—Give me my book, Club, put
link, and come behind us.

ed letter] Qy. does he allude to the rubrick distinc-
the Prayer-book, or to those in the Calendar?
gy] i. e. doctrine.
] i. e. matter, business.

[DRYFAT *knocks at the door of the Meeting-house.*

[*Within*]. Who's there?

DRY. Two Brothers and a Sister in the Family.[i]

[MISTRESS PURGE, DRYFAT, *and* CLUB, *enter the House: then* PURGE *knocks at the door.*

[*Within*]. Who's there?

PUR. A Familiar Brother.

[*Within*]. Here's no room for you nor your familiarity.

PUR. How? no room for me nor my familiarity? why, what's the difference between a Familiar Brother and a Brother in the Family? O, I know! I made ellipsis of *in* in this place, where it should have been expressed, so that the want of *in* put me clean out; or, let me see,—may it not be some mystery drawn from arithmetic? for my life, these Familists love no substraction, take nothing away, but put in and add as much as you will; and after addition follows multiplication of a most Pharasit-hypocritical crew. Well, for my part I like not this Family, nor, indeed, some kind of private lecturing that women use. Look too't, you that have such gadders to your wives! self-willed they are as children, and, i'faith, capable of not much more than they, peevish[j] by custom, naturally fools. I remember a pretty wooden sentence in a preamble

[i] *in the Family*] The old ed. adds, as part of the text, "Let in;" but the words are a stage-direction.—In *The Displaying of the Family of Loue*, &c. (already mentioned, see p. 106), we are told: "They are called together euer in the night time: and commonly to suche houses as be far from neighbours, one of them doth alwayes warne an other: and when they come to the house of meeting, they knocke at the doore, saying, here is a Brother in Christ, or a Sister in Christ." Sig. H iiii.

[j] *peevish*] i. e. silly.

to an exercise,[k] where the reader prayed that men of his coat might grow up like cedars to make good wainscot in the House of Sincerity: would not this wainscot phrase be writ in brass, to publish him that spake it for an animal? Why, such wooden pellets out of earthen trunks[l] do strike these females into admiration, hit[m] 'em home; sometimes, perhaps, in at one ear and out at t'other, and then they depart, in opinion wiser than their neighbours, fraught with matter able to take down and mortify their husbands. Well, I'll home now, and bring the true word next time. I shall expect my wife anon, red-hot with zeal, and big with melting tears; and this night do I expect, as her manner is, she will weep me a whole chamber-pot full. *Loquor lapides?* do I cast pills abroad? 'Tis no matter what I say; I talk like a 'pothecary, as I am: I have only purged myself of a little choler and passion, and am now armed with a patient resolution. But how? to put my horns in my pocket? no:

What wise men bear, is not for me to scorn;
'Tis a[n] honourable thing to wear the horn.

[*Exit.*

[k] *exercise*] See note, vol. i. p. 211.

[l] *trunks*] i. e. tubes. We find the word used in this sense even during Charles the Second's time;

"Through optic *trunk* the planet seem'd to hear."

To the King—MARVELL'S *Works*, vol. ii. p. 124, ed. 1726.

[m] *hit*] Old ed. "hits."

SCENE IV.

LIPSALVE'S *Chamber.*

Enter LIPSALVE *without his doublet, a whip in his hand.*

LIP. Fortune, devil's turd i' thy teeth! I'll turn no more o' thy wheel: art is above thy might. What though my project with mistress Maria failed? more ways to the wood than one; there's variety in love. It is believed I am out of town; my door is open: the hour is at hand; all things squared by the doctor's rule; and now I look for the spirit to bring me warm comfort to clothe my nakedness, and that is mistress Purge, the cordial of a Familist; and come quickly, good spirit, or else my teeth will chatter for thee. [*Scene shuts.*

SCENE V.[n]

Before LIPSALVE'S *Chamber-door.*

Enter GUDGEON *without his doublet, a whip in his hand.*

GUD. O the naked pastimes of love, the scourge of dulness, the purifier of uncleanness, and the hot-house of humanity! I have taken physic of master Purge any time this twelvemonths to purge my humour upon's wife, and I have ever found her so fugitive, from exercise[o] to exercise, and from Family to Family, that I could never yet open the close-stool of my mind to her; so that I may

[n] *Scene V.*] I have marked a new scene here, and another after Gudgeon has entered the chamber, contrary to the old ed. and the arrangements (or rather, non-arrangements) of our early stage: see note, p. 147.

[o] *exercise*] See note, vol. i. p. 211.

ay with Ovid, *Hei mihi,*[p] *quod nullis amor est ıbilis herbis!* Now am I driven to prove the ıt virtue of conjuration: if it hit, and that I my Familist out of the spirit, I'll hang up my ge-stick for a trophy, and emparadize my hts: though the doctor go to the devil, 'tis ıtter. Ha, let me see: Lipsalve's door open, imself out of town? Excellent doctor, sooth-g doctor, oraculous doctor!

[*Enters the chamber.*

SCENE VI.

LIPSALVE'S *Chamber.*

ALVE *discovered, as before:* GLISTER *watching above.*

I. I have taken up this standing to see my ıts play at barriers[q] with scourge-sticks, for onour of my punk:

Enter GUDGEON.

n good time I see my brave spirits shining in ıt armour, nakedly burning in the hell-fire of ry, and ready for the hot encounter: sound pets, the combatants are mounted! [*Aside.*

JD. The apparition! mistress Purge peers ıgh him; I see her.

P. The spirit appears! but he might have sooner: I am numbed with cold, a shivering hath taken away my courage.

LI. They are afraid one of another: look, how tremble! the flesh and the devil strengthen ha, ha, ha! [*Aside.*

[p] *Hei mihi,* &c.] *Met.* i. 523.
[q] *play at barriers*] i. e. fight within lists.

GUD. Has 'a no cloven feet? what a laxative fever shakes me!

LIP. Will 'a not carry me with him to hell? well, I must venture.—*Clogmathos.*

GUD. My cue.—*Clogmathathos.*

LIP. My cue.—*Garrazin.*

GUD. *Garragas.*

LIP. *Garrazinos.*

GUD. *Ton tetuphon.*

LIP. *Tes tetuphes.*

BOTH. *With a whirly twinos.*

[*They lash one another.*

LIP. Hold,[r] hold, hold!

GUD. Gogs nowns, gogs blood!

LIP. A pox, a plague, the devil take you!

GUD. Truce, truce, I smart, I smart.

GLI. Ha, ha, ha! O, for one of the hoops of my Cornelius' tub![s] I must needs be gone, I shall burst myself with laughing else.

Magic hath no such rule: men cannot find
Lust ever better handled in his kind.

[*Aside, and exit above.*

GUD. What art thou? with the name of Jove I conjure thee!

LIP. With any name, saving the whip; I'll no more of that conjuration, a plague on't!

GUD. Speak, art not a spirit in the likeness of my friend Lipsalve, that should transform thyself to mistress Purge?

LIP. How, a spirit? I hope spirits have no flesh

[r] LIP. *Hold*, &c.; GUD. *Gogs*, &c.; LIP. *A pox*, &c.; GUD. *Truce*, &c.] Form only one speech in the old ed., with the prefix "*Ambo.*"

[s] *Cornelius' tub*] i. e. the heated tub in which patients were sweated for the cure of the venereal disease: the origin of the term (see Douce's *Illust. of Shake.* vol. ii. p. 70) is uncertain.

lood; and I am sure thou hast drawn blood
' my flesh with the spirit of thy whip.
D. Then shall we prove to be honest gulls,
ıe doctor an arrant knave.
. A plague upon him for a Glister! he has
our loves a suppositor[t] with a *recumbentibus*.
ll thee, sirrah, ——
D. Tell not me, let me prevent thee; the
shall not take the breath of our gross abuse:
el the gullery, therefore let us swear by our
l truths, and by the hilts of these our blades,
lesh-tamers, to be revenged upon that pa,a-
ıandentical doctor, that pocky doctor.
P. Agreed: we'll cuckold him, that he shall
ıe able to put his head in at's doors; and
his precise, puritanical, and peculiar punk,
ıothecary's drug there, a known cockatrice[u] to
rorld.
ID. If report catch this knavery, we have lost
eputations for ever: wherefore let's be secret.
x we women of credulity,
n men are gull'd with such gross foppery.
P. Come, let us in, and cover both our shames.
conjuration to the world's a novelty;
ants turn'd spirits, and whipt for lechery.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

MARIA's *Apartment.*

Enter MARIA.

AR. Gerardine, come forth, Maria calls!
se ribs shall not enfold thy buxom limbs

uppositor] i. e. suppository.—Old ed. "suppositar."—
old my life hee is a pottecarie, doe you neuer make no
sitors sir?" *Cupids Whirligig*, sig. c 4, ed. 1616.
ockatrice] A cant term for a harlot.

One minute longer: the cincture of mine arms
Shall more securely keep thy soul from harms.

GER. [*coming out of the trunk*] What heavenly breath, of Phitonessa's power,[v]
That rais'd the dead corpse of her friend[w] to life,
Prevails no less on me! for even this urn,
The figure of my sadder requiem,
Gives up my bones, my love, my life, and all,
To her that gives me freedom in my thrall.

MAR. Be brief, sweet friend, salute and part in one;
For niggard time now threats with imminent danger
Our late joy'd scope. Thy earnest, then, of love,
Ere Sol have compass'd half the signs, I fear
Will shew a blushing fault; but 'twas thine aim,[x]
T' enforce consent in him that bars thy claim.

GER. Love salves that fault: let time our guilt reveal,
I'll ne'er deny my deed, my hand, and seal.
The elements shall lose their ancient force,
Water and earth suppress the fire and air,

[v] *Phitonessa's power*] The word *Phitoness*—i. e. *Pythoness*—is of frequent occurrence in the works of our earliest poets. It generally means the witch of Endor:

> "And speke as renably, and faire, and wel,
> As to *the Phitonesse* did Samuel."
> CHAUCER'S *Freres Tale*, v. 7091, ed. Tyr.

See also Gower's *Conf. Am.* fol. lxxiii. ed. 1554; Skelton's "Adicyon" to *Phyllyp Sparowe;* Sir D. Lyndsay's *Monarchie, Works*, vol. iii. p. 151, ed. Chal. Sometimes it is used in a more extended sense;

> "And *Phetonisses*, Charmeresses," &c.
> CHAUCER'S *House of Fame*, fol. 267, *Works*, ed. 1602.

See also Lydgate's *Warres of Troy*, sig. K vi. ed. 1555.

[w] *corpse of her friend*] Qy. "corps of her friends:" at p. 135, l. 6, *corps* is used for bodies.

[x] *thine aim*] Old ed. "thy plot, *thyne ayme:*" see note, p. 134.

in all use a preposterous course,
ind forget his likeness to repair,
I'll falsify my faith to thee.
. The humorous bodies' elemental kind
ooner lose th' innated heat of love,
ul in nature's bounds shall be confin'd,
n's course shall retrograde and leave to
move,
urcease[x] to cherish mutual fire,
houghts refin'd in flames of true desire.
. These words are odours on[y] the sacred
shrine
e's best deity: the marriage-god
to perform those[z] ceremonious rites
terminate our hopes: till mine grow full,
e that intercourse amongst my friends
rst I did; then, in the height of joy,
ne to challenge interest in my boy.
en, farewell.
R. You'll come upon your cue?
. Doubt not of that.
R. Then twenty times adieu. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

treet: before the Meeting-house of the Family of Love.

Enter LIPSALVE, GUDGEON, SHRIMP, *and* PERIWINKLE.

D. Come, boys, our clothes,[a] boys: and what
most current news, Periwinkle?

rcease] i. e. cease.
] Old ed. "in." [z] *those*] Old ed. "these."
[a] *clothes*] He means the dresses in which they were to
r Familists: see what follows.

PER. Faith, sir, fortune hath favoured us with no news but what the pedlar brought from Norfolk.

LIP. Is there nothing stirring at court, Shrimp?

SHR. Faith, there is, sir, but nothing new.

LIP. Good wag, faith! thou smellest somewhat of a courtier, though thy mother was a citizen's wife.—Off with that filthy great band, nay, quick; on with your robe of sanctity, nay, suddenly, man.

GUD. And why must we shift ourselves into this demure habit, if impossible to be of the Family and keep our own fashion?

LIP. Tut, man, the name of a gallant is more hateful to them than the sight of a corner-cap. Hadst thou heard the protestations the wife of a bellows-mender made but yesternight against gallants, thou hadst for ever abjured crimson breeches. She swore that all gallants were persons inferior to bellows-menders, for the trade of bellows-making was very aerial and high; and what were men and women but bellows, for they take wind in at one place and do evaporate at another;—evaporate was her very phrase.

GUD. Methinks, her phrase flew with somewhat too strong a vapour.

LIP. Nay, she proves farther, that all men receive their being chiefly from bellows, without which the fire burns not; without fire the pot seethes not; the pot not seething, powdered beef is not to be eaten; of which, she then averred our nation was a great devourer, and without which they could neither fight for their country abroad, nor get children at home; for, said she, powdered beef is a great joiner of nerves together.

GUD. What answer madest thou?

LIP. Marry, that I thought a bawd was a greater

f nerves together than powdered beef: with
protested that a bawd was an instrument
evil, and as she had proved that bellows-
were of God's trade, so bawds were of the
trade; for (and thereupon she blew her
he devil and bawds did both live by the
the people.

No more: mistress Purge is at hand.

Vanish, boys, away. [*Exeunt* SHRIMP *and*
NKLE.]—Make haste: before Jove, she'll be
ere we can be provided for her.

[*They retire.*

er MISTRESS PURGE, CLUB *carrying a link before her.*

P. Advance your link, Club. At what time
ou bound, Club? at Guttide,[a] Hollantide,[b]
dletide?

B. I was bound, indeed, about midsummer.

. P. And when hath thy 'prenticeship end?
haeltide next?

B. So I take it.

. P. They say, Club, you fall very heavy on
ou love not: you never learnt that of me.

B. Indeed, mistress, I must confess my falling
ic, gross, and butcher-like: marry, yours is
ty, foolish, light, courtlike[c] falling: yet, be-
me, my master smells somewhat too gross of
rgation; he wants tutoring.

. P. And why, I pray?

B. My master being set last night in his
comes master doctor Glister, as his manner
irting in suddenly; and after some confer-

Guttide] i. e. Shrovetide.
Hollantide] A common corruption of Hallowstide.
courtlike] Old ed. "courttake."

ence, tells my master that, by his own knowledge, you were young with child: to which my master replied, Why, master doctor, will you put me to more charges yet?

MIS. P. Thou art a fool: in that my husband spake as wisely as if the master of his company had spoke. He knows doctors have receipts for women, which make[c] them most apt to conceive; and he promising 'a had ministered the same lately to me, thereupon spake it. Lead on with your link.

LIP. Art ready?

GUD. Ready.

LIP. Then speak pitifully, look scurvily, and dissemble cunningly, and we shall quickly prove two of the Fraternity. [*Advancing with* GUDGEON.] —Benediction and sanctity, love and charity fall on mistress Purge, sister of the Family!

MIS. P. And what, I pray, be you two?

LIP.[d] Two newly converted from the rags of Christianity to become good members in the house of the Family.

MIS. P. Who, I pray, converted you?

GUD. Master[e] Dryfat, the merchant.

MIS. P. And from what sins hath he converted you?

LIP. From two very notorious crimes; the first was from eating fish on Fridays, and the second from speaking reverently of the clergy: but 'a resolved[f] us your talent in edifying young men went far beyond his.

[c] *make*] Old ed. "makes."

[d] *Lip.*] Old ed. here and before the next speech which I have given to Lipsalve, "*Sa.*"

[e] *Master*, &c.] This speech has no prefix in the old ed.

[f] *resolved*] See note, p. 39.

Enter PURGE *behind.*

P. A talent I have therein, I must confess,
I very nice[f] at fit times to shew it: for your
nstructions, therefore, you must never here-
equent taverns nor tap-houses, no masques
nmeries, no pastimes nor playhouses.
Must we have no recreation?
P. Yes, on the days which profane lips call
's, you may take your spaniel and spend
ours at the ducking-pond.
What are we bound unto during the time
ain in the Family?
P. During the light of the candle you are
very attentive; which being extinguished,
behave yourselves I will deliver in private.
[*Whispers.*[g]
'Tis now come to a whisper. What young
ts be these? i'faith, I'll make one; I'll trip
fe: I scent your footing, wife.
len[h] writes, Paracelsus can tell,
aries have brains and noses eke[i] to smell.
[*Aside.*
We shall with much diligence observe it.
I fear I shall have small cause to thank
igence: but do your worst;
hath read five[j] herbals in one year
d a trick which shall prevent this gear.[k]
re going: follow, Purge, close, close and
like a horsekeeper in a lady's matted cham-
midnight. [*Aside.*

See note, p. 134.
ate. Whispers] Old ed. "*priuate* whisper:" but the
word is a stage-direction.
n] Old ed. "Gallus."
i. e. also.
five] Old ed. "fine."
] See note, p. 155.

[MISTRESS PURGE *knocks at the door of the Meeting-house.*

[*Within*]. Who knocks?

MIS. P. Brethren, and a Sister in the Family.

[*Within*]. Enter in peace.

[MISTRESS PURGE, LIPSALVE, GUDGEON, *and* CLUB *enter the house.*

PUR. Brethren, and a Sister! that's the word. How beastly was I mistaken last day! I should have said, A Brother in the Family, and I said, A Familiar Brother; for which I and my family were thrust out of doors: but, as Titus Silus of Holborn Bridge most learnedly was wont to say, qd——[1] [*Knocks.*

[*Within*]. Who's there?

PUR. A Brother in the Family.

[*Within*]. Enter, and welcome.

[PURGE *enters the house.*

SCENE II.

A Street.

Enter GERARDINE, *disguised as a Porter.*[m]

GER. Thou sacred deity, Love!
Thou power predominate, more to be admir'd
Than able to be exprest, whose orb includes
All terrene joys which are! all states which be
Pay to thy sacred throne,[n] as tribute-fee,
Their thoughts and lives. Like Jove's, so must thy acts

[1] *qd*—] Those who are acquainted with the sayings of *Titus Silus* will probably understand this hieroglyphic.

[m] *disguised as a porter*] These words are not in the old ed. From what follows in this scene we find that he wears a disguise, and we may justly conclude that it is no other than the porter's dress in which he appears during the next scene.

[n] *throne*] Qy. "shrine:" compare p. 163, l. 10.

re no question: why, thy hidden facts
gods themselves obey: heaven-synod holds
ods but what thy awful power controls;
Delphian archer, proud with Python's spoil,
upid's hand was forc'd to take the foil;
Mars his star-like[n] adamantine targe
l free his warlike breast at Cupid's charge;
Jove, whose frown all mortal lives bereaves,
marble throne and ivory sceptre leaves,
in the likeness of a bull was seen,
rc'd by him to bear the Tyrian queen
ugh Neptune's watery kingdom: if these
submit,
netamorphose is not held unfit.
see, in most wished occasion, Dryfat the mer-
t presents himself.

Enter DRYFAT.

in the best of hours met: my thoughts had
ked you out for a man most apt to do them the
st of offices.

RY. What! art thou a Welsh carrier or a
hern landlord, thou'rt so saucy?

ER. Is't possible, sir, my disguise should so
h fool your knowledge? How? a northern
lord? can you think I get my living by a bell
a clack-dish?[p]

RY. By a bell and a clack-dish? how's that?

ER. Why, by begging, sir. Know you me
?

star-like] Old ed. "warlike:" but see the next line.
His] Old ed. "This."
a bell and a clack-dish] A *clack-dish*, or *clap-dish*, was a
len dish with a moveable cover, which was carried by
ars, and which they *clacked* to shew that it was empty:
Steevens's note on Shakespeare's *Measure for Measure*, act
c. 2. The *bell* was another means of attracting attention.

DRY. Master Gerardine, disguised and ashore! nay, then I smell a rat.

GER. Master Dryfat, shall I repose some trust in you? will you lay by awhile your city's precise humour? will you not deceive me?

DRY. If I deceive your trust, the general plague seize me! that is, may I die a cuckold.

GER. And I say thou shalt die a true citizen, if thou conceal it: and thus in brief. It stands with thy knowledge how seriously I have and do still affect Maria: now, sir, I have so wrought it, that if thou couldst procure me a fellow that could serve instead of a crier, I myself would play Placket the paritor,[q] and summon doctor Glister and Maria to appear at thy house: and as I play[r] the paritor, so wouldst thou but assume the shape of a proctor, I should have the wench, thou the credit, and the whole city occasion of discourse this nine days.

DRY. How's this, how's this? I should procure a fellow to play the crier,[s] and I myself should play the proctor? but upon what occasion should they be summoned?

GER. Upon an accusation that doctor Glister should get Maria, his niece, with child, and have bastards in the country, which I have a trick to make probable.

DRY. And now I recall it to memory, I heard

[q] *paritor*] i. e. apparitor—a messenger employed to cite persons to appear in the spiritual courts. The word is found so contracted not only in prose but in verse:

> "Belike thou art the Diuell's *Parrator*,
> The basest officer that liues in Hell."
>
> *Wily Beguilde*, sig. H 3, ed. 1623.

[r] *I play*] Old ed. "he plaies."

[s] *crier*] Old ed. "parritor."

what to that effect last night in master Beard-
the barber's shop: but how will this sort?
shall accuse him?

R. Refer that to me, I say, be that my care:
all end in merriment, and no disgrace touch
of their reputations.

Y. Then take both word and hand, 'tis done:
, mistress Purge's 'prentice, shall be the crier.[t]

R. O my most precious Dryfat! may none of
laughters prove vessels with foul bungholes,
one of thy sons hogsheads, but all true and
urable Dryfats like thyself!

Y. Well, master Gerardine, I hope to see you
milist before I die.

R. That's most likely, for I hold most of their
iples already: I never rail nor calumniate any
but in love and charity; I never cozen any
for any ill will I bear him, but in love and
ty to myself; I never make my neighbour a
old for any hate or malice I bear him, but in
and charity to his wife.

Y. And may those principles fructify in your
members! I'll be gone, and with most quick
erity provide you a crier: to-morrow at my
e, said you, they should appear?

R. Be that the time, most honoured Dryfat:
be this known to none, most loved sir, save
, or to some other whom your judgment shall
t as a fit person for our project.

rier] Old ed. "sumner"—(i. e. apparitor). That the
tions which I have made in this dialogue between Ge-
ne and Dryfat are absolutely necessary, will appear from
quent scenes. Of the "faults in the printing" Middleton
ware: see his address *To the Reader*, p. 107: he perhaps
t first assigned the parts of paritor, crier, and proctor
ently; and after he had made a new distribution of them,
cted to alter this portion of the MS.

DRY. Thus enough: time out of sight.[u] [*Exit.*

GER. Maria, thou art mine: earth's perfection[v] and nature's glory, woman! of what an excellency if her thoughts and acts were squared and levelled with the first celsitude[w] of her creation!

T' enjoy a creature,—whose dishevell'd locks,
Like gems against the repercussive sun,
Give[x] light and splendour; whose star-like eyes
Attract more gazer loves[y] to see them move
Than the Titanian[z] god, when Ægeon's hill
'A mounts in triumph; a skin more pure and soft
Than is the silk-worm's bed; teeth[a] more white
Than new-fall'n snow or shining ivory,—
Is happiness sought by the gods themselves.
Celestial Venus, born without a mother,
Be thou propitious! thee and I implore,
Not vulgar Venus, heaven's scorn and Mars his whore. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

A Room in GLISTER'S *House.*

Enter MISTRESS GLISTER *and* MARIA.

MAR. Good aunt, quiet yourself: ground not upon dreams; you know they are ever contrary.

MIS. G. Minion, minion, coin no excuses: I

[u] *time out of sight*] i. e. (I suppose) time that I was gone.
[v] *perfection*] Old ed. "affecton."
[w] *celsitude*] i. e. height.
[x] *Give*] Old ed. "Giues."
[y] *gazer loves*] Qy. "gazers' love."
[z] *Than the Titanian*, &c.] Old ed.
"*Then the* Tartarians *God, when* first *Egeons Hill.*"
Ægeon (or, as he was called by the gods, Briareus,) was thrown under mount Ætna.
[a] *worm's bed; teeth*] Old ed. "worme bed, to the."

dreams are deceitful, but a true judgment
ded upon knowledge never fails. What?
not I observed the rising and falling of the
, the coming and going of the countenance,
qualms, your unlacings, your longings? most
nt tokens; besides, a more certain sign than
ese, too; you know't, I need not speak it:
[am as skilful in that point as my husband;
tell you, Aristotle speaks English enough to
ne these secrets. Body of me, so narrowly
d to, and yet fly out! Well, I see maids will
in spite of laws or locks that restrain 'em;
will open, do men what they can.

AR. I see my fault appears: simplicity
no evasion; 'tis bootless to deny
re guilty blood, cited by touch of shame,
through my veins, and leaves my conscience'
stain
in my face. Forbear, I do beseech you,
ublish my defame: what I have done
shall not answer; I must bear mine own.

IS. G. Bear your own? ay, marry, there it goes!
t must you bear?

AR. My sins, forsooth.

IS. G. Your sins, forsooth? Confess to me,
go not about the bush: you have been doing,
s flat; you have caught a clap, that's round;
answer me roundly to the point, or else I'll
re.[b] Come, whose act is't? I cannot devise
ss it be my husband's, for none else had access
hee: I am sure time has turned his bald side
hee, and I do but wonder how thou tookst
ortunity: speak, tell me.

IAR. Now, good aunt, press me not; let time
reveal

[b] *square*] i. e. (I suppose) fall to quarrelling.

What you suspect; for never shall my tongue
Confess an act that tends unto my wrong.

Enter GERARDINE, *disguised as a porter.*

MIS. G. Will you not bolt? I must ha't out on you, and will.

GER. By your leave, mistress ——

MIS. G. Passion of my heart, what art thou?

GER. No ghost, forsooth, though I appear in white.

MIS. G. No, but a saucy knave, I perceive by your manners.

GER. None of that livery neither: I am of the bearing trade, forsooth; you may see by my smock,—frock, I would say: I am, if it please you, of the spick and span new-set-up company of porters. Here's my breastplate; and besides our own arms, we have the arms of the city to help us in our burdens—*ecce signum!* here's the cross and the sword of justice in good pewter, I can tell you, which goes as current with us as better metal.

MIS. G. What's your name, sir?

GER. Nicholas Nebulo: there's but a straw's-breadth between that and the arms; 'tis in the backside of the cross here, and well known in the city for an ancient name and an honest, an't like your worship.

MIS. G.[b] You are none of the twelve, are you?

GER. No, forsooth, but one of the twenty-four ——

MIS. G. Orders of knaves:[c] I thought so. Sirrah,

[c] *Orders of knaves*] *Their* number was 25: see *Brit. Bibliogr.* vol. ii. p. 16, where they are each reckoned up from a tract, printed and probably compiled by Awdeley, called *The Fraternitye of Vacabondes, &c. Wherunto also is adioyned the* XXV. *Orders of Knaues, otherwyse called a Quartern of Knaues, &c.*, 4to, the first ed. of which appeared in 1565: see *Typ. Antiq.* (ed. Dibdin), vol. iv. p. 564. [b] *Mis. G.*] Old ed. "Mar."

e a rascal, to come thus bluntly into my house
your dirty startups :[d] get you without doors,
filthy fellow as you are ; a place more fit for

R. O, good words, mistress ! I may be warden
company for aught you know ; and for my
ness, we have a clause in our charter to war-
hat ; for as we bear, so likewise we may be
with, and have free egress and regress where
usiness lies.

s. G. And what's your business here ?

R. I have a letter, an't please you, to master
r.

s. G. From whence ? [*Taking the letter.*

R. That I cannot shew your worship ; but I had
Curtal the carrier, whose lawful deputy I am.

s. G. Leave your scraping, sirrah. Fie, how
the knave smells of grease and taps-drop-
! [GERARDINE *coughs and spits.*] What, are
rheumatic too, with a vengeance !

R. Yes, indeed, mistress ; though I be but a
man, I have a spice of the gentleman in me :
er doctor could smell it quickly, because he's
tleman himself : I must to the diet, and that
bacco at the ale-house ; I use n'other physic
.

s. G. Did ever such a peasant defile my floor,
eathe so near me !—I'faith, sirrah, you would
ummed for your roguery, if you were well
ed.

ER. I am bummed well enough already, mis-
; look here else : sir-reverence[e] in your wor-

tartups] Were a sort of clumsy shoes with high tops,
by peasants. Cotgrave has "Guestres : Startups ; high
s, or gamashes for countrey folkes."

ir-reverence] A corruption of *save-reverence, salva reve-*
; see Nares in v.

ship, master doctor's lips are not made of better stuff.

MIS. G. What an impudent rogue is this!—Sirrah, begone, I say; I would be rid o' you.

GER. Be rid o' me? I shall gallop then: you mistake me, forsooth; I am a foot post, I do not use to ride.

MIS. G. I think the rascal be humorous or drunk. Well, I will read the letter, and send him packing, or else he will spew or do worse before me: fie on him, I think he will infect me with some filthy disease. [*Reads the letter.*

GER. Or else I lose mine aim. [*Aside.*

MIS. G. What's here? [*Reads*] *Your poor nurse, Thomasine Tweedles!*[f] for my life now shall I find out my husband's knavery I have so long suspected.

GER. She begins to nibble; 'twill take, i'faith. [*Aside.*

Mistress,
I see some discontentment in your looks:
Care ill befits so delicate a spirit;
Be frolic, wench, for he that is so near thee
Has been much nearer.

MAR. That accent sounds sweet music; 'tis my love!
That tongue breathes life into my lifeless spirits:
Gerardine? O rapture! why thus disguis'd?

GER. No more, be mute; thus must I vary forms
To bring our cares to end: her jealousy
Ensues this drift, which, if it take true scope,
Love's joy comes next: be fearless in that hope.

MIS. G. 'Tis so: rats-bane! I ha't: it racks

[f] *Tweedles*] So the old ed. when the letter is afterwards read: here "*Sweedlesse.*"

torments me! here 'tis: [*reads*] *Woe worth*
e that ever I gave suck to a child that came in
window, God knows how!—Villanous lecher!
if you did but see how like the pert[f] *little red-*
l knave is to his father—damnable doctor! a
d in the country, and another towards[g] here!
out of doubt this is his work.—You are an
strumpet!—Incest, fornication, abomination
own house! intolerable! O for long nails to
h out his eyes!

R. Or the breeches, to fight with him.

s. G. Out of my sight, quean! thou shalt to
well.—O, I shall be mad with rage!

R. Then you shall go to Bedlam.

s. G. Hence, you slave!

R. I must have a penny; you must pay me
y pains.

s. G. The devil pay thee!

R. O, that's the doctor; but he wants his
horns.

s. G. But I'll furnish him ere long, if I live.

R. It works as I would wish. [*Aside.*]—Fare-
well, Maria;
storm once past, fair weather ever after!
[*Exit.*

s. G. Was ever woman so moved!—but you
be talked withal: and for mine old fornicator,
all ha't as hot as coals, i'faith: here's stuff
d! Come, minx, come: there's law for you
: have I found your knavery? If I wink at
let me be stone blind, or stoned to death:
this, and bear all! [*Exeunt.*

rt] So old ed. afterwards: here it omits the word.
wards] i. e. in a state of preparation, at hand.

SCENE IV.

A Street.

Enter LIPSALVE, GUDGEON, SHRIMP, *and* PERIWINKLE.

LIP. Our hopes are cross'd: sure there's some providence
Which countermands libidinous appetites,
For what we most intend is counter-check'd
By strange and unexpected accidents;
For by disguise procuring full access,
Nay, ready to have seiz'd[g] th' expected prize,
The candle out, steps 'twix my hopes and me
Some peasant groom,[h] possess'd and full enjoy'd
That sweet for which our vigilant eyes have watch'd,
And in one moment frustrates all our hopes.

GUD. Upon my life, we are bewitched. The greasy rascal that first seized mistress Purge, by the last reflection of the light, appeared to my sight not much unlike her husband.

LIP. The court's gall, the city's plague, and Europa's sea-form[i] be his perpetual crest, what-e'er 'a was! To lose mistress Purge for lack of dexterity, is a disgrace insalveable: the like opportunity will never present itself.

GUD. 'Twas an egregious grief, I must confess, to see a knave slip betwixt us both and take occasion by the foretop: but since these projects have had so star-cross events, let's lay some plot how to

[g] *seiz'd*] Old ed. "feard."

[h] *peasant groom*] Old ed. "pleasant Groine."

[i] *Europa's sea-form*] I can only explain these words by supposing that they allude to Europa, as represented in ancient gems and pictures, holding the bull by the horns, while he bears her over the sea. Vide, for instance, the engraving prefixed to Fischer's ed. of Palæphatus, 1772.

our late disgrace on the doctor by making
kold.

Enter PURGE.

Agreed: but what melancholy sir, with
J arms, now comes from the Family?
Purge the 'pothecary: I prithee, let's step
ıd hear the issue of this discontent.
[*They retire with the two pages.*
O the misery of married men's estate!
'A begins very pitifully. [*Aside.*
O women, what are many of you!
Why, disease[s] to bachelors, and plagues
ied men. [*Aside.*
O marriage, the rage of all our miseries!
: is a dissembling strumpet.
So is many a man's besides yours; and
that? [*Aside.*
I would have a law, that all such which
tle should instantly be married; for then
:hey pray continually, if it were but to be
ıeir wives.
This is a charitable request, and surely
ɔass the Lower-house. [*Aside.*
Surely if affliction can bring a man to
I cannot see how any married man can be
: I have made myself a plain cuckold.
A pile[k] on ye, won't you! had you not
manable,[l] here are some would have saved
t labour. [*Aside.*
What shall I do in this extremity? had I
ness of the fact, I would make her answer

tic] i. e. crossed on his breast: perhaps some pun
ed here.
le, &c.] This speech has no prefix in the old ed.
ble] i. e. (I presume) bold, forward, ready.

it before authority. This is my wedding-ring; 'tis it, I know it by the posy: this I took from her finger in the dark, and she was therewith very well pleased: were not this, trow,[l] a sufficient testimony? she knows not that it was myself got so near her: I will take counsel. Well, little know bachelors the miseries they undergo when they prostrate themselves to women.

LIP. [*coming forward with* GUDGEON] O most true, master Purge! little knows a man what elements 'a is to pass, when 'a puts his head under a woman's girdle. Your passion,[m] master Purge, is overheard, and, plain tale to tell, we were eye-witnesses of your wife's treachery, and if need be, will be ready to depose as much.

PUR. What, master Lipsalve and master Gudgeon, are you disguised testimonies?
Nay, then, revenge, look big! Elf and fairy,
Help to revenge the wronged 'pothecary!

GUD. Why, now 'a speaks like himself: get me a paritor[n] for her straight.

LIP. Conceal the ring, my little Purge; let not thy wife know thou hast it, until she comes to her trial.

Enter DRYFAT, *and* GERARDINE *disguised as an apparitor.*

PUR. Your advices are very pithy; therefore in private let me disclose my intent.

GUD. Off,[o] boys!

[PURGE, LIPSALVE, *and* GUDGEON *retire.*

[l] *trow*] See note, p. 26.
[m] *passion*] See note, p. 64.
[n] *paritor*] See note, p. 170.
[o] *Gud. Off*, &c.] Old ed. "*Gud.* Off boyes, Shrimpe what dost thou," &c.

HR. What dost thou think of thy master? is 'a a rare gull?

ER. I think 'a will swallow and pocket more races than large-conscienced lawyer fees in a haelmas term. Thy master, my honest Shrimp,[p] es not much short of a fool too, but that 'a is a tier.

HR. Draw somewhat near, and overhear their ference. [*Retires with* PERIWINKLE.

ER. This shape of the crier must Club to-row assume. Are you fitted for Poppin the ctor?

RY. Excellent, and have spent some study in mystical cases of venery: I can describe how n a man may lie with another man's wife before ome to the white sheet.

ER. How long is that?

RY. Why, till 'a be taken tardy:—how long all nenkind may, by the statute, profess and swear y are maids.

ER. And how long is that?

RY. Why, till their bellies be so big that it not be no longer concealed: but come forward ards Glister's.

IP. It must be so; let the sumner[q] tickle her: shall bring in these allegations, and let us alone swear them.—[*Advancing with* PURGE *and* GUD-N.] Who's this? master Dryfat? opportunely t, sir: and whither so fast? the news, the ws?

DRY. Faith, gentlemen, I think to relate for ws what I hear of doctor Glister would come le to your hearings.

[p] *Shrimp*] Old ed. "Periwincle."
[q] *sumner*] See note, p. 29.

LIP. O, the getting of his niece with child: tut, that's apparently known to all the company.—But, in the name of Jupiter, what art thou, or from whence camest thou?

GER. Why, sir, I come from compassing the corners of the land.

GUD. Of what trade, in the name of Pluto?

GER. Of the devil's trade; for I live, as he does, by the sins of the people; in brief, sir, I am Placket the paritor.[r]

LIP. As the devil would!—We have, my noble paritor, instant employment for thee; a grey groat is to be purchased without sneaking, my little sumner: where's thy *quorum nomina*, my honest Placket?

GER. Sir, according to the old ballad,

My quorum nomina *ready have I,*
With my pen and inkhorn hanging by.

Her name, sir, her name?

GUD. Is't no more but so?

PUR. I have most right to her name.—Her name, master Placket, is my wife, mistress Purge, sir: to what place dost thou belong?

GER. To the commissioners which sit to-morrow at master Dryfat's upon the crimes of doctor Glister and others.

LIP. Sits there a commission, Dryfat? now, for the love of lechery, let's have mistress Purge summoned thither.

GER. She makes my *quorum nomina* reasonable full: my grant, sir, and she shall appear there upon a crime of concupiscence: is not that your meaning?

PUR. Yes, my honest paritor: here's thy fee.

[*Giving money.*

[r] *paritor*] See note, p. 170.

Enter MISTRESS PURGE *and* CLUB.

UD. And see how happily it succeeds! mistress
ge is new come from the Family. Let us step
e, while Placket the paritor gives her a sum-
s.

P. Content.—To her, Placket; but see, for
bribery of twelvepence, you strike her not out
our *quorum nomina.*

ER. Fear not, sir.

[LIPSALVE, GUDGEON, PURGE, *and* DRYFAT *retire.*

IS. P. Forward apace, Club.

ER. Your name I take to be mistress Purge,
gentlewoman?

IS. P. I am mistress Purge, Purge's wife the
ecary: what of that?

RY. Now you shall see him tickle her with a
um nomina. [*Aside.*

ER. I cite you, by virtue of my *quorum nomina,*
ake your personal appearance by eight of the
in the morrow morning, before certain com-
ioners at master Dryfat's house, to answer to
ccusation of a crime of concupiscence.

IS. P. To answer a crime of concupiscence?
's that, I pray?

ER. Why, 'tis to answer a venereal crime, for
g carnal copulation with others besides your
and.

IS. P. What are you, I pray?

ER. By name Placket, by trade a paritor.

IS. P. And must I answer, say you, to a vene-
crime? I tell thee, Placket the paritor, I am
to answer thee or any man else in any venereal
e they'll put me to; and so tell your commis-
rs.

GER. If you fail your appearance, the penalty must fall heavy.

MIS. P. If it fall never so heavy, I am able to bear it :—and so set forward, Club.

[*Exit with* CLUB.

LIP. [*coming forward with the others*] Excellent, i'faith!—After your wife, Purge.—Read, Placket, thy *quorum nomina*, my noble groat-monger.

[*Exit* PURGE.

GER. Silence! The first that marcheth in this fair rank is Thrum[s] the feltmaker, for getting his maid with child, and sending his 'prentice to Bridewell for the fact; Whip the beadle, for letting a punk escape for a night's lodging and bribe of ten groats; Bat the bellman, for lying with a wench in a tailor's stall at midnight, when 'a should be performing his office; and Tipple[t] the tapster, for deflowering a virgin in his cellar; doctor Glister, his wife, Maria, mistress Purge: these be the complete number.

LIP. Now dissolve, and each to his occasion till to-morrow morning. [*Exeunt severally.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

A Room in GLISTER'S *House.*

Enter GLISTER *and* MISTRESS GLISTER.

MIS. G. This was your colour[u] to keep her close; but what cloak ha' you for her's and your own shame? What, your own niece, your brother's daughter, besides your bastard in the country!

[s] *Thrum*] Old ed. "Thum."

[t] *And Tipple*, &c.] This part of Gerardine's speech is given to "*Gud.*" in the old ed.

[u] *colour*] i. e. pretence.

.I. Wife, range not too far, I would advise
come home in time: vex me not beyond
rance; the two-edged sword of thy tongue
drawn blood o' me. Patience, I say: thou
ll this while in an error.

ıs. G. No, thou hast been all this while in
rinal; thou hast gone out of thy compass in
en's waters: you're a conjuror, forsooth, and
rouse your spirits into circles. Ah, you old
cator, that ever I saw that red beard of thine!
could I rail against thy complexion: I think,
ıy conscience, the traces and caparison of
ıs' coach are made o' red hairs; which may be
ıe emblem that no flaxen stuff or tanned white
ıer draws love like 'em: I think thou manu-
st thy chin with the droppings of eggs and
kadine before it bristled. A shame take thee
thy loadstone! But 'tis no matter; master
:ket the paritor[u] has cited you, and you shall
ver it.

ILI. O the raging jealousy of a woman! Do
hear, wife? I will shew myself a man of sense,
answer you with silence; or like a man of
dom, speak in brief: I say you are a scold, and
are the cucking-stool.[v] [*Exit.*

Ms. G. I say you are a ninnihammer, and be-
e the cuckoo; for as sure as I have ware, I'll
fic with the next merchant venturer: and in
d time here come[w] gallants of the right trade.

paritor] See note, p. 170.

cucking-stool] i. e. a stool or chair at the end of a long
, in which scolds, &c. being placed, were plunged into
e muddy pool or stinking pond: see Brand's *Pop. Antiq.*
ii. p. 441, ed. 1813.

come] Old ed. "comes."

Enter LIPSALVE *and* GUDGEON, *and* GLISTER *behind watching them.*

LIP. All alone, mistress Glister? meditating who shall be your next child's father?

GUD. Indeed, methinks, that should be one end of her thought, an't be but to cry quittance with her husband, of whose abuse the town rings.

GLI. Flax and fire, flax and fire! here are fellows come in the nick, to light their matches at my tinder. [*Aside.*

LIP. He tells you true, mistress Glister: the doctor hath made you ordinary in our ordinaries; satires whet their tooths, and steep rods in piss, epigrams lie in poetry's pickle, and we shall have rhyme out of all reason against you.

GUD. Ere long he will take up his station at a stationer's, where we shall see him do penance in a sheet at least.

MIS. G. O, I am nettled! my patience is so provoked, that I must doff my modesty: what shall I do? if ye be honest gentlemen, counsel me in my revenge, teach me what to do, make my case your own.

LIP. Why, you are in the common road of revenge: take which hand you will, you cannot go out o' your way; 'tis as soon taken as time by his forepart.

GUD. Faith, since he has strook with the sword, strike you with the scabbard; in plain terms, cuckold him: you may as easily do't as lie down o' your bed.

GLI. This gear cottens,[x] i'faith. [*Aside.*

MIS. G. I apprehend you, gentlemen. Lord,

[x] *this gear cottens*] See notes, p. 150, 155.

much better are two heads than one to make
arge head!

P. You say true, mistress Glister: there's help
red in grafting; and how happily we come to
r our service! Let our pretence be to take
ic of the doctor; and that he may with as
ease minister to us as we to you, we'll take a
ng in his house.

D. How say you to this? is the colour[y] good?
t like[z] you?

S. G. Passing well: the colour is so good,
you shall wear my favour out o' the same
.

P. Excellent, excellent!—Now shall we be re-
ed for the whipping.—Mistress Glister, let me
ur first man.

D. Nay, soft, sir, I plied her as soon as you.

I. I should have an oar in her boat too by
. [*Aside.*

P. How ill-advised were you to marry one
a red beard!

S. G. O master Lipsalve, I am not the first
has fallen under that ensign! there's no com-
on more attractive in this time for women
gold and red beards: such men are all liver.[a]

D. Ay, but small heart, and less honesty.

P. Yes, they are honest too in some kind, for
ll beg before they'll steal.

D. That's true; for, for one that holds up his
at the sessions, you shall have ten come into
awdy court.

I. Was ever beard so back-bitten? this were
gh to make red beards turn medley, and dash
clean out of countenance; but I hope, like

dour] See note, p. 184. [z] *like*] See note, p. 113.
er] See note, p. 133.

mine, they fear no colours. And[a] you were ten courtiers, I'll front you: I must give you physic, with a pox! well, if I pepper ye not, call me doctor Doddipoll.[b] [*Aside.*]—Master Lipsalve and master Gudgeon, you are heartily welcome; I am very glad to see you well.

LIP. O master doctor, your salutation is very suspicious!

GLI. Why, master Lipsalve?

LIP. It can scarce be hearty, for physicians are rather glad to see men ill than well.

GLI. Not so, sir; you must distinguish of men; though this I know, virtue is not the end of all science, which commonly keeps the professor poor; some study questuary[c] and gainful arts, and every one would thrive in's calling: but, i'faith, gentlemen, what wind drives you hither?

GUD. The wind-colic, master doctor, or some such disease.

GLI. But not the stone-colic?

LIP. O no, sir, we have no obstructions in those parts; we are loose enough there.

GLI. If you were troubled with that, my wife can tell you of an excellent remedy.

GUD. We need it not, we need it not: but indeed, master doctor, for some private infirmities (which our waters shall make known to you), we desire to take some physic of you for a few days; and to that end we would take a lodging in your house during the time.

LIP. Shall we entreat your favour?

[a] *and*] i. e. if.

[b] *doctor Doddipoll*] Is a ridiculous character in an old play called *The Wisdome of Doctor Dodypoll*, printed 1600; but the term is found long before that date: *doddipoll* is dunderhead.

[c] *questuary*] i. e. profitable.

ı. No entreaty, gentlemen; you shall com-
me to search the very profundity of my skill
ɔu.—Have them in, wife, and shew them their
ıg.—I will think upon another receipt, and
' you immediately.

D. And, i'faith, we shall requite your pains to
ıll.

Exeunt MIS. GLISTER, LIPSALVE, *and* GUDGEON.

ı. To the fool, you mean: I know you ha'
orn of plenty for me, which you would derive
me from the liberality of your bawdies,[c] not
minds. Here are lords that, having learned
) P Q of courtship, travel up and down among
ıns' wives, to shew their learning and bringing
as if the city were not already a good pro-
ıt in the court horn-book: yes, I warrant,
have heads as capable as other men; ay, and
of them can wisely say with the philosopher,
in knowing all, they know nothing. Well,
ıse I am of the livery, and pay scot and lot
ıgst you, do but observe how I'll fetch over
;allants for your sakes. They say I am of the
hair; and, indeed, they may stand to't, and
the position good, saving with my wife.—
; are they not at *pro* and *contra* already? I
v they are hot-spurs, and I must have an eye
ıe main. They have been whipt already for
ery, and yet the pride of the flesh pricks 'em.
l, I must in: I've[d] given them such a pill
l take 'em down; for lust must have his fill.

[*Exit.*

ıawdies] See the same miserable pun, vol. i. p. 245.
I've] Old ed. "I have."

SCENE II.

Another Room in GLISTER'S *House.*

Enter MARIA *above.*[d]

MAR. Now nature's pencil and the hand of time
Give[e] life and limb to generation's act,
My shame and guilt in wordless notes appear,
The argument of scorn. O now I stand
The theme and comment to each liberal[f] tongue,
Whilst hope breeds comfort, and fear threats my wrong!
O Gerardine, how oft thy lively figure,
Deeply[g] impressed in my yielding temper,
Assures me thou art mine! how fancy paints
Thy true proportion in my troubled sleep,
Because sole subject of my daily thoughts!
O, if thy vows prove feign'd and thou unjust,
I say and swear in men there is no trust!

Enter GERARDINE.

GER. Thus have I past the round[h] and court of guard,
Without the word:[i] either conceit is strong,

[d] *Enter Maria above*] So the old ed.; and we must suppose that she is standing in a gallery: the first words of Gerardine's speech on entering shew that this scene takes place *within* the house: compare p. 159, where Glister appears "*above,*" *within the house.*

[e] *Give*] Old ed. "Giues."

[f] *liberal*] i. e. licentious.

[g] *Deeply*] Old ed. "Deadly."

[h] *the round*] Certain soldiers of inferior rank (only above the lancepesado), whose office was to *go round* and inspect the sentinels, watches, and advanced guard, were called *gentlemen of the round:* see Whalley's note in Gifford's ed. of B. Jonson's *Works,* vol. i. p. 85.

[i] *word*] i. e. watchword.

the body where true love's confin'd
s a spirit and doth force his way
ı greatest dangers, frightful to those eyes
it to intercept him.—Maria ?
e to Cynthia, in her silver orb,
ns to me, attended by love's lamp,
nutual influence and soul's sympathy
w heaven's model in mortality.
Gerardine ?
now the blushing sun approaches,[k]
not more comfort to this universe
ou to me : most acceptably come !
of number cannot count the hours
ıst been absent.
Infinity of love
o proportion with arithmetic.
ot, Maria, but my heart retains
impression of such thoughts as these.
een forging of a mirthful plot
rate our wish'd conjunction,
ow digested, come to summon thee
ı actress in the comedy.
How, where, when ? speak, mine ears are
uick to hear ;
on thorns already to be there.
At Dryfat's house, the merchant, there's
ur scene,
equel, if I fail not in intent,
swer our desires and each content.
n sawest thou Lipsalve and Gudgeon, our
ants ?
They are here in the house, so handled by

ld ed. "Doth."
pproaches] Old ed. "sons aproache :" but I suspect
hole line is corrupted, and that the epithet "blush-
ngs to "Aurora."

mine uncle, that they are the pitifullest patients that ever you beheld.

GER. No matter, he serves them in their kind: they were infamous in the court, and now are grown as notorious in the city: they may happily prove particles in our sport, and fit subjects for laughter.

Time calls me hence: adieu; prepare to meet.

MAR. I shall outstrip the nimblest in my feet.

[*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE III.

A Room in DRYFAT'S *House.*

Enter DRYFAT *disguised as a proctor, and* CLUB *as a crier.*

DRY. Come, Club, come, there's a merry fray towards;[1] we shall see the death of melancholy; wherein thou and I must call a grand jury of jests together, and pass upon them with the club law.

CLUB. Now, as I am O the crier, and yet but a young club, I have not yet practised that law: you have a whole dryfat on't; I pray you, instruct me.

DRY. Why, 'tis a law enacted, by the common council of statute-caps,[m] to qualify the rage of the time, to follow, to call back, and sometimes to encounter gentlemen when they run in arrearages; I tell thee, there's no averment against our book-cases. 'Tis the law called make-peace: it makes

[1] *towards*] See note, p. 177.

[m] *statute-caps*] i. e. citizens, who, according to a statute of Elizabeth in behalf of the trade of cappers, wore, on Sabbath days and holydays, caps of wool. See the notes of the commentators on "Well, better wits have worn plain *statute-caps.*"—SHAKESPEARE'S *Love's Labour's Lost*, act v. sc. 2.

even when they are at odds; it shews 'em a
:ase as plain as a pack-staff, that is, knocks
lown without circumstance.

UB. Ay, marry, I like that law well; 'tis
ed with the turning of a hand: there's no
lits nor pedlar's French[k] in't; there needs no
for th' exposition o' th' terms; 'tis as easily
ed as the felling of wood and getting of
ren; all is but laying on load the downright

Y. Ay, and by the way of exhortation it prints
moral sentence on their costards,[l] in capital
s, *Agree, for the law is costly.*

UB. Good, good: but all this while there's no
r thought on; we must have one to arbitrate.

Y. Why, master Gerardine, man, has his name
e purpose: he shall be called doctor Stickler:
est in fabula, here he comes.

Enter GERARDINE.

R. How now, lads? does our conceit cotten?[m]
ou summoned your wits from woolgathering?
ou fraught with matter for this merriment?

Y. Full, full: we are in labour, man, and we
die without midwifery.

UB. We are ravished with delight, like the
h that was got with child against her stomach.
ut[n] if we could wrest this smock-law now in
to our club-law, it were excellent!

Y. Easily, easily: all shall be called the club-

R. As how?

dlar's French] i. e. unintelligible jargon. It is, pro-
the cant language of vagabonds.

stards] i. e. heads. [m] *cotten*] See note, p. 150.

, *but*, &c.] Qy. ought this to be given to Gerardine?

DRY. Why, thus. Club is the crier; I am Poppin[n] the proctor; and you Stickler the doctor: he calls them to appear; I must be of their counsel, and you must attone them.[o] We may know their cases and be in their elements, mark you me, but they cannot be in ours. Tut, none knows our secrets: we can speak fustian above their understanding, and make asses' ears attentive. I'll play Ambidexter,[p] tell 'em 'tis a plain case, and put 'em down with the club-law; so that, as Club said well e'en now, our knavery is as near allied as felling of wood and getting of children.

GER. Excellent, excellent! By this they are at hand: let's bear these things like ourselves: I'll withdraw and put on my habiliments, and then enter for the doctor.

DRY. Do so: they come, they come.

[*Exit* GERARDINE.

Enter GLISTER *and* PURGE.

Welcome, master doctor Glister and master Purge: there's a commission to be sat upon this day, to

[n] *Poppin*] So some copies of the old ed., others "*Exigent:*" though there is certainly but *one* impression of this play: see p. 103. Middleton (who did not superintend the printing of it, see p. 107) had dismissed the name *Exigent* for that of *Poppin*, or *vice versa;* and his uncorrected MS., where Dryfat was sometimes called by one name, sometimes by the other, was followed by the printer. This, however, is the only place in which the copies (at least those that I have seen) differ from each other with respect to these names; an alteration having been made here after part of the impression had been worked off. I have retained the name *Poppin* throughout.

[o] *attone them*] *Attone* or *atone* is—reconcile, set them *at one.* —Old ed. "*attone them* put hem together:" but see notes, pp. 134, 162.

[p] *play Ambidexter*] So in Nash's *Pierce Pennilesse;* "it is like inough he is *playing Ambidexter* amongst them." Sig. B, ed. 1595. The allusion is to Preston's *Cambises King of Percia,*

a passage for imprisoned truth, concerning
ret *in tenebris.*

I. True; I am brought hither by the malice
r wife.

R. And I have a just appeal against my wife.

I. Master Poppin[q]—so I think you are called
understand you have the law at your fingers'

Y. I can box cases, and scold and scratch it
mongst them.

I. Indeed, fame reports you to be a good
peter of causes: I must retain you, sir, to
l mine.

Y. My sackbut shall do it most pathetically:
ie, in brief, the nature of your case.

I. Faith, sir, a scandalous letter devised to
g my reputation, about a bastard in the
ry which should be mine.

Y. About a bastard in the country which
d be yours? hum,—'tis very like you then,
uld seem.

I. O no, sir! understand me, only fathered
me.

Y. Only fathered upon you *cum nemini*[r] *obtrudi*
: I understand you, and like you well too,
lo not flatter yourself in your own case, no,
ot good: well, what more?

I. And about my niece, got with child in my
house.

written about the beginning of Elizabeth's reign), in
the Vice is named *Ambidexter.* This "*lamentable tra-*
nixed full of plesant mirth" is reprinted in the first vol.
wkins's *Origin of the English Drama.*

ppin] Old ed. "Exigent:" see note, p. 194.

m nemini, &c.]—"ea, quoniam nemini obtrudi potest,
d me." Ter. *And.* i. 5, 15.

Dry. Byrlady,[s] burdens of some weight, which you make light of! you deny?

Gli. What else, sir? I have reason.

Dry. I know it well, I take you for no beast: believe me, master doctor, denial and reason are two main grounds; stand upon them, and you cannot err.—Your case, master Purge?

Pur. First take your fee, master Poppin,[t] that you may have the more feeling, and urge it home when you come to't. [*Gives money.*] Mine is a discovery of my wife's iniquity at the Family of Love.

Dry. Otherwise called the House of Venery, where they hunger and thirst for't.

Pur. True, sir: you have heard of the Hole in the Wall, where they assemble together in the day-time, like so many bees under a hive?

Dry. Come home *crura thymo plena*, and lodge among hornets, is't not so?

Pur. I cannot tell, sir; but, for my part, I am much noted as I go.

Dry. No doubt of that, sir; your wife can furnish you with notes out of her cotations.[u]

Club. Ay, and give him a two-tagged point[v] to tie 'em together.

Dry. But how came you to detect her?

Pur. Why, thus, sir: getting the word, I dogged her to the Family, where, closing with her, I whispered so pleasing a tale in her ear, that I got from her her wedding-ring; and here 'tis.

Dry. Well, out of that ring we will wring matter that shall carry meat i' th' mouth. But what wit-

[s] *Byrlady*] See note, p. 66.

[t] *Poppin*] Old ed. "Exigent:" see note, p. 194.

[u] *cotations*] i. e. quotations—memoranda of what she had heard at the meetings of the Family.

[v] *tagged point*] See note, vol. i. p. 244.

or proof can you produce to make good your
's iniquity and your own cuckoldry?
UR. Master Lipsalve and master Gudgeon, who
e her companions at that same time.
RY. Very good.—Are they cited in the *quorum*
ina?
LUB. They will be here, sir.
LI. If they be, they will bewray[x] all.
RY. So much the better; 'twill savour well for
ter Purge.
UR. You understand my case now?
LI. And mine too, sir?
RY. I do, I do: they are as different as a doctor
a dunce, a man and a beast: here's the com-
dium; yours, master doctor, stands upon the
ative; and yours, master Purge, upon the affir-
ive: *pauca sapienti*, I ha't, I ha't.
UR. Mine is very current, sir; I can shew you
d guilt.
RY. Ay, marry, there spoke an angel;[y] gilt's[z]
ent, indeed: let me feel't, let me feel't.
UR. I mean, my wife's guilt.
LI. Master Poppin, you shall have innocence
peak for me.
RY. Tut, innocence is a fool, I care not for's
pany; I can speak enough without him.
LI. Then, I hope, you will be as good to us as
five-finger at maw.[a]

bewray all, &c.] The same play on words occurs in vol. i. 94, where see note.
angel] See note, vol. i. p. 250.
gilt's, &c.] *Gilt* or *gelt*, i. e. gold, money.
five-finger at maw] "For my game [at maw] stood, me ght, upon my last two tricks, when I made sure of the and yet lost it, hauing the varlet and *the fiue finger* to e two tricks." Chapman's *May Day*, 1611, p. 76.—For e account of maw, see Singer's *Researches into the Hist. of ying Cards*, p. 258, sqq.

DRY. No, rather as Hercules, to lip-labour 'em with the club-law: tut, let me alone.

Enter MISTRESS GLISTER, MISTRESS PURGE, *and* MARIA.

MIS. G. O, are you here, sir? I have brought you a full barn to glut your greedy appetite: if you have any maw, feed here till you choke again. Now shall I see the whole carcass of your knavery ript up: if thou hast any grace, now will thy red beard turn white upon't.

MIS. P. O how have I been toss'd from post to pillar
In this libidinous world! The yoke I bear
Is so uneven, as if an innocent lamb
And a mad hare-brain'd ox should draw together:
But I must have patience, there's no remedy.

DRY. There's some difference between these two tempers.

GLI. I would give a hundred pounds my wife had so gentle a spirit. [*Aside.*

PUR. My wife must needs be gentle, for she can bear double. [*Aside.*

Re-enter GERARDINE, *disguised as a doctor.*

DRY. Here comes master doctor: now rig up your vessels, every one to his tackling.

GER. Good day to all at once, and peace amongst you!—
Fie, how I sweat! I think Vulcan ne'er toiled so at his anvil as I have done, and all to make maid's water to slake Cupid's fire, and to turn his shafts from the feather-bed to the bed-post, from the heart to the heel.—
Come, master Poppin, shall we to this gear?[b]

[b] *gear*] See note, p. 155.

RY. Reverend doctor, we have stayed your ng.—Crier, cry silence.

UB. Silence![c]

RY. Master doctor, I have heard in general s the tales of master doctor Glister and master e, which have in mutual manner jumped into uagmire of my mind; out of which quagmire, our enforcement and mine own duty, I pluck up by the ears, and thus, in naked appar-,[d] I present them.

ER. *Ad rem, ad rem,* master Poppin; leave allegories, your metaphors, and circumlo-ns, and to the point.

RY. Then briefly thus: I have compared their ,—how short they will come of their wives' I not: and first for mistress Purge.—Crier, mistress Purge.

UB. Rebecca Purge, wife to Peter Purge, 'po-ry, appear upon thy purgation, upon pain of mmunication.

IS. P. Here I am,—O time's impiety!—
er I come from out the harmless fold
ave my good name eaten up by wolves:
how they grin! Well, the weak must to the wall;
st bear wrong, but shame shall them befall.

ER. Who is her accuser?

RY. Her own husband, upon the late discovery crew of narrow-ruffed,[e] strait-laced, yet loose-

lub. Silence!] Old ed. has only the stage-direction, *cries.*"

pparance] See note, p. 119.

arrow-ruffed] Some copies of old ed. "*narrow* rusty," s "*narrow* ruste:" yet there is but one impression of lay: see p. 103. Compare what Gudgeon says of mis-Purge's "ruffs," p. 131.

bodied dames, with a rout[f] of omnium-gatherums, assembled by the title of the Family of Love: which, master doctor, if they be not punished and suppressed by our club-law, each man's copyhold will become freehold, specialities will turn to generalities, and so from unity to parity, from parity to plurality, and from plurality to universality; their wives, the only ornaments of their houses, and of all their wares, goods, and chattel[s], the chief moveables, will be made common.

PUR. Most voluble and eloquent proctor!

GER. Byrlady,[g] these enormities must and shall be redressed, otherwise I see their charter will be infringed, and their ancient staff of government the club, from whence we derive our law of castigation,—this club, I say (they seeming nothing less than men by their fore-part), will be turned upon their own heads.—Speak, Rebecca Purge; art thou one of this Family? hast thou ever known the body of any man there or elsewhere concupiscentically?

MIS. P. No, master doctor, those are but devices of the wicked to trap the innocent; but I thank my spirit I have fear before my eyes, which my husband sees not, because something hangs in's light.

PUR. That's my horns; she flouts me to my face, and I will not endure it: I shall carry her mark to my grave. [*Aside.*]—Master doctor, she has given me that, that Æsculapius, were he now extant, could not heal, nor *edax rerum*[h] take away.

GER. Produce your witness, master Purge, and blow not your own horn.

[f] *rout*] i. e. rabble.
[g] *Byrlady*] See note, p. 66.
[h] *edax rerum*] scil. *tempus*.

ɹR. Master Lipsalve and master Gudgeon, let ı be called.

ɹUB. Lawrence Lipsalve and Gregory Gudgeon, of *hic et ubique*, in the county of *nusquam*, gen- en, come into the court and give your evidence, ı pain of that which shall ensue.

Enter LIPSALVE *and* GUDGEON.

LI. Here they come, in pain I warrant them.— ' works your physic, gallants? do you go well ıe ground? now cuckold the doctor!—Wife, 's your first man now?—now strike[i] with the bard! ha, ha, ha!

UD. A villanous doctor!

IP. Mountebank, you're a rascal, and we will about[j] to be revenged.

RY. Cast about this way and bewray[k] what you concerning mistress Purge, who stands here ı her purgation, either to prove mundified or aminated, according to the tenor-piece of your cipal evidence.—First give 'em the book.

ɹUB. Come, lay your hands upon the book: shall speak and aver no more, nor wade no ıer into the cream-pots of this woman's crime, the naked truth and the cart-rope of your cience shall conduct you, so help you the con- s! Kiss the book.[l]

IP. Alas, we are not in case to answer largely! if you will have our evidence in brief, I think ssed her at the Family some three times, once

ow strike, &c.] See p. 186.
ast about] i. e. devise. Dryfat puns on the word *cast*, as ıing to vomit.
bewray] See note, p. 197.
Kiss the book] Is, perhaps, only a stage-direction.

at coming, once at going, and once in the midst; otherwise never knew her dishonestly.

PUR. Ay, mark that middle kiss, master doctor.

GUD. And for my part, I have been more mortified by her than ever I was provoked.

GER. How say you to this, master Purge? your witness is weak, and, sir-reverence[m] on['t], without sounder proof, they may depart to the close-stool whence they came, and you to your 'pothecary's shop.

PUR. No, master doctor, I have another bolt to shoot that shall strike her dead; she shall not have a word to say.

DRY. Answer me to this, mistress Purge; where's your wedding-ring?

MIS. P. My wedding-ring? why, what should I do with unnecessary things about me, when the poor begs at my gate ready to starve? Is it not better, as I learned last lecture, to send my substance before me, where I may find it, than to leave it behind me, where I must forego it? Yes, verily: wherefore, to put you out of doubt, I have given that ring to charitable uses.

DRY. Nay, now she falters: my client can shew that ring, got from her at the Family, when these two courtling[s] had at the same time beleaguered her fort.

GER. This alters the case clean.—What starting-hole ha' you now, mistress Purge?

MIS. P. E'en the sanctuary of a safe conscience: now, truly, truly, however he came by that ring, by my sisterhood, I gave it to the relief of the distressed Geneva.

PUR. How? to the relief of the distressed

[m] *sir-reverence*] See note, p. 175.

eva?—Justice, master doctor! I may now
ine *victus, victa, victum;* one word more shall
throw her. I myself was a Familist that day,
, more jealous than zealous in devotion, thrust
mongst the rest (as I had most right), on pur-
to sound her, to find out the knavery: short
to make, I got her ring, and here it is; let her
it if she can: and what more I discovered
est nunc narrandi locus.

[IS. P. Husband, I see you are hoodwinked in
right use of feeling and knowledge,—as if I
w you not[n] then as well as the child knows his
father! Look in the posy of my ring: does
t tell you that we two are one flesh? and hath
fellow-feeling taught us to know one another
ell by night as by day? Husband, husband,
you do as the blind jade, break your neck
n a hill because you see it not? ha' you no
t of nature in that flesh of yours?—Now, as
as I live, master doctor, I had a secret opera-
, and I knew him then to be my husband e'en
ery instinct.

UR. Impudence, dost not blush? art not ashamed
e so abominable?

IS. P. No, husband, rather be you ashamed of
r own weakness; for, for my part, I neither
nor shame what man can do unto me.

ER. Master Purge, I see you have spent your
; therefore best make a full point at the ring,
attend our pleasure.—Master Poppin,[o] proceed
he rest.

RY. Crier, call doctor Glister.

as if I knew you not] Imitated from Falstaff's "I knew
s well as he that made ye." SHAKESPEARE'S *Henry IV.*
I. act ii. sc. 4.

Poppin] Old ed. "Exigent:" see note, p. 194.

CLUB. Doctor Glister, alias suppositor doctor[p] of physic, appear upon thy purgation, upon the belly-pain that may ensue thereon.[q]

GLI. Here, master doctor.

GER. Who is his accuser?

DRY. His clamorous wife, who seems to enforce a separation about a bastard in the country, which should be his, only fathered upon him.

GER. What proof of that?

MIS. G. Proof unanswerable, master doctor, the nurse's letter: let it be read; but first observe his countenance; it may be his blushing will bewray his guilt.

GER. Now, by this light, I thought it had indeed, but I see 'tis but the reflection of his beard. —Read the letter, master Poppin.[r]

DRY.[s] [*reads*] *After my hearty commendations remembered unto your worshipful doctorship, trusting in God that you are as well as I was at the making hereof, thanks be to him therefor! the cause of my writing unto you at this time is to let you understand that your little son is turned a ragged colt, a very stripling; for, being now stript of all his clothing, his backside wants a tail-piece, commends itself to your fatherly consideration. Woe worth the time that ever I gave suck to a child that came in at the window, God knows how! Yet if you did but see how like the pert, little, red-headed knave is to his father, and how like a cock-sparrow he mouses and touses my little Bess already, you would take him for your own, and pay me my hire. I write not of the want of one thing, for I want all things; wherefore take some speedy*

[p] *suppositor doctor*] See note, p. 161.
[q] *thereon*] Old ed. "therein."
[r] *Poppin*] Old ed. "Exigent:" see note, p. 194.
[s] *Dry.*] Old ed. "*Club.*"

er, or else as naked as he came from the mother I send him to the father. From Pis.[s] *the xxii*
—— *Your poor nurse,* THOMASINE TWEEDLES.

GLI. Master doctor, truth needs not the foil of toric; I will only in *monosyllaba* answer for my- (as sometimes a wise man did): such and such ngs are laid to my charge, which I deny; you y think of me what you please, but I am as ocent in this as the child new-born.

GER. Why, there's partly a confession: the child, know, is innocent, and not new-born neither, it should seem by the letter he is able to call dad knave.

GLI. You take me wrong, master doctor.[t]

DRY. Under correction, thus much can I say for client's justification. Indeed he hath travelled ll in the beating of pulses, and hath been much nversant in women's Jordans; but he had ever a e to raise his patient being before cast down: charitable disposition hath been such to poor k, that he never took above fourpence for the ting of a water, which good custom was so well own among all his patients, that if sixpence were any time offered him, they might be bold to ask d have twopence again. He hath been so skilful d painful withal in the cure of the green sickness, t, of my knowledge, he hath risen at all hours in night to pleasure maids that have had it: and that foul-mouthed disease, termed by a fine rase—a pox on't, what d'ye call't? O, the grin- mes[u]—at that he hath played his doctor's prize, d writes *nil ultra* to all mountebanks; so that wise woman in Pissing-Alley, nor she in -little-Lane, are more famous for good deeds

Pis.] What place is indicated by this abbreviation, I not pretend to determine.

doctor] Old ed. "proctor"—but that part is assumed by yfat.

[u] *grincomes*] See note, p. 121.

than he. Then, master doctor, out of these presumptions, besides his flat denial (a more infallible ground), you may gather his innocence, and let him have his purgation.

GER. No, master Poppin,[u] it is not so to be foisted off.

MIS. G. Nay, master doctor, what say you to his own niece, that looks big upon him? an arrow that sticks for the upshot against all comers; which by his restraint of her from master Gerardine, an honest gentleman that loved her, and upon that colour[v] from the sight and intercourse of other men, must, by all presumptions, be his own act.

GER. O monstrous! this is a foul blot in your tables[w] indeed.

GLI. Wife, thou hast no shame nor womanhood in thee; thy conscience knows me.

MIS. G. True of thy flesh, who knows not that? thy beard speaks for thee: ay, ay, thou liest by me like a stone, but abroad thou'rt like a stone-horse, you old limb-lifter![x]

DRY. Cease your clamour, and attend my speech. —Most worshipful, reverend, and judicial doctor, for the quickening of your memory, I will give you a breviat of all that hath been spoken. Master doctor Glister hath a cradleful and a bellyful, you see, thrust upon him; and master Purge a headful.—Your wife is an angry honeyless wasp, whose sting, I hope, you need not fear,—and yours carries honey in her mouth, but her sting makes your forehead swell:—your wife makes you deaf with the

[u] *Poppin*] Old ed. "Exigent:" see note, p. 149.

[v] *colour*] See note, p. 184.

[w] *blot in your tables*] An expression drawn from games played with the tables: "beware of *blotting*," says the *Complete Gamester*, p. 155, ed. 1674.

[x] *limb-lifter*] Old ed. "Timelifter:" but compare *A Handefull of Pleasant Delites*, &c., 1584, "a lustie *lim lifter*," p. 18, reprint.

ırill treble of her tongue,—and yours makes you orn-mad with the tenor of her tale.—In fine, aster doctor's refuge is his conscience, and master urge runs at his wife's ring.[w]

GER. *Summa totalis*, a good audit ha' you made, aster Poppin.[x]—Now attend my arbitrement. or you, gallants, though you have incurred the anger of the law by using counterfeit keys, and utting your hands into the wrong pocket, yet beause I see you punished and purged already, my dvice is, that you learn the A B C of better maners: go back and tell how you have been used in ıe city; and being thus scoured, keep yourselves lean, and the bed undefiled.—For you, master urge, because I see your evidence insufficient, nd indeed too weak, to foil your wife's uprightess, and seeing jealousy and unkindness have[y] only nade her a stranger in your land of Ham, my ounsel is, that you readvance your standard, give ıer new press-money.

PUR. You may enjoin me, sir, but ——

GER. But not at me, man: I will enjoin you, and onjoin you, and briefly thus. You have your ring hat has made this combustion and uproar: that keep still; wear it; and here, by my edict, be it proclaimed to all that are jealous, to wear their wives' ring[s] still on their fingers, as best for their ecurity, and the only charm against cuckoldry.

PUR. Then, wife, at master doctor's enjoinment,[z] so thou wilt promise me to come no more at the Family, I receive thee into the lists of my favour.

MIS. P. Truly, husband, my love must be free still to God's creatures: yea, nevertheless, pre-

[w] *runs at his wife's ring*] See note, vol. i. p. 390.
[x] *Poppin*] Old ed. "Exigent:" see note, p. 194.
[y] *have*] Old ed. "hath."
[z] *enjoinment*] Old ed. "enioyntment."

serving you still as the head of my body, I will do as the spirit shall enable me.

GER. Go to, thou hast a good wife, and there['s] an end.—Upon you, master doctor, being solicited by so apparent proof, I can do no less than pronounce a severe sentence; and yet, i'faith, the reverence of your calling and profession doth somewhat check my austerity: what if master Gerardine, by my persuasion, would yet be induced to take your niece, and father the child? would you launch with a thousand pound, besides her father's portion?

GLI. Master doctor, I would, were it but to redeem her lost good name.

GER. Then, foreknowing what would happen, I thought good, in master Gerardine's name, to have this bond ready, which if you seal to, he shall take her with all faults.

GLI. That will I instantly. [*Seals the bond.*] So, this is done; which, together with my niece, do I deliver by these presents to the use of master Gerardine.

GER. He thanks you heartily, and lets you know,

[GERARDINE, DRYFAT, *and* CLUB *discover themselves.*

That Indian mines and Tagus' glistering ore
To this bequest were unto me but poor.

GLI. What? Gerardine, Dryfat, and Club!

DRY. The very[x] same.

CLUB. You are welcome to our club-law.

GER. Cease admiration here: what doubt remains
I'll satisfy at full. Now join with me
For approbation of our Family.

[x] *Dry. The very*, &c.] Old ed.

"DRY. } *The very same:* your *are welcome to our Club*
CLUB. } *Lawe.*"

EPILOGUE.[a]

Gentles, whose favour[s] have o'erspread this place,
And shed the real influence of grace
On harmless mirth, we thank you; for our hope
Attracts such vigour and unmeasur'd scope
From the reflecting splendour of your eyes,
That, grace presum'd, fear in oblivion dies.
Your judgment, as it is the touch[b] and trier
Of good from bad, so from your hearts comes fire,
That gives both ardour to the wit refin'd,
And sweetness [to] th' incense of each willing mind.
O may that fire ne'er die! nor let your favours
Depart from us: give countenance to their labours
Propos'd a sacrifice, which may no less
Their strong desires than our true zeals express.
[*Exeunt omnes.*

[a] *Epilogue*] Is, of course, spoken by Gerardine.
[b] *touch*] i. e. touchstone.

YOUR FIVE GALLANTS.

Your fiue Gallants. As it hath beene often in Action at the Black-friers. Written by T. Middleton. Imprinted at London for Richard Bonian, dwelling at the signe of the Spred-Eagle, right ouer-against the great North dore of Saint Paules Church. n. d. 4to.

Fyve Wittie Gallants was licensed by Sir George Bucke, 22d March 1607-8: see Chalmers's *Suppl. Apol.*, p. 202.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

FRIPPERY, *the broker-gallant.*
PRIMERO, *the bawd-gallant.*
GOLDSTONE, *the cheating-gallant.*
PURSENET, *the pocket-gallant.*
TAILBY, *the whore-gallant.*
FITSGRAVE, *a gentleman.*
BUNGLER, *cousin to* MISTRESS NEWCUT.
PYAMONT.
ARTHUR, *servant to* FRIPPERY.
FULK, *servant to* GOLDSTONE.
Boy, servant to PURSENET.
JACK, *servant to* TAILBY.
MARMADUKE, *servant to* MISTRESS NEWCUT.
Gentlemen, Tailor, Painter, &c.

KATHERINE, *a wealthy orphan.*
MISTRESS NEWCUT, *a merchant's wife.*
Novice.
Courtesans.

Scene, LONDON, except during part of the third act, which is laid in Combe-Park and its neighbourhood.

YOUR FIVE GALLANTS.

Presenter, or Prologue,[b] *passing over the stage; the bawd-gallant* [PRIMERO], *with three wenches gallantly attired, meets him; the whore-gallant* [TAILBY], *the pocket-gallant* [PURSENET], *the cheating-gallant* [GOLDSTONE], *kiss these three wenches, and depart in a little whisper and wanton action. Now, for the other, the broker-gallant* [FRIPPERY], *he sits at home yet, I warrant you, at this time of day, summing up his pawns.* Hactenus quasi inductio, *a little glimpse giving.*

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Room in FRIPPERY'S *House.* FRIPPERY *discovered*[c] *summing up his pawns, one fellow standing by him.*

Enter ARTHUR *and a second fellow.*

AR. Is your pawn good and sound, sir?
SEC. F. I'll pawn my life for that, sir.

[b] *Presenter, or Prologue,* &c.] Except that I have inserted between brackets the names of the "gallants," I have given this strange Induction as it stands in the old ed. The latter part of it, "Now, for the other," &c., seems to be an address to the reader; though perhaps it was spoken by the Presenter.

[c] *Frippery discovered,* &c.] In the old ed. the only stage-direction here is "*Enter a fellow,*" and the prefixes to the dialogue which follows are *Frip.*, 1., 2., 3., and 4.—Till the entrance of Primero, the scene in the old ed. is a mass of confusion.

Ar. Place yourself there then; I will seek to prefer it presently. My master is very jealous[d] of the pestilence; marry, the pox sits at meat and meal with him. [*Second fellow retires.*

Fri. [*reading*] *Lent the fifth day of September to mistress Onset upon her gown,* [*and*] *taffeta petticoat with three broad silver laces, three pound fifteen shillings.*

Lent to Justice Cropshin upon both his velvet jackets five pound ten shillings.

Lent privately to my Lady Newcut upon her gilt casting-bottle[e] *and her silver lie-pot fifty-five shillings.*

Ar. Sir ——

Fri. [*reads*] *Lent to Sir Oliver Needy upon his taffeta cloak, beaver hat, and perfumed leather-jerkin, six pound five shillings.*

Ar. May it please your worship ——

Fri. [*reads*] *Lent to master Andrew Lucifer upon his flame-coloured doublet and blue taffeta hose*[f]—top the candle, sirrah; methinks the light burns blue: when came that suit in?

Ar. 'T'as lain above the year now.

Fri. Fire and brimstone! cut it out into matches; the white linings will serve for tinder.

Ar. And with little help, sir; they are almost black enough already. Sir, here's another come with a pawn.

Fri. Keep him aside awhile, and reach me hither the bill of the last week.

[d] *jealous*] i. e. suspiciously afraid: so afterwards in this play: "Ah, but I am *jealous* you will not keep your countenance, i'faith."

[e] *casting-bottle*] i. e. bottle for casting, or sprinkling, liquid essences and perfumes, often mentioned by our early dramatists; its use was not confined to ladies.

[f] *hose*] i. e. breeches.

Ar. 'Tis here at hand, sir.

Fri. Now, sir, what's your pawn?

First F. The second part of a gentlewoman's gown, sir; the lower half, I mean.

Fri. I apprehend you easily, the breeches of the gown.

First F. Very proper; for she wears the doublet at home, a guest that lies in my house, sir; she looks every hour for her cousin out a' th' country.

Fri. O, her cousin lies here; 'a may mistake in that. My friend, of what parish is your pawn?

First F. Parish? why, Saint Clement's, sir.

Fri. I'll come to you presently.[f]—What parish is your pawn, my friend? [*reads*] *Saint Bride's*, 5; *Saint Dunstan's, none; Saint Clement's*, 3. Three at Clement's?—Away with your pawn, sir! your parish is infected; I will neither purchase the plague for sixpence in the pound and a groat bill-money, nor venture my small stock into contagious parishes: you have your answer; fare you well, as fast as you can, sir.

First F. The pox arrest you, sir, at the suit of the suburbs!

Fri. Ay, welcome, welcome.

First F. For, I think, plague scorns your company. [*Exit.*

Fri. I rank with chief gallants; I love to smell safely. [*Reads*] *Lent in the vacation to master Proctor upon his spiritual gown five angels,*[g] *and upon his corporal doublet fifteen shillings; sum, three pound five shillings.*

Ar. Sir ——

[f] *I'll come to you presently*] These words, which in the old ed. form part of the preceding speech, are, I suppose, addressed to the second fellow.

[g] *angels*] See note, vol. i. p. 250.

Fri. Now, sir?

Ar. [*bringing forward a trunk.*] Here's one come in with a trunk of apparel.

Fri. Whence comes it?

Ar. From Saint Martin's-in-the-Field.

Fri. Saint Martin's-in-the-Field? [*reads*]. *Saint Mary Maudlin*, 2; *Saint Martin's, none:* here's an honest fellow; let him appear, sir.

Ar. You may come near, sir.

Fri. O welcome, welcome; what's your pawn, sir?

Sec. F. Faith, a gentlewoman's whole suit, sir.

Fri. Whole suit? 'tis well.

Sec. F. A poor, kind soul, troubled with a bad husband; one that puts her to her shifts here.

Fri. He puts her from her shifts, methinks, when she is fain to pawn her clothes.

Sec. F. Look you, sir; a fair satin gown, new taffeta petticoat ——

Fri. Stay, this petticoat has been turned.

Sec. F. Often turned up and down, and[h] you will, but never turned, sir.

Fri. Cry you mercy, indeed.

Sec. F. A fine white beaver, pearl band, three falls;[i] I ha' known her have more in her days.

Fri. Alas, and she be but a gentlewoman of any count or charge, three falls are nothing in these days! know that: tut, the world's changed; gentlewomen's[j] falls stand upright now; no sin but has a bolster, that it may lie at ease. Well, what do you borrow of these, sir?

Sec. F. Twelve pound, and you will, sir.

[h] *and*] i. e. if.

[i] *falls*] i. e. falling bands, which lay flat upon the dress from the neck.

[j] *gentlewomen's*] Old ed. "gentlewomans."

FRI. How?

SEC. F. They were not her's for twenty.

FRI. Why, so; our pawn is ever thrice the value of our money, unless in plate and jewels; how should the months be restored and the use else? We must cast it for the twelvemonth, so many pounds, so many months, so many eighteenpences; then the use of these eighteenpences; then the want of the return of those pounds: all these must be laid together; which well considered, the valuation of the pawn had need to sound treble. Can six pound pleasure the gentlewoman?

SEC. F. It may please her, but, like a man of threescore, in the limberest degree.

FRI. I have but one word more to say in't; twenty nobles[k] is all and the utmost that I will hazard upon't.

SEC. F. She must be content with't: the less borrowed, the better paid; come.

FRI. Arthur.

AR. At hand, sir.

FRI. Tell out twenty nobles, and take her name in a bill.

SEC. F. I'm satisfied, sir. [*Exit with* ARTHUR.

FRI. Welcome, good Saint Martin's-in-the-Field, welcome, welcome! I know no other name.

Enter PRIMERO.

PRI. What, so hard at your prayers?

FRI. A little, sir; summing up my pawns here—what, master Primero, is it you, sir gallant? and how do[l] all the pretty sweet ladies, those plump,

[k] *nobles*] See note, p. 17.
[l] *do*] Old ed. "does."

kind, delicate blisses, ha? whom I kiss in my very thoughts,—how do they, gallant?

PRI. Why, gallant, if they should not do well in my house, where should it be done, boy? have I not a glorious situation?

FRI. O, a gallant receipt,—violet air, curious garden, quaint walks, fantastical arbours, three back doors, and a coach-gate! nay, thou'rt admirably seated: little furniture will serve thee; thou'rt never without moveables.

PRI. Ay, praise my stars! Ah, the goodly virginities that have been cut up in my house, and the goodly patrimonies that have lain like sops in the gravy! and when those sops were eaten, yet the meat was kept whole for another, and another, and another; for as in one pie twenty may dip their sippits, so upon one woman forty may consume their patrimonies.

FRI. Excellent, master Primero!

PRI. Well, I will[m] pray for women while I live;
They're the profitablest fools, I'll say that for 'em,
A man can keep 'bout his house; the prettiest kind fowl;
So tame, so gentle, e'en to strangers' hands
So soon familiar; suffer to be touch'd
Of those they ne'er saw twice: the dove's not like 'em.

FRI. Most certain, for that's honest: but I have
A suit to you.

PRI. And so have I to you.

FRI. That happens well: grant mine, and I'll grant yours.

[m] *I will*] Old ed. "ile:" and in next line but one, "about."

PRI. A match.

FRI. Make me perfect in that trick that got you so much at primero.[o]

PRI. O, for the thread tied at your partner's leg,
The twitch?

FRI. Ay, that twitch, and[p] you call it[q] so.

PRI. That secret twitch got me five hundred pound
Ere 'twas first known, and since I ha' sold it well:
Five hundred pound laid down shall not yet buy
The fee-simple of my twitch: I would be here with't.
'Twas a blest invention;
I'd[r] been a beggar many a lousy year
But for my twitch: it was the prettiest twitch!
Many over-cheated gulls have fatted
Me with the bottom of their patrimonies,
E'en to the last sop, gaped while I fed 'em,
Who now live by that art that first undid 'em.
But I must swear you to be secret, close.

FRI. As a maid at ten.

PRI. Had you sworn but two years higher
I would ne'er ha' believ'd you.

FRI. Nay, I let twelve alone,
For after twelve has struck, maids look for one.

PRI. I look for one too, and a maid, I think.

FRI. What, to come hither?

PRI. Sure, she follows me: a pretty, fat-eyed wench, with a Venus in her cheek: did but raiment smile upon her, she were nectar for great dons, boy: and that's my suit to thee.

[o] *primero*] An old and favourite game at cards: see Singer's *Researches into the Hist. of Playing Cards*, p. 244 sqq.

[p] *and*] i. e. if.

[q] *call it*] Old ed. "calt."

[r] *I'd*] Old ed. "I had."

FRI. And that's granted already. Of what volume is this book, that I may fit a cover to't?

PRI. Faith, neither in folio nor in decimo sexto, but in octavo, between both; a pretty, middle-sized trug.[s]

FRI. Then I have fitted her already, in my eye, i'faith. Here came a pawn in e'en now will make shift to serve her as fit!—look you, sir gallant[t]—satin, taffeta, beaver, fall,[u] and all.

PRI. Is it new?

FRI. New? you see it bears her youth as freshly ——

PRI. A pretty suit of clothes, i'faith: but put case the party should come to redeem 'em of a sudden?

FRI. Pooh, then your wit's sickly: have not I the policy, think you, to seem extreme busy, and defer 'em till the morrow? against which time that pawn shall be secretly fetched home, and another carried out to supply the place.

PRI. I like thy craft well there.

FRI. A general course. O, frippery[v] is an unknown benefit, sir gallant!

PRI. And what must I give you for the hire now, i'faith?

[s] *trug*] i. e. trull. The word is not very common: "nor (shall I speake plainely) please the *Trugge* his mistresse, without he goe to the Apothecaries," &c. GREENE's *Quip for an Upstart Courtier*, sig D 3, ed. 1620.

[t] *gallant*] Old ed. "Gallants."

[u] *fall*] See note, p. 218.

[v] *frippery*] This word has been rightly explained by Gifford and others as—a place where old clothes are exposed for sale: but here the profession of frippery seems to be meant; compare Chapman;

"D'OL. Now your profession, I pray?

FRIP. *Fripperie*, my lord, or as some tearme it, *Petty Brokery*." *Monsieur D'Olive*, 1606, sig E 4.

FRI. Of the whole suit, for the month?

PRI. Ay, for the month.

FRI. Go to, you shall give me but twelvepence a-day; master Primero, you're a friend, and I'll use you so: 'tis got up at your house in an afternoon, i'faith, the hire of the whole month: ye must think I can distinguish spirits, and put a difference between you and others; you pay no more, i'faith.

PRI. I could have offered you no less myself.

FRI. Tut, a man must use a friend as a friend may use him: your house has been a sweet house to me, both for pleasure and profit; I'll give you your due: *omne tulit punctum*, you have always kept fine punks in your house, that's for pleasure, *qui miscuit utile dulci*, and I have had sweet pawns from 'em, that's for profit now.

PRI. You flatter, you flatter, sir gallant,—but whist! here she enters: I prithee, question her.

Enter Novice.

O, you're welcome!

FRI. Is this your new scholar, master Primero?

PRI. Marry is she, sir.

FRI. I'll commend your judgment in a wench while I live: that face will get money, i'faith; 'twill be a get-penny, I warrant you.—Go to, your fortune was choice, pretty bliss, to fall into the regard of so kind a gentleman.

NOV. I hope so, sir.

FRI. See what his care has provided already for you; you'll be simply set out to the world! If you'll have that care now to deserve his pains, O that will be acceptable! and these be the rudiments you must chiefly point at: to counterfeit cunningly, to wind in gentlemen with powerful attraction to

keep his house in name and custom, to dissemble with your own brother, never to betray your fellows' imperfections nor lay open the state of their bodies to strangers, to believe those that give you, to gull those that believe you, to laugh at all under taffeta; and these be your rudiments.

PRI. There's e'en all, i'faith; we'll trouble you with no more; nay, you shall live at ease enough: for nimming away jewels and favours from gentlemen, which are your chief vails, [I] hope that will come naturally enough to you, I need not instruct you; you'll have that wit, I trust, to make the most of your pleasure.

NOV. I hope one's mother-wit will serve for that, sir.

PRI. O, properest of all, wench! it must be a she-wit that does those things, and thy mother was quick enough at it in her days.

FRI. Give me leave, sister, to examine you upon two or three particulars: — and you make you ready,[w] be not ashamed; here's none but friends —are you a maid?

NOV. Yes, in the last quarter, sir.

FRI. Very proper, that's e'en going out: a maid in the last quarter, that's a whore in the first: let me see, new moon on Thursday; she'll be changed[x] by that time too. Are you willing to pleasure gentlemen?

NOV. We are all born to pleasure our country, forsooth.

FRI. Excellent! Can you carry yourself cunningly, and seem often holy?

NOV. O, fear not that, sir! my friends were all Puritans.

[w] *and you make you ready*] i. e. if you dress yourself: compare p. 57 and note. [x] *changed*] Old ed. "chande."

FRI. I'll ne'er try her further.

PRI. She's done well, i'faith: I fear not now to turn her loose to any gentleman in Europe.

FRI. You need not, sir: of her own accord, I think she'll be loose enough without turning.—Arthur.

Re-enter ARTHUR.

AR. Here, sir.

FRI. Go, make haste, shift her into that suit presently.

AR. It shall be done.

PRI. Arthur, do't neatly, Arthur.

AR. Fear't not, sir. [*Exit.*

PRI. Follow him, wench.

NOV. With all my heart, sir. [*Exit.*

PRI. But, mass, sir,[x]
In what are we forgetful all this while!

FRI. In what?

PRI. The wooing business, man.

FRI. Heart, that's true!

PRI. The gallants will prevent[y] us.

FRI. Are you certain?

PRI. I can avouch it: there's a general meeting
At the deceas'd knight's house this afternoon;
There's rivalship enough.

FRI. No doubt in that:
Would either thou or I might bear her from 'em!

PRI. My hopes are not yet faint.

FRI. Nor mine.

PRI. Tut, man,
Nothing in women's hearts sooner win[s] place
Than a brave outside and an impudent face.

FRI. And for both those we'll fit it.

[x] PRI. *But, mass, sir*] Old ed. "Ar. *But* maister."
[y] *prevent*] See note, p. 49.

PRI. Ay, if the devil be not in't: make haste.
FRI. I follow straight. [*Exit* PRIMERO.
Vanish, thou fog, and sink beneath our brightness,
Abashed at the splendour of such beams!
We scorn thee, base eclipser of our glories,
That wouldst have hid our shine from mortal's eyes.
Now, gallants, I'm[z] for you, ay, and perhaps before you:
You can appear but glorious from yourselves,
And have your beams but drawn from your own light,
But mine from many,—many make me bright.
Here's a diamond that sometimes graced the finger of a countess; here sits a ruby that ne'er lins[a] blushing for the party that pawned it; here a sapphire. O providence and fortune! my beginning was so poor, I would fain forget it; and I take the only course, for I scorn to think on't; slave to a trencher, observer of a salt-cellar, privy to nothing but a close-stool, or such unsavoury secret: but as I strive to forget the days of my serving, so I shall once remember the first step of my raising; for, having hardly raked five mark[s][b] together, I rejoiced so in that small stock, which most providently I ventured by water to Blackwall among fishwives; and in small time, what by weekly return and gainful restitution, it rize[c] to a great body, beside a dish of fish for a present, that stately preserved me a seven-night.
Nor[d] ceas'd it there, but drew on greater profit;
For I was held religious by those

[z] *I'm*] Old ed. "I am."
[a] *lins*] i. e. ceases.
[b] *mark[s]*] A mark was 13*s.* 4*d.*
[c] *rize*] i. e. rose.
[d] *Nor ceas'd*, &c.] All the latter part of this speech is prose in the old ed.: as to the arrangement of it, the reader must

That do profess like abstinence,
And was full often secretly supplied
By charitable Catholics,
Who censur'd[e] me sincerely abstinate,
When merely I for hunger, not[f] for zeal,
Eat up the fish, and put their alms to use!
Ha, ha, ha!
But those times are run out; and, for my sake,
Zealous dissemblance has since far'd the worse.
Let me see now, whose cloak shall I wear to-day
to continue change?—O—Arthur!

Re-enter ARTHUR.

AR. Here, sir.

FRI. Bring down Sir Oliver Needy's taffeta cloak and beaver hat—I am sure he is fast enough in the Knight's ward[g]—and Andrew Lucifer's rapier and dagger with the embossed girdle and hangers[h] [*exit* ARTHUR], for he's in his third sweat by this time, sipping of the doctor's bottle, or picking the ninth part of a rack of mutton dry-roasted, with a leash of nightcaps on his head like the pope's triple crown, and as many pillows crushed to his back, with O-the-needles! for he got the pox of a sempster, and it pricked so much more naturally. Quick, Arthur, quick.

be aware that imperfect lines frequently occur in the blank verse of our early dramatists: see, for instance, the speeches of Katherine to her suitors in next scene.

[e] *censur'd me*] i. e. held me in their opinion.

[f] *not*] Old ed. "nor."

[g] *in the Knight's ward*] See note, vol. i. p. 392.—The old ed. gives the passage thus: "*I am sure he is fast inough? and Andrew Lucifer's Rapier and dagger, in the knights ward, with the embost,*" &c.

[h] *hangers*] i. e. fringed and ornamented loops attached to the girdle, in which the weapons were suspended.

Re-enter ARTHUR, *with cloak, &c., which* FRIPPERY *puts on.*

Now to the deceas'd knight's daughter,
Whom many gallants sue to, I 'mongst many;
For
Since impudence gains more respect than virtue,
And coin than[h] blood, which few can now deny,
Who're your chief gallants then but such as I?
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

An Apartment in KATHERINE'S *House.*

Enter KATHERINE *and* FITSGRAVE.

FIT. You do your beauties injury, sweet virgin,
To lose the time they must rejoice in youth:
There's no perfection in a woman plac'd
But wastes itself though it be never wasted;
Then judge your wrongs[i] yourself.
KAT. Good master Fitsgrave,
Through sorrow for the knight my father's death,
(Whose being was the perfection[j] of my joy
And crown of my desires), I cannot yet
But forcedly on marriage fix my heart:
Yet heaven forbid I should deject your hopes!
Conceive not of me so uncharitably;
I should belie my soul if I should say
You are the man I never should affect.
I understand you thus far, you're a gentleman,
Whom your estate and virtues may commend[k]
To a far worthier breast than this of mine.

[h] *than*] Old ed. "them."
[i] *your wrongs*] May be right: but qy. "you wrong."
[j] *perfection*] Old ed. "perfections."
[k] *commend*] Old ed. "command."

FIT. O cease! I dare not hear such blasphemy.
What is without you worthy I neglect;
In you is plac'd the worth that I respect.
Vouchsafe,[1] unequall'd virgin, [to] accept
This worthless favour from your servant's arm,
The hallow'd beads, whereon I justly kept
The true and perfect number of my sighs.
[*Gives a chain of pearl.*

KAT. Mine cannot equal yours, yet in exchange
Accept and wear it for my sake. [*Gives a jewel.*

FIT. Even as my [life] I'll rate it.

Enter GOLDSTONE, PURSENET, TAILBY, FRIPPERY, PRIMERO, *and Boy, at the farther door.*

GOL. Heart! Fitsgrave in such bosom single-loves?

PUR. So close and private with her!

TAI. Observe 'em; he grows proud and bold.

FRI. Why, was not this a general meeting?

PRI. By her own consent. Death, how I could taste his blood!

KAT. See, the gentlemen,
At my request, do all present themselves.

GOL. Manifold blisses wait on her desire,
Whose beauty and whose mind so many honour!

KAT. I take your wishes thankfully, kind gentlemen,
All here assembled, over whose long suits
I ne'er insulted;
Nor, like that common sickness of our sex,
Grew proud in the abundance of my suitors,

[1] *Vouchsafe*, &c.] Old ed. thus:

"Vouchsafe vnequalld Virgin whereon I iustly kept,
Accept this worthlesse fauor from your seruants arme, the hallowed beades,
The true and perfect number of my sighs."

Or number of the days they sued unto me.
Dutiful sorrow for my father's death,
Not wilful coyness, hath my hours detain'd
So long in silence.
I'm left to mine own choice: so much the more
My care calls on me: if I err through love,
'Tis I must chide myself; I cannot shift
The fault unto my parents, they're at rest;
And I shall sooner err through love than wealth.

GOL. Good!

PUR. Excellent!

TAI. That likes[m] me well.

PRI. Hope still.

KAT. And my affections do pronounce you all
Worthy their pure and most entire deserts:
Yet they can choose but one;
Nor do I dissuade any of his hopes,
Because my heart is not yet throughly fix'd
On marriage or the man,
But crave the quiet respite of one month,
The month unto this night; against which time
I do invite you all to that election,
Which, on my unstain'd faith and virgin promise,
Shall light amongst no strangers, but yourselves.
May this content you?

[*While she is speaking, the Boy steals from her the chain of pearl.*

ALL. Glad and content!

KAT. 'Tis a good time to leave:
Till then commend us to your gentlest thoughts.

[*Exit.*

ALL. Enough.

FIT. Ough!

[*The gallants look scurvily upon* FITSGRAVE, *and*

[m] *likes*] See note, p. 47.

he upon them. Exeunt GOLDSTONE, TAILBY, FRIPPERY, *and* PRIMERO. *As* PURSENET *is going out, the Boy takes him into a corner.*

BOY. Hist, master, hist!
PUR. Boy, how now?
BOY. Look you, sir.
PUR. Her chain of pearl?
BOY. I sneckt it away finely.
PUR. Active boy,
Thy master's best revenue, his life and soul!
Thou keep'st 'em both together: whip, away.
[*Exit Boy.*
Fall back, fall belly, I must be maintain'd:
Hope is no purchase;[n]
Nor care I if I miss her. Why I rank
In this design with gallants, there's full cause;
Policy invites me to it:
'Tis not for love, or for her sake alone;
It keeps my state suspectless and unknown.
[*Aside, and exit.*

FIT. Their looks run through and through me, and the stings
Of their snake-hissing whispers pierc'd my hearing.
They're mad she grac'd me with one private minute
Above their fortunes: I've[o] observed 'em often
Most spitefully aspected toward my happiness,
Beyond all others; but the cause I know not.
A quiet month the virgin has enclos'd
Unto herself; suitors stand without till then:
In which space cunningly I'll wind myself
Into their bosoms. I've bethought the shape;
Some credulous scholar, easily infected
With fashion, time, and humour: unto such

[n] *purchase*] See note, vol. i. p. 319.
[o] *I've*] Old ed. here and in the next line but five, "I haue."

Their deepest thoughts will, like to wanton fishes,
Play above water, and be all parts seen:
For since at me their envy pines, I'll see
Whether their lives from touch of blame sit free.
[*Exit.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Room in PRIMERO's *House.*

Enter PRIMERO, *meeting* MISTRESS NEWCUT.

PRI. Mistress Newcut, welcome: here will be choice of gallants for you anon.

MIS. N. Is all clear? may I venture? am I not seen of the wicked?

PRI. Strange absurdity, that you should come into my house, and ask if you be not seen of the wicked! push![p] I take't unkindly, i'faith: what think you of my house? 'tis no such common receptacle.

MIS. N. Forgive me, sweet master Primero: I can be content to have my pleasure as much as another, but I must have a care of my credit; I would not be seen; any thing else. My husband's at sea, and a woman shall have an ill report in this world, let her carry herself never so secretly; you know't, master Primero. And what choice of gallants be they? will they be proper gentlemen, think you?

PRI. Nay, sure they are as proper as they will be already.

MIS. N. I must have choice, you know; I come for no gain, but for sheer pleasure and affection.

PRI. You see your old spy-hole yonder; take

[p] *push*] See note, vol. i. p. 29.

your stand, please your own eye. I'll work it so, the gallants shall present themselves before you, and in the most conspicuous fashion.

MIS. N. That's all I can desire—till better come. [*Aside.*]—Look you.

PRI. What mean you, lady?

MIS. N. A trifle, sir, to buy you silver spurs: Good sir, accept it. [*Gives money, and exit.*

PRI. Silver spurs? a pretty emblem! mark it; all her gifts are about riding still: the other day she sent me boot-hose wrought in silk and gold; now silver spurs. Well, go thy ways, thou'rt as profitable a spirit as e'er lighted into my house. Come, ladies, come, 'tis late; to music,—when?[q]

Enter Courtesans and Novice.

FIRST C. You're best command us, sir!—Our pimp's grown proud.

PRI. To fools and strangers these are gentlewomen
Of sort and worship, knights' heirs, great in portions,
Boarded here for their music;
And oftentimes 'tas been so cunningly carried,
That I have had two stolen away at once,
And married at Savoy,[r] and prov'd honest shopkeepers:
And I may safely swear they practis'd music;
They're natural at prick-song. A small mist
Will dazzle a fool's eye, and that's the world:
So I can thump my hand upon the table
With an austere grace, and cry one, two, and three,
Fret, stamp, and curse, foh, 'twill pass well for me!

[q] *when*] See note, vol. i. p. 362.

[r] *Savoy*] i. e. the Savoy: see Stowe's *Survey*, b. i. p. 210, and b. iv. p. 106, ed. 1720.

Enter Boy.

How now, sirrah?

BOY. They're coming in, sir, and strangers in their company.

PRI. Tune apace, ladies.—Be ready for the song, sirrah.

Enter GOLDSTONE, PURSENET, FRIPPERY, TAILBY, FITSGRAVE *disguised, and* BUNGLER.

GOL. Nay, I beseech you, gallants, be more inward[s] with this gentleman; his parts deserve it.

PUR. Whence comes he, sir?

GOL. Piping hot[t] from the university; he smells of buttered loaves yet; an excellent scholar, but the arrantest ass! For this our solicitor, he's a rare fellow five-and-forty mile hence, believe that: his friends are of the old fashion, all in their graves; and now has he the leisure to follow all new fashions, ply the brothels, practise salutes and cringes.

PUR. O!

GOL. Now, dear acquaintance,
I'll bring you to see fashions.

FIT. What house is this, sir?

GOL. O, of great name: here music is profess'd;
Here sometimes ladies practise, and the meanest,
Daughters to men of worship,
Whom gentlemen, such as ourselves, may visit,
Court, clip,[u] and exercise our wits upon;
It is a profess'd courtesy.

[s] *inward*] i. e. intimate.—The old ed. gives to Pursenet the words "gentleman; his parts deserve it."

[t] *Piping hot*, &c.] The first part of this speech relates to Fitsgrave, who has joined the "gallants" under the name of Bouser; the second part to Bungler.

[u] *clip*] i. e. embrace.

FIT. A pretty recreation, i'faith!

GOL. I seldom saw so few here: you shall have 'em sometimes in every corner of the house, with their viols[v] betwixt their legs, and play the sweetest strokes; 'twould e'en filch your soul almost out of your bosom.

FIT. Pax[w] on't, we spoil ourselves for want of these things at university.

GOL. You have no such natural happiness: let's draw near.

PRI. Gentlemen, you are all most respectively[x] welcome.

GOL. We are bold and insatiate suitors, sir, to the breath of your music, and the dear sight of those ladies.

PRI. And what our poor skill can invite you to,
You're[y] kindly welcome: you must pardon 'em, gentlemen,
Virgins and bashful, besides new beginners;
'Tis not a whole month since they were first enter'd.

GOL. Seven year in my knowledge. [*Aside.*

PRI. They blush at their very lessons; they'll[z] not endure
To hear of a stop, a prick, or a semiquaver.

FIRST C. O, out upon you!

PRI. La, I tell you;—you'll bear me witness, gentlemen,
If their complaints come to their parents' ears,
They're words of art I teach 'em, nought but art.

GOL. Why, 'tis most certain.

BUN. For all scholars know that *musica est ars.*

ALL THE C. O beastly word!

[v] *viols*] See note, p. 11.
[w] *Pax*] See note, p. 24.
[x] *respectively*] i. e. respectfully: compare vol. i. p. 425.
[y] *You're*] Old ed. "You are."
[z] *they'll*] Old ed. "they will."

PRI. Look to the ladies, gentlemen.

GOL. Kiss again.

PUR. Come, another.

TAI. This [is] a good interim. [*Exit.*[z]

PRI. What have you done, sir?

BUN. Why, what have I done?

PRI. Saw you their stomachs queasy,[a] and come with such gross meat?

BUN. Why, is't not Latin, sir?

PRI. Latin? why, then, let the next to't be Latin too.

PUR. So, enough.

GOL. Nay, I can assure you thus far, I that never knew the language have heard so much that *ars* is Latin for art; and it may well be too, for there's more art in't now a-days than ever was.

PRI. Is't possible?
I'm sorry then I've[b] followed it so far.

FIRST. C. A scholar call you him?

PRI. Music must not jar:
The offence is satisfied. Come, to the song;
Begin, sir.

[*The song: and he*[c] *keeps time, shews several humours and moods: the Boy in his pocket nims away Fitsgrave's jewel here, and exit.*

BUN. Not a whole month since you were entered, ladies?

FIT. None that shall see their cunning will believe it. [*Aside.*

PRI. It is no affliction,[d] gentlemen.

[z] *Exit*] Is not marked in old ed.: but, as far as I understand the scene, it seems necessary.

[a] *queasy*] i. e. squeamish.

[b] *I'm . . . I've*] Old ed. "I am . . . I have."

[c] *he*] I have not altered this stage-direction, as I am not sure who is meant by the word *he*. Primero (see p. 234) had desired the Boy to "be ready for the song."

[d] *no affliction*] Qy. "not a fiction."

BUN. I care not much, i'faith, if I write down to my father presently to send up my sister in all haste, that I may place her here at this music-school.

MIS. N. [*peeping in*] 'Slid, 'tis the fool my cousin! I would not for the value of three recreations he had seen me here.

PRI. How like you your new prize?

FRI. Pray, give me leave;
I have not yet sufficiently admir'd her.

PRI. My wits[d] must not stand idle. 'Slife, he's in a sick trance!

GOL. A cheat or two among these mistresses
Would not be ill bestow'd; I affect none,
But for my prey: such are their affections,
I know it; how could drabs and cheaters live else?
Then since the world rolls on dissimulation,
I'll be the first dissembler. [*Aside.*

FIRST C. Prithee, love, comfort, choice,
My only wish, in thee I am confin'd!
Deny me any thing, a slight chain of pearl?

PUR. Nay, and it[e] be but slight ——

FIRST C. Being denied,
I prize it slight; but given me by my love,
Light shall not be so dear unto my eye,
Mine eye unto the body, as the gift.

PUR. How have I power to deny this to you,
That command all? my fortunes are thy servants,
And thou the mistress both of them and me.
[*Gives her the chain.*

[d] PRI. *My wits*, &c.] I suspect that this speech ought to be divided thus:

"PRI. 'Slife, he's in a sick trance!
GOL. My wits must not stand idle:
A cheat or two," &c.

[e] *and it*] i. e. if it. Old ed. "an't."

First C. The truest that e'er breath'd!
Gol. To a gentleman
That thus so long and so[f] sincerely lov'd you
As I myself, ne'er was less pity shewn.
Sec. C. Why, I never was held cruel.
Gol. But to me.
Sec. C. Nor to you.
Gol. Go to, 't'as scar'd you much.
Sec. C. I'm sorry your conceit is so unkind
To think me so.
Gol. When had I other argument?
I've often tender'd you my love and service,
And that in no mean fashion;
Yet were you never[g] that requiteful mistress
That grac'd me with one favour;
'Slight, not so much as such a pretty ring;
Pax[h] on't, 't'as almost broke my heart.
[*Takes off her ring.*
Sec. C. Has took it off:—'Sfoot, master Goldstone![i]
Gol. Nay, where a man loves most, there to be scanted!
Sec. C. My ring, come, come ——
Gol. What reckon I a satin gown or two,
If she were wise?
Sec. C. Life! my ring, sir, come ——
Gol. Have you the face, i'faith?
Sec. C. Give me my ring.
Gol. Prithee, hence; by this light you get none on't.
Sec. C. How?

[f] *and so*] Old ed. "*and* has *so*."
[g] *never*] Old ed. "nere."
[h] *Pax*] See note, p. 24.
[i] *Goldstone*] Old ed. "Bouser," which is Fitsgrave's assumed name,—the author, I suppose, having merely written G., which the printer took for B.

GOL. I hold your favours of more pure esteem
Than to part from 'em; faith, I do, howe'er
You think of me.

SEC. C. Push,[j] pray, sir ——

GOL. Hark you, go to;
You've[k] lost much by unkindness; go your ways.

SEC. C. 'Sfoot!

GOL. But yet there's no time past; you may redeem it.

SEC. C. Come, I cannot miss[l] it, i'faith; beside, the gentleman that bestowed it on me swore to me it cost him twenty nobles.[m]

GOL. Twenty nobles? pox of twenty nobles!
But you must cost me more, you pretty villain:
Ah, you little rogue!

SEC. C. Come, come, I know you're but in jest.

GOL. In jest? no, you shall see.

SEC. C. No way will get it:
As good give it him now, and hope for somewhat.
[*Aside.*

GOL. True love made jest!

SEC. C. I did but try thy faith,
How fast thou'dst hold it. Now I see a woman
May venture worthy favours to thy trust,
And have 'em truly kept; and I protest,
Had I drawn't from thee, I should ne'er ha' lov'd thee;
I know that.

GOL. 'Sfoot, I was ne'er so wrongèd in my life!
Think you I'm[n] in jest with you? what, with my love?

[j] *Push*] See note, vol. i. p. 29.
[k] *You've*] Old ed. "You have."
[l] *miss it*] i. e. let it go.
[m] *nobles*] See note, p. 17.
[n] *I'm*] Old ed. "I am."

I could find lighter subjects you shall see;
And time will shew how much you injure me.

SEC. C. The ring, were it[o] thrice worth, I freely give,
For I know you'll[p] requite it.

GOL. Will I live?

SEC. C. Enough.

GOL. Why, this was well come off now:
Where's my old serving-man? not yet return'd?
O, here he peeps. [*Aside.*

Enter FULK.

Now, sirrah?

FULK. May it please your worship—they're done artificially, i'faith, boy.

GOL. Both the great beakers?

FULK. Both, lad.

GOL. Just the same size?

FULK. Ay, and the marks as just.

GOL. So, fall off respectively[q] now.

FULK. My lord desires your worship of all love ——

GOL. His lordship must hold me excused till morning; I'll not break company to-night. Where sup we, gallants?

PUB. At Mermaid.[r]

GOL. Sup there who list, I have forsworn the house.

FULK. For the truth is, this plot must take effect at Mitre.[s] [*Aside, and exit.*

[o] *were it*] Old ed. "wer't."
[p] *you'll*] Old ed. "you will."
[q] *respectively*] See note, p. 235.
[r] *Mermaid*] A famous tavern in Cornhill, frequented by Shakespeare, Jonson, Beaumont, Fletcher, &c.
[s] *Mitre*] Another celebrated tavern, in Bread Street, Cheapside: it was afterwards removed to Fleet Street.

PUR. Faith,[s] I'm indifferent.
BUN. So are we, gentlemen.
PUR. Name the place, master Goldstone.
GOL. Why, the Mitre, in my mind, for neat attendance, diligent boys, and—push![t] excels it far.
ALL. Agreed, the Mitre then.
PUR. Boy[u]—some goodness toward:[v] the boy's whipt away. [*Aside.*
FIT. The jewel, heart, the jewel! –
GOL. How now, sir? what mov'd you?
FIT. Nothing, sir;
A spice of poetry, a kind a' fury,
A disease runs among scholars.
GOL. Mass, it made you stamp.
FIT. Whew,
'T'ill make some stamp and stare, make a strange noise,
Curse, swear, beat tire-men,[w] and kick players' boys;
The effects are very fearful.
PUR. Bless me from't!
FIT. O, you need not fear it, sir.—Hell of this luck!
GOL. Hark, he's at it again!
PUR. Some pageant-plot, or some device for the tilt-yard:
Disturb him not.
FIT. How can I gain her love,
When I have lost her favour? [*Aside.*

[s] *Faith*, &c.] This speech is given in old ed. to Goldstone; but it disagrees with what he has just said.
[t] *push*] See note, vol. i. p. 29.
[u] *Boy*, &c.] What I have here given to Pursenet is in the old ed. part of the speech of *All.*
[v] *toward*] See note, p. 177.
[w] *tire-men*] i. e. dressers belonging to the theatre,—as it seems from what follows.

GOL. What money hast about thee? Look you,[w] sir, I must be fain to pawn a fair stone here for ordinary expenses: a pox of my tenants! I give 'em twenty days after the quarter, and they cut out forty.

FRI. Why, you might take the forfeiture of their leases then.

GOL. I know I might; but what's their course? The rogues come[x] me up all together, with geese and capons, and petitions in pigs' snouts, which would move any man, i'faith, were his stomach ne'er so great; and to see how pitifully the pullen[y] will look, it makes me after relent, and turn my anger into a quick fire to roast 'em—nay, touch't and spare it not.

FRI. 'Tis right: well, what does your worship borrow of this, sir?

GOL. The stone's twenty nobles.[z]

FRI. Nay, hardly.

GOL. As I am a right gentleman.

FRI. It comes near it indeed: well, here's five pound in gold upon't.

GOL. 'Twill serve; and the ring safe and secret?

FRI. As a virgin's.

GOL. I wish no higher.—What, gallants, are you constant?
Does the place hold?

ALL. The Mitre.

GOL. Sir, in regard of our continued boldness and trouble, which love to your music hath made us guilty of, shall we entreat your worship's company, with these sweet ladies, your professed

[w] *Look you . . . out forty*] Given to Pursenet in old ed.
[x] *come*] Old ed. "comes."
[y] *pullen*] i. e. poultry.
[z] *nobles*] See note, p. 17.

scholars, to take part of a poor supper with myself and these gentlemen at the Mitre?

FRI. Pray, master Primero ——

PUR. I beseech you, sir, let it be so.

PRI. O, pardon me, sweet gentlemen; the world's apt to censure. I have the charge of them, they're left in trust, they're virgins: and I dare not hazard their fames; the least touch mars 'em: and what would their right worshipful parents think, if the report should fly to them, that they were seen with gentlemen in a tavern?

GOL. All this may be prevented: what serves your coach for?
They may come coach'd and mask'd.

PRI. You put me to't, sir;
Yet I must say again, I fear the drawers
And vintner's boys will be familiar with them,
And think 'em mistresses.

PUR. There are those places where respect seems slighter;
More censure[a] is belonging to the Mitre;
You know that, sir.

PRI. Gentlemen, you prevail.

GOL. We'll all expect you there.

PRI. And we'll not fail.

FRI. The devil will ne'er dissemble with them so,
As you for them.

GOL. Come, sir.

FRI. What else? let's go.

[*Exeunt all except* PRIMERO, *Courtesans, and Novice.*

Re-enter TAILBY.

PRI. How cheer you, sir?

[a] *More censure*] i. e. a higher opinion.

TAI. Faith, like the moon, more bright,
Decreas'd in body, but re-made in light:
Here thou shalt share some of my brightness with me.
PRI. By my faith, they're[b] comfortable beams, sir.
FIRST C. Come,
Where have you spent the time now from my sight?
I'm jealous of thy action.
TAI. Push![c] I did but walk
A turn or two in the garden.
FIRST C. What made you[d] there?
TAI. Nothing but cropt a flower.
FIRST C. Some woman's honour, I believe.
TAI. Foh! is this a woman's honour?
FIRST C. Much about one,
When both are pluck'd, their sweetness is soon gone.
TAI. Prithee, be true to me.
FIRST C. When did I fail?
TAI. Yet I am ever doubtful that you[e] sin.
FIRST C. I do account the world but as my spoil,
To adorn thee:
My love is artificial to all others,
But purity to thee. Dost thou want gold?
Here, take this chain of pearl, supply thyself:
Be thou but constant, firm, and just to me,
Rich heirs shall want ere want come near to thee.
TAI. Upon thy lip I seal sincerity.
[*Exit First Courtesan.*
SEC. C. Was this your vow to me?
TAI. Pox, what's a kiss to be quite rid of her?

[b] *they're*] Old ed. "they are."
[c] *Push*] See note, vol. i. p. 29.
[d] *What made you*] i. e. what business had you?
[e] *you*] Old ed. "your."

She's su'd so long, I was asham'd of her:
'Twas but her cheek I kiss'd neither, to save her longing.
SEC. C. 'Tis not a kiss I weigh.
TAI. Had you weigh'd this,
'T'ad lack'd above five ounces of a true one;
No kiss that e'er weigh'd lighter.
SEC. C. 'Tis thy love that I suspect.
TAI. My love? why, by this—what shall I swear by?
SEC. C. Swear by this jewel; keep thy oath, keep that.
TAI. By this jewel, then, no creature can be perfect
In my love but thy dear self.
SEC. C. I rest [content]. [*Exit.*
TAI. Ha, ha, ha! let's laugh at 'em, sweet soul.
NOV. Ay, they may laugh at me;
I was a novice, and believ'd your oaths.
TAI. Why, what do you think of me? make I no difference
'Tween[f] seven years' prostitution and seven days?
Why, you're but in the wane of a maid yet.
You wrong my health in thinking I love them:
Do not I know their populous[g] imperfections?
Why, they cannot live till Easter, let 'em shew
The fairest side to th' world, like hundreds more,
Whose clothes
E'en stand upright in silver, when their bodie[s]
Are ready to drop through 'em: such there be;
They may deceive the world, they ne'er shall me.
NOV. Forgive my doubts;
And for some satisfaction wear this ring,
From which I vow'd ne'er but to thee to part.

[f] *'Tween*] Old ed. "Turne."
[g] *populous*] i. e. prevalent, common,—or, perhaps, abundant.

TAI. With which thou ever[h] bind'st me to thy heart. [*Exit Novice.*

[*singing*] *O, the parting of us twain*
Hath caus'd me mickle[i] *pain!*
And I shall ne'er be married
Until I see my muggle again.

MIS. N. [*peeping in*] Hist!

PRI. Ha?

MIS. N. The nimble gentleman, in the celestial stockings ——

PRI. Has the best smock-fortune to be beloved of women.—Valle loo lo, lille lo lillo, valle loo lee lo lillo!

TAI. Valle loo lo, lille [lo] lillo, valle loo lee lo lillo!

MIS. N. Ah, sweet gentleman, he keeps it up stately! [*Aside.*

PRI. Well held, i'faith, sir: mass, and now I remember too, I think you ne'er saw my little banqueting box above since I altered it.

TAI. Why, have you altered that?

PRI. O, divinely, sir! the pictures are all new run over again.

TAI. Fie!

[h] *With which thou ever,* &c.] After this line the old ed. has "*Exeunt.*

Enter Fitsgraue.

Fitsg. My pocket pickt," &c.;

and after his conversation with the servant and *exit* (no new scene being marked),

"*Taylb.* Oh the parting of vs twaine, *Enter Whore Gal.*
Hath causde me mickle paine," &c.

But the scene between Fitsgrave and the servant intervenes here so awkwardly, that I have ventured to make a transposition.

[i] *mickle*] i. e. great.

PRI. For what had the painter done, think you? drew me Venus naked, which is the grace of a man's room, you know; and, when he had done, drew a number of oaken leaves before her: had not lawn been a hundred times softer, made a better shew, and been more gentlewoman-like?

TAI. More lady-like a great deal.

PRI. Come, you shall see how 'tis altered now; I do not think but you'll like her. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Street.

Enter FITSGRAVE.[k]

FIT. My pocket pick'd? this was no brothel-house!
A music-school? damnation has fine shapes:
I paid enough for the song, I've[l] lost a jewel
To me more precious than their souls to them
That gave consent to filch it. I'll hunt hard,
Waste time and money, trace and wheel about,
But I will find these secret mischiefs out.

Enter Servant.

How now? what's he?
O, a servant to my love: being thus disguis'd,
I'll learn some news. [*Aside.*]—Now, sir? you belong to me.[m]

SER. I do, sir; but I cannot stay to say so: nay, good sir, detain me not; I am going in all haste to

[k] *Enter Fitsgrave*, &c.] See note in preceding page.

[l] *I've*] Old ed. "I have."

[m] *you belong to me*, &c.] Is the text corrupted here, or is something wanting?

inquire or lay wait for a chain of pearl, nimmed out of her pocket the fifth of November, a dismal day.

FIT. Ha! a chain of pearl, sayst thou?

SER. A chain of pearl, sir, which one master Fitsgrave, a gentleman and a suitor, fastened upon her as a pledge of his love.

FIT. Ha!

SER. Urge me no more, I have no more to say; Your friend, Jeronimo Bedlam. [*Exit.*

FIT. Thou'rt a mad fellow indeed.
Some comfort yet, that hers is missing too;
I feel my soul at much more ease: both stoln![n]
When griefs have partners they are better borne.
[*Exit.*

SCENE III.[o]

A Room in the Mitre.[p]

Where are discovered PRIMERO, *Courtesans, Novice,* GOLDSTONE, PURSENET, FRIPPERY, TAILBY, BUNGLER, FULK, ARTHUR, *Boy, and Servant.*

PRI. Where be your liveries?

[n] *stoln*] Qy., for the sake of the rhyme, "lorn,"—i. e. lost.

[o] *Scene III.*, &c.] Concerning the transposition of the preceding scene, see note, p. 246.—In the old ed. the present scene follows the exit of Primero with Tailby (see p. 247) thus:

"*Pri.* Come, you shall see how tis alterd now? I do not thinke but you'le like her. *Exit.*

Pri. Where be your liueries? *Enter all at once.*

1. They attend without." &c.

The commencement of act iii., which the old ed. does not mark, might have taken place here, had not the preposterous length of act iv. in that ed. obliged me to divide it into the iii. and iv. acts.

[p] *the Mitre*] See note, p. 240.—The entertainment given by "the gallants" to Primero and his ladies is supposed to be just over.

FIRST C. They attend without.

PRI. Go, call the coach. [*Exit Servant.*]—Gentlemen, you have excelled in kindness as we in boldness.

TAI. So you think amiss, sir.

GOL. Kind ladies, we commit you to sweet dreams,
Ourselves unto the fortune of the dice.—
Dice, ho! [*Exit* PRIMERO.

FIRST C. You rest firm mine?

TAI. E'en all my soul to thee.
[*Exit First Courtesan.*

SEC. C. You keep your vows?

TAI. Why, do I breathe or see?
[*Exit Sec. Courtesan.*

NOV. Is your love constant?

TAI. Ay, to none but thee. [*Exit Novice.*
Now gone, ay, now I love nor them nor thee;
'Slife, I should be cloy'd, should I love one in three.

Enter FITSGRAVE.

PUR. O, here's master Bouser now.

FIT. Save you, sweet gentlemen.

TAI. Sweet master Bouser, welcome.

PUR. When come these dice?

[*Within.*] Anon, anon, sir.

PUR. Yet anon, anon, sir!

GOL. Hast thou shewn art in 'em?

FULK. You shall be judge, sir; here be the tavern-beakers, and here peep out the fine alchemy[q] knaves, looking like well, sir, most of our gallants, that seem what they are not.

GOL. Peace, villain, am not I in presence?

FULK. Why, that puts me in mind of the jest, sir.

[q] *alchemy*] See note, vol. iv. p. 122.

GOL. Again, you chatterer?[p]

FULK. Nay, compare 'em, and spare 'em not.

GOL. The bigness of the bore, just the same size; the marks, no difference. Away, put money in thy pocket, and offer to draw in upon the least occasion.

FULK. I am no babe, sir.

GOL. Hist!

FULK. What's the matter now?

GOL. Give me a pair of false dice ere you go.

FULK. Pax[q] on't, you're so troublesome too, you cannot remember a thing before! If I stay a little longer, I shall be staid anon.

Enter Vintner.

VIN. Here be dice for your worships.

PUR. O, come, come!

GOL. The vintner himself?
I'll shift away these beakers by a slight.[r] [*Aside.*

VIN. Master Goldstone ——

GOL. How now, you conjuring rascal?

VIN. Bless your good worship; you're in humours, methinks.

GOL. Humours? say that again.

VIN. I said no such word, sir.—Would I had my beakers out on's fingers! [*Aside.*

GOL. What's thy name, vintner?

VIN. Jack, and[s] please your worship.

GOL. Turn knight, like thy companions, scoundrel, live upon usury, wear thy gilt spurs at thy girdle for fear of slubbering.

VIN. O no, I hope I shall have more grace than so, sir! Pray, let me help your worship.

[p] *chatterer*] Old ed. "quarter her."
[q] *Pax*] See note, p. 24.
[r] *slight*] i. e. contrivance, artifice.
[s] *and*] i. e. if.

GOL. Cannot I push 'em together without your help?

VIN. O, I beseech your worship! they're the two standards of my house.

GOL. Standards? there lie your standards.

VIN. Good your worship.—I am glad they are out of his fingers: my wife shall lock 'em up presently; they shall see no sun this twelvemonth's day for this trick. [*Aside.*

GOL. Let me come to the sight of your standards again.

VIN. Your worship shall pardon me.—Now you shall not see 'em in haste, I warrant ye. [*Aside.*

GOL. I do not desire't. Ha, ha!

[*Exit Vintner*[t] *with beakers.*

FIT. Why, master Goldstone!

GOL. I am for you, gallants.—Master Bouser, cry you mercy, sir: why supped you from us?

FIT. Faith, sir, I met with a couple of my fellow-pupils at university, and so we renewed our acquaintance and supped together.

GOL. Fie, that's none of the newest fashion, I must tell you that, master Bouser: you must never take acquaintance of any a' th' university when you are at London; nor any of London when you're at university: you must be more forgetful, i'faith; every place ministers his acquaintance abundantly.

BUN. He tells you true, sir.

GOL. I warrant you here's a gentleman will ne'er commit such an absurdity.

BUN. Who, I? no: 'tis well known, if I be dis-

[t] *Exit Vintner*, &c.] We are of course to suppose that Goldstone, while talking with the vintner, contrives to "shift away the beakers by a slight," and leave in their places the "alchemy knaves" which Fulk had brought to him: but as I do not understand how the trick was executed, I have not ventured to add any stage-directions.

posed, I'll forget any man in a seven-night, and yet look him in the face: nay, let him ride but ten mile from me, and come home again, it shall be at my choice whether I'll remember him or no: I have tried that.

GOL. This is strange, sir.

BUN. 'Tis as a man gives his mind to't, sir: and now you bring me in, I remember 'twas once my fortune to be cozened of all my clothes, and with my clothes my money; a poor shepherd, pitying me, took me in and relieved me.

GOL. 'Twas kindly done of him, i'faith.

BUN. Nay, you shall see now: 'twas his fortune likewise, not long after, to come to me in much distress, i'faith, and with weeping eyes; and do you think I remembered him?

GOL. You could not choose.

BUN. By my troth, not I; I forgot him quite, and never remembered him to this hour.

GOL. And yet knew who he was?

BUN. As well as I know you, i'faith: 'tis a gift given to some above others.

FIT.[t] To fools and knaves; they never miss on't. [*Aside.*

BUN. Does any make such a wonder at this? why, alas, 'tis nothing to forget others! what say you to those that forget themselves?

GOL. Nay, then, to dice:—come, set me, gallants, set.

FRI. Ay, fall to't, gentlemen,
I shall hear some news from some of you anon:
I've[u] th' art to know which lose, and ne'er look on.
I'll be ready with all the worst money I can find about me. [*Aside.*]—Arthur!

[t] *Fit.*] Old ed. "*Gold.*"
[u] *I've*] Old ed. "I have."

AR. Here, sir.
FRI. Stand ready.
AR. Fear not me, sir.
GOL. These are mine, sir.
FRI. Here's a washed angel ;[v]
It shall away : here's mistress rose-noble[w]
Has lost her maidenhead, crack'd in the ring ;[x]
She's good enough for gamesters, and to pass
From man to man : for gold presents at dice
Your harlot, in one hour won and lost thrice ;
Every man has a fling at her.
TAI. Again ? pax[y] of these dice !
BUN. 'Tis ill to curse the dead, sir.
TAI.[z] Mew, where should I wish the pox but among bones ?
FIT. He tells you right, sir.
TAI. I ne'er have any luck at these odd hands :
None here to make us six ? why, master Frip !
FRI. I am very well here, I thank you, sir : I had rather be telling my money myself than have others count it for me ; 'tis the scurviest music in the world, methinks, to hear my money gingle in other men's pockets ; I never had any mind to't, i'faith.
TAI. 'Slud, play six or play four, I'll play no more.
GOL. 'Sfoot, you see there's none here to draw in.

[v] *angel*] See note, vol. i. p. 250.
[w] *rose-noble*] i. e. a gold coin (stamped with a rose) worth sixteen shillings.
[x] *cracked in the ring*] "The gold coin of our ancestors was very thin, and therefore liable to crack. It still, however, continued passable until the crack extended beyond the *ring*, *i. e.* beyond the inmost round which circumscribed the inscription ; when it became *uncurrent*, and might be legally refused." GIFFORD—note on B. Jonson's *Works*, vol. vi. p. 76.
[y] *pax*] See note, p. 24.
[z] *Tai.*] Old ed. "*Purs.*"

FULK. Rather than you should be destitute, gentlemen, I'll play my ten pound, if my master's worship will give me leave.

PUR. Come.

TAI. He shall, he shall.

GOL. Pray, excuse me, gentlemen.—'Sfoot, how now, goodman rascal? what! because you served my grandfather when he went ambassador, and got some ten pound by th' hand, has that put such spirit in you to offer to draw in among gentlemen of worship, knave?

TAI. Pray, sir, let's entreat so much for once.

PUR. 'Tis a usual grace, i'faith, sir;
You've many gentlemen will play with their men.

BUN. Ay, and with their maids too, i'faith.

PUR. Good sir, give him leave.

GOL. Yes, come, and[z] you be weary on't; I pray draw near, sir.

FULK. Not so, sir.

TAI. Come, fool, fear nothing; I warrant 't ye has given thee leave: stand here by me.—Come now, set round, gentlemen, set.

PUR. How the poor fellow shakes! — Throw lustily, man.

FULK. At all, gentlemen!

TAI. Well said, i'faith.

PUR. They're all thine.[a]

TAI. By my troth, I am glad the fellow has such luck, 'twill encourage him well.

FULK. At my master's worship alone!

GOL. Now, sir slave?

FULK. At my master's worship alone!

GOL. So, saucy rascal!

FULK. At my master's worship alone!

[z] *and*] i. e. if.

[a] *thine*] Old ed. "mine."

GOL. You're a rogue, and will be ever one![b]

FULK. By my troth, gentlemen, at all again for once!

TAI. Take 'em to thee, boy, take 'em to thee; thou'rt worthy of 'em, i'faith.

GOL. Gentlemen, faith I am angry with you: go and suborn my knave again[c] me here, to make him proud and peremptory!

TAI. Troth, that's but your conceit, sir; the fellow's an honest fellow, and knows his duty, I dare swear for him.

PUR. Heart, I am sick already!

GOL. Whither goes master [Pursenet]?

PUR. Play on; I'll take my turn, sir.—Boy.

BOY. Master?

PUR. Hist![d] a supply;—carry't closely, my little fooker,—how much?

BOY. Three pound, sir.

PUR. Good boy! take out another lesson.—How now, gentlemen?

TAI. Devil's in't, did you e'er see such a hand?

PUR. I set you these three angels.[e]

BOY. My master may set high, for all his stakes are drawn out of other men's pockets. [*Aside.*

FULK. As I said, gentlemen.

PUR. Deuce, ace!

FULK. At all your right worshipful worships!

PUR. &c.[f] Death and vengeance!

GOL. Hell, darkness!

TAI. Hold, sir.

PUR. Master Goldstone ——

GOL. Hinder me not, sweet gentlemen.—You rascal, I banish thee the board.

[b] *will be ever one*] Old ed. "*will be ever* be *one.*"
[c] *again*] i. e. against. [d] *Hist*] Old ed. "Pist."
[e] *angels*] See note, vol. i. p. 250.
[f] *Pur.* &c.] Old ed. "All."

TAI. I'faith, but you shall not, sir.

GOL. Touch a die, and[f] thou darest! come you in with your lousy ten pound, you slave, among gentlemen of worship, and win thirty at a hand?

TAI. Why, will you kick again[g] luck, sir?

BUN. As long as the poor fellow ventures the loss of his own money, who can be offended at his fortunes?

FULK. I have a master here! many a gentleman would be glad to see his man come forward, aha.

PUR. Pray, be persuaded, sir.

GOL. 'Slife, here's none cuts my throat in play but he;
I have observ'd it, an unlucky slave 'tis.

BUN. Methinks his luck's good enough, sir.

GOL. Upon condition, gentlemen, that I may ever bar him from the board hereafter, I am content to wink at him.

PUR. Faith, use your own pleasure hereafter; has won our money now.—Come to th' table, sir; your master's friends with you.

FULK. Pray, gentlemen ——

TAI. The fiend's in't, I think: I left a fair chain of pearl at my lodging too, like an ass, and ne'er remembered it; that would ha' been a good pawn now.—Speak, what do you lend upon these, master Frip? [*Offering his weapons, with girdle and hangers*] I care not much if you take my beaver hat too, for I perceive 'tis dark enough already, and it does but trouble me here.

FRI. Very well, sir; why, now I can lend you three pound, sir.

TAI. Prithee, do't quickly then.

FRI. There 'tis, in six angels.[h]

[f] *and*] i. e. if.

[g] *again*] See note, p. 255.

[h] *angels*] See note, vol. i. p. 250.

TAI. Very compendiously.

FRI. Here, Arthur, run away with these presently; I'll enter 'em into th' shop-book to-morrow. [*Exit* ARTHUR *with weapons, &c.*] [*Writing*] *Item, one gilt hatcht*[h] *rapier and dagger, with a fair embroidered girdle and hangers,*[i] *with which came also a beaver hat with a correspondent band.*

TAI. Push![j] i'faith, sir, you're to blame; you have snibbed[k] the poor fellow too much; he can scarce speak, he cleaves his words with sobbing.

FULK. Haff,[l] haff, haff, haff at all, gentlemen.

GOL. Ah, rogue, I'll make you know yourself!

FULK. At the fairest!

PUR. Out, i'faith! two aces.

GOL. I am glad of that; come, pay me all these, goodman cloak-bag.

PUR. Why, are you the fairest, sir?

GOL. You need not doubt of that, sir.—Five angels, you scoundrel!

TAI. Fie[m] a' these dice! not one hand to-night!—There they go, gentlemen, at all, i'faith!

PUR. Pay all with two treys and a quater.

TAI. All curses follow 'em! pay yourselves withal.—I'll pawn myself to't, but I'll see a hand to-night: not once hold in!—Here, master Frip, lend me your hand, quick, quick; so.

[*Taking off his doublet.*

FRI. What do you borrow of this doublet now?

TAI. Ne'er saw the world three days.

FRI. Go to; in regard you're a continual cus-

[h] *hatcht*] i. e. engraved. [i] *hangers*] See note, p. 227.

[j] *Push*] See note, vol. i. p. 29.

[k] *snibbed*] i. e. snubbed—a form of the word which sometimes occurs.

[l] *Haff*, &c.] So old ed.—the spelling being intended to express the broken utterance of the speaker.

[m] *Fie*, &c.] The old ed. gives this speech, "*Fie* ath *these*," &c., without any prefix.

tomer I'll use you well, and pleasure you with five angels[n] upon't.

TAI. Let me not stand too long i' th' cold for them.

BUN. Had ever country gentleman such fortune? All swoopt away! I'd need repair to th' broker's.

TAI. If you be in that mind, sir, there sits a gentleman will furnish you upon any pawn as well as the publickst broker of 'em all.

BUN. Say you so, sir? there's comfort in that, i'faith.

FRI. [*Writing*] *Item, upon his orange-tawny satin doublet five angels.*

BUN. But, by your leave, sir, next come[o] the breeches.

FRI. O, I have tongue fit for any thing.

BUN. Saving your tale, sir; 'tis given me to understand that you are a gentleman i' th' hundred, and deal in the premises aforesaid.

FRI. Master Bungler, master Bungler, you're mightily mistook: I am content to do a gentleman a pleasure for once, so his pawn be neat and sufficient.

BUN. Why, what say you to my grandfather's seal-ring here?

FRI. Ay, marry, sir, this is somewhat like.

BUN. Nay, view it well; an ancient arms, I can tell you.

FRI. What's this, sir?

BUN. The great cod-piece, with nothing in't.

FRI. How!

BUN. The word[p] about it, *Parturiunt montes.*

FRI. What's that, I pray, sir?

BUN. *You promise to mount us.*

[n] *angels*] See note, vol. i. p. 250.
[o] *come*] Old ed. "comes."
[p] *word*] i. e. motto.

FRI. And belike he was not so good as his word?

BUN. So it should seem by the story, for so our names came to be Bunglers.

FRI. A lamentable hearing, that so great a house should shrink and fall to ruin!

PUR. Two quaters, and yet lose it? heart!—Boy!—i'faith, what is't?

BOY. Five pound, sir.

PUR. By my troth, this boy goes forward well; ye shall see him come to his preferment i' th' end!

GOL. Why, how now? who's that, gentlemen? a bargeman?

TAI. I never have any luck, gallants, till my doublet's off; I'm not half nimble enough. At this old cinque-quater drivel-beard!

GOL.[p] Your worship must pay me all these, sir.

TAI. There, and feast the devil with 'em!

PUR. Hell gnaw these dice!

GOL. What, do you give over, gallants?

FIT.[q] Is't not time?

TAI. I protest I have but one angel left to guide me home to my lodging.

GOL. How much, thinkest?

FULK. Some fourscore angels, sir.

GOL. Peace, we'll join powers anon, and see how strong we are in the whole number. Mass, yon gilt goblet stands so full in mine eye, the whorson tempts me; it comes like cheese after a great feast, to disgest[r] the rest: he will hardly 'scape me, i'faith, I see that by him already: back for a parting blow now.—Boy!

[p] *Gol.*] Old ed. "*Purs.*," which the next speech of Pursenet shews to be wrong: but, perhaps, the prefix should be "Fulk."

[q] *Fit.*] Old ed. "*Fulk.*"

[r] *disgest*] Frequently found in our old writers for *digest*.

Re-enter Vintner.

VIN. Anon, anon, sir.

GOL. Fetch a pennyworth of soft wax to seal letters.

VIN. I will, sir. [*Exit.*

TAI. Nay, had not I strange casting? thrice together two quaters and a deuce!

PUR. Why, was not I as often haunted with two treys and a quater?

Re-enter Vintner.

VIN. There's wax for your worship.—Anon, anon, sir. [*Exit.*

GOL. Screen me a little, you whorson old cross-biter.[r]

FULK. Why, what's the business? filch it on hob goblet!

PUR. And what has master Bouser lost?

FIT. Faith, not very deeply, sir; enough for a scholar, some half a score royals.

PUR. 'Sfoot, I have lost as many with spurs[s] at their heels.

Re-enter Vintner with two Drawers.

GOL. Come, gallants, shall we stumble?

TAI. What's a' clock?

FIRST D. Here's none on't, Dick; the goblet's carried down.

GOL. Nay, 'tis upon the point of three, boy.

SEC. D. What's[t] to be done, sirs?

VIN. All's paid, and your worships are wel-

[r] *cross-biter*] i. e. cheater.

[s] *royals . . . . as many with spurs*, &c.] i. e. spur-royals—gold coins (with a star on the reverse resembling the rowel of a spur) worth fifteen shillings.

[t] *Sec. D. What's*, &c.] Old ed. gives "Drawer, what's to be done, sirs?" as part of Goldstone's speech.

come; only there's a goblet missing, gentlemen, and cannot be found about house.

GOL. How, a goblet?

PUR. What manner a' one?

VIN. A gilt goblet, sir, of an indifferent size.

GOL. 'Sfoot, I saw such a one lately.

VIN. It cannot be found now, sir.

GOL. Came there no strangers here?

VIN. No, sir.

GOL. This [is] a marvellous matter, that a goblet should be gone, and none but we in the room; the loss is near all,[t] here as we are; keep the door, vintner.

VIN. No, I beseech your worship.

GOL. By my troth, vintner, we'll have a privy search for this. What! we are not all one woman's children.

VIN. I beseech ye, gentlemen, have not that conceit of me, that I suspect your worships.

GOL. Tut, you are an ass; do you know every man's nature? there's a broker i' th' company.

PUR. 'Slife, you have not stole the goblet, boy, have you?

BOY. Not I, sir.

PUR. I was afraid.—'Tis a good cause, i'faith, let each man search his fellow: we'll begin with you.

TAI. I shall save somebody a labour, gentlemen, for I'm half searched already.

PUR. I thought the goblet had hung here, i'faith; none here, nor here.

GOL. Seek about floor.—What was the goblet worth, vintner?

VIN. Three pound ten shillings, sir; no more.

[t] *near all*] i. e. touches all nearly—if, indeed, that be the right reading. Old ed. "meere *all*."

GOL. Pox on't, gentlemen, 'tis but angels[u] a-piece: it shall be a brace of mine, rather than I would have our reputations breathed upon by all comers; for you must think they'll talk on't in all companies—such a night, in such a company, such a goblet: 'sfoot, it may grow to a gangrene in our credits, and be incurable.

TAI. Faith, I am content.

FRI. So am I.

PUR. There's my angel too.

GOL. So, and mine.—I'll tell thee what, the missing of this goblet has dismayed the gentlemen much.

VIN. I am sorry for that, sir.

GOL. Yet they send thee this comfort by me; if they see thee but rest satisfied, and depart away contented, which will appear in thy countenance, not three times thrice the worth of the goblet shall hang between them and thee, both in their continual custom and all their acquaintances'.

VIN. I thank their worships all; I am satisfied.

GOL. Say it again.—Do you hear, gentlemen?

VIN. I thank your worships all; I am satisfied.

[*Exeunt Vintner and Drawers.*

GOL. Why, la, was not this better than hazarding our reputations upon trifles, and in such public as a tavern, such a questionable place?

TAI. True.

PUR. Faith,[v] it was well thought on.

GOL. Nay, keep your way, gentlemen: I have sworn, master Bouser, I will be last, i'faith. [*Exeunt all except* GOLDSTONE *and* FULK.]—Rascal, the goblet!

[u] *angels*] See note, vol. i. p. 250.

[v] *Pur. Faith,*] Given in old ed., as one speech, to Pur-
Gol. Nay, &c.] senet.

FULK. Where, sir?
GOL. Peep yon,[w] sir, under.
FULK. Here, sir.[x] [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.[y] SCENE I.

A Room in TAILBY'S *Lodging.*

Enter TAILBY *reading a letter.*

TAI. [*reads*] *My husband is rode from home: make no delay; I know, if your will be as free as your horse, you will see me yet ere dinner. From Kingston, this eleventh of November.*—Hah! these women are such creatures, such importunate, sweet souls, they'll scarce give a man leave to be ready;[z] that's their only fault, i'faith: if they be once set upon a thing, why, there's no removing of 'em, till their pretty wills be fulfilled. O, pity thy poor oppressed client here, sweet Cupid, that has scarce six hours' vacation in a month, his causes hang in so many courts! yet never suffer my French adversary, nor his big swoln confederates, to overthrow me,
Who without mercy would my blood carouse,
And lay me in prison in a doctor's house.
Thy clemency, great Cupid!—Peace, who comes here?

Enter PURSENET.

PUR. Sir gallant, well encountered.
TAI. I both salute and take my leave together.

[w] *yon*] i. e. yonder.
[x] *Here, sir*] Not knowing how this second piece of knavery is managed (see note, p. 251), I have not attempted to supply any stage-directions. Goldstone seems to have removed the goblet from the place where it "hung" (see p. 261), and to have hid it somewhere, till all except himself and Fulk had left the room.
[y] *Act III.*] Old ed. "Actus 4:" see note, p. 248.
[z] *be ready*] i. e. dress himself: compare p. 224 and note.

PUR. Why, whither so fast, sir?
TAI. Excuse me, pray; I'm in a little haste;
My horse waits for me.
PUR. What, some journey toward?[a]
TAI. A light one, i'faith, sir.
PUR. I'm[b] sorry that my business so commands me,
I cannot ride with you; but I make no question
You have company enough.
TAI. Alas, not any!—nor do I desire it.—[*Aside.*
Why, 'tis but to Kingston yonder.
PUR. O, cry you mercy, sir.
TAI. 'Scape but one reach, there's little danger thither.
PUR. True, a little of Combe Park.[c]
TAI. You've nam'd the place, sir; that's all I fear, i'faith.
PUR. Farewell, sweet master Tailby. [*Exit* TAIL.
This fell out happily;
I'll call this purchase[d] mine before I greet him;
E'en where his fear lies most, there will I meet him.

SCENE II.[e]

Combe Park.

Enter PURSENET *with a scarf over his face, and Boy.*

PUR. Boy.
BOY. Sir?

[a] *toward*] See note, p. 177. [b] *I'm*] Old ed. "I am."
[c] *Combe Park*] Lands so called in the parish of Kingston upon Thames: see Manning and Bray's *Hist. of Surrey*, vol. i. p. 401.—In *The Black Book* (reprinted in the last vol. of Middleton's *Works*), Lucifer makes "a high thief on horseback" the "keeper of Combe Park."
[d] *purchase*] See note, vol. i. p. 319.
[e] *Scene II.*] Here in the old ed. no new scene is marked: after Pursenet had spoken the words "there will I meet him," and thrown a scarf over his face (see what follows), the audience were to suppose that the stage represented Combe Park: vide note, p. 147.

PUR. Walk my horse behind yon thicket; give a word if you descry.

BOY. I have all perfect, sir. [*Exit.*

PUR. So; he cannot now be long. What with my boy's dexterity at ordinaries, and my gelding's celerity over hedge and ditch, but we make pretty shift to rub out a gallant; for I have learnt these principles:

Stoop thou to th' world, 'twill on thy bosom tread;
It stoops to thee, if thou advance thy head.
The mind being far more excellent than fate,
'Tis fit our mind then be above our state.
Why should I write my extremities in my brow,
To make them loathe me that respect me now?
If every man were in his courses known,
Legs that now honour him might spurn him down.

To conclude, nothing seems as it is but honesty, and that makes it so little regarded amongst us.

BOY [*within*]. Ela, ha, ho!

PUR. The boy?

He's hard at hand; I'll cross him suddenly:
And here he comes.—

Enter TAILBY.

Stand!

TAI. Ha!

PUR. Deliver your purse, sir.

TAI. I feared none but this place, i'faith; nay, when my mind gives me a thing once ——

PUR. Quick, quick, sir, quick;
I must despatch three robberies yet ere night.

TAI. I'm glad you have such good doings, by my troth, sir.

PUR. You'll fare ne'er[e] a whit the better for your flattery,
I warrant you, sir.

[e] *ne'er*] Old ed. "never."

TAI. I speak sincerely; 'tis pity such a proper-parted gentleman should want; nor shall you, as long as I have't about me. [PURSENET *rifles his pockets.*] Nay, search and spare not: there's a purse in my left pocket, as I take it, with fifteen pound in gold in't, and there's a fair chain of pearl in the other: nay, I'll deal truly with you; it grieves me, i'faith, when I see such goodly men in distress; I'll rather want it myself than they should go without it.

PUR. And that shews a good nature, sir.

TAI. Nay, though I say it, I have been always accounted a man of a good nature; I might have hanged myself ere this time else. Pray, use me like a gentleman; take all, but injury[f] not my body.

PUR. You must pardon me, sir;
I must a little play the usurer,
And bind you, for mine own security.

TAI. Alas, there's no conscience in that, sir! shall I enter into bond and pay money too?

PUR. Tut, I must not be betrayed.

TAI. Hear me but what I say, sir; I do protest I would not be he that should betray a man, to be prince of the world.

PUR. Mass, that's the devil, — I thank you heartily,—
For he's call'd prince a' th' world.

TAI. You take me still at worst.

PUR. Swear on this sword, then,
To set spurs to your horse, not to look back,
To give no marks to any passenger.

TAI. Marks?[g] why, I think you have left me ne'er a penny, sir.

[f] *injury*] So in *The Wisdome of Doctor Dodypoll*, 1600;
"Ashamed that you should *iniurie* your estate
To kneele to me." Sig. H 2.

[g] *marks*] See note, p. 226.

PUR. I mean, no marks of any.[g]
TAI. I understand you, sir.
PUR. Swear then.
TAI. I'faith, I do, sir.
PUR. Away!
TAI. I'm gone, sir.—By my troth, of a fierce thief he seems to be a very honest gentleman.
[*Exit.*
PUR. Why, this was well adventur'd, trim a gallant!
Now, with a covetous[h] and long-thirsting eye,
Let me behold my purchase,[i]
And try the soundness of my bones with laughter.
How? is not this the chain of pearl I gave
To that perjurèd harlot? 'tis, 'sfoot, 'tis,
The very chain!—O damnèd mistress!—Ha!
And this the purse which, not five days before,
I sent her fill'd with fair spur-royals?[j] Heart,
The very gold! 'Slife, is this no robbery?
How many oaths flew toward heaven,
Which ne'er came half-way thither, but, like fire-drakes,[k]
Mounted a little, gave a crack, and fell:
Feign'd oaths bound up to sink more deep to hell.
What folded paper's this? death, 'tis her hand!
[*reads*] *Master Tailby, you know with what affection I love you.* You do? *I count the world but as my prey to maintain you.* The more dissembling quean you, I must tell you. *I have sent you an embroidered purse here with fifty fair spur-royals in't.* A pox on you for your labour, wench! *And I desire you of all loves to keep that chain of pearl from*

[g] *any*] Has a word, which followed this, dropt out?
[h] *covetous*] Old ed. "courteous."
[i] *purchase*] See note, vol. i. p. 319.
[j] *spur-royals*] See note, p. 260.
[k] *fire-drakes*] i. e. a sort of fire-works.

master Pursenet's sight. He cannot, strumpet; I behold it now, unto thy[k] secret torture. *So fare thee well, but be constant and want nothing*—as long as I ha't, i'faith! methinks it should have gone so. Well, what a horrible age do we live in, that a man cannot have a quean to himself! let him but turn his back, the best of her is chipt away like a court loaf, that when a man comes himself, has nothing but bumbast; and these are two simple chippings here. Does my boy pick and I steal to enrich myself, to keep her, to maintain him? why, this is right the sequence of the world. A lord maintains her, she maintains a knight, he maintains a whore, she maintains a captain. So in like manner the pocket keeps my boy, he keeps me, I keep her, she keeps him; it runs like quicksilver from one to another. 'Sfoot, I perceive I have been the chief upholder of this gallant all this while: it appears true, we that pay dearest for our pasture[l] are ever likely worse used. 'Sfoot, he has a nag can run for nothing, has his choice, nay, and gets by the running of her.[m] O fine world, strange devils, and pretty damnable affections!

Boy [*within*]. Lela, ha, ho!

Pur. There, boy, again; what news there?

Re-enter Boy.

Boy. Master, hist,[n] master!

Pur. How now, boy?

Boy. I have descried a prize.

Pur. Another, lad?

Boy. The gull, the scholar.

Pur. Master Bouser?

Boy. Ay; comes along this way.

[k] *thy*] Qy. "my."
[l] *pasture*] Qy. "pastime."
[m] *her*] Old ed. "him."
[n] *hist*] Old ed. "pist."

PUR. Without company?
BOY. As sure as he is your own.
PUR. Back to thy place, boy. [*Exit Boy.*
I have the luck to-day to rob in safety;
Two precious cowards! Whist; I hear him.—

Enter FITSGRAVE.

Stand!
FIT. You lie; I came forth to go.
PUR. Deliver your purse.
FIT. 'Tis better in my pocket.
PUR. How now? at disputations, signior fool?
FIT. I've so much logic to confute a knave,
A thief, a rogue!
[*Attacks and strikes* PURSENET *down.*
PUR. Hold, hold, sir, and[n] you be a gentleman, hold! let me rise.
FIT. Heart!
'Tis the courtesy of his scarf unmask'd him to me
Above the lip by chance: I'll counterfeit. [*Aside.*
Light! because I am a scholar, you think belike that scholars have no metal in 'em, but you shall find,—I have not done with you, cousin.
PUR. As you're a gentleman!
FIT. As you're a rogue!
PUR. Keep on upon your way, sir.
FIT. You bade me stand ——
PUR. I have been once down for that.
FIT. And then deliver.
PUR. Deliver me from you, sir!—O, pax[o] on't, has wounded me!—Ela, ha, ho! my horse, my horse, boy! [*Exit.*
FIT. Have you your boy so ready? O thou world,
How art thou muffled in deceitful forms!

[n] *and*] i. e. if. [o] *pax*] See note, p. 24.

There's such a mist of these, and still hath been,
The brightness of true gentry is scarce seen.
This journey was most happily assign'd;
I've[o] found him dross both in his means and mind.
What paper's this he dropt? I'll look on't as I go.
[*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Near Combe Park.

Enter PURSENET *and Boy.*

PUR. A gull call you him? let me always set upon wise men; they'll be afraid of their lives; they have a feeling of their iniquities, and know[p] what 'tis to die with fighting: 'sfoot, this gull lays on without fear or wit. How deep's it, sayst thou, boy?

BOY. By my faith, three inches, sir.

PUR. La, this was long of you, you rogue!

BOY. Of me, sir?

PUR. Forgive me, dear boy; my wound ached, and I grew angry: there's hope of life, boy, is there not?

BOY. Pooh, my life for yours!

PUR. A comfortable boy in man's extremes! I was ne'er so afraid in my life but the fool would have seen my face: he had me at such advantage, he might have commanded my scarf. I 'scaped well there; 't'ad choked me; my reputation had been past recovery: yet live I unsuspected, and still fit for gallants' choice societies. But here I vow, if e'er I see this Bouser when he cannot see me, either in by-lane, privilege[d] place, court, alley, or come behind him when he's standing,[q]

[o] *I've*] Old ed. "I have." [p] *know*] Old ed. "knowes."
[q] *standing*] A word that followed this seems to have dropt out.

Or take him when he reels from a tavern late,
Pissing again[q] a conduit, wall, or gate;
When he's in such a plight, and clear from me[n],
I'll do that I'm[r] asham'd to speak till then. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

A Street.

Enter FITSGRAVE[s] *and Gentleman.*

FIT. Nay, read forward: I have found three of your gallants, like your bewitching shame,[t] merely sophistical: there's your bawd-gallant, your pocket-gallant, and your whore-gallant.

GEN. [*reads*] *Master Tailby.*

FIT. That's he.

GEN. [*reads*] *I count the world but as my prey to maintain you.*

FIT. That's just the phrase and style of 'em all to him; they meet altogether in one effect, and it may well hold too, for they all jump upon one cause, *subaudi* lechery.

GEN. What shapes can flattery take! Let me entreat you,
Both in the virgin's right and our good hopes,
Since your hours are so fortunate, to proceed.

[q] *again*] See note, p. 255. [r] *I'm*] Old ed., "I am."

[s] *Enter Fitsgrave, and Gentleman*] Old ed. "*Enter two Gentlemen:*" but one of them is certainly Fitsgrave, who has put into the hands of his companion the letter which Pursenet had dropt: see the last line of sc. ii. of this act. Besides, the first speaker here declares that he has found "*three* of the gallants;" and Fitsgrave, in act iv. sc. 5, says,

> "The broker-gallant and the cheating-gallant,
> *Now I have found 'em all.*"

[t] *shame*] Qy. "charm."

FIT. Why, he's base that faints[u] until he crown his deed. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.

A Room in PRIMERO's *House.*

Enter PURSENET (*his arm in a scarf*) *and Boy, meeting First Courtesan.*

PUR. See that dissembling devil, that perjur'd strumpet! [*Aside.*

FIRST C. Welcome, my soul's best wish. O, out, alas!
Thy arm bound in a scarf? I shall swoon instantly.

PUR. Heart, and I'll fetch you again in the same tune. [*Aside.*
O my unmatch'd love, if any spark of life remain,
Look up, my comfort, my delight, my ——

FIRST C. O good, O good!

PUR. The organ of her voice is tun'd again;
There's hope in women when their speech returns;
See, like the moon after a black eclipse,
She by degrees recovers her pure light.
How cheers my love?

FIRST C. As one new-wak'd out of a deadly trance,
The fit scarce quiet.

PUR. 'Twas terrible for the time;
I'd much ado to fetch you.

FIRST C. 'Shrew your fingers! [*Aside.*
How came my comfort wounded? speak.

PUR. Faith, in a fray last night.

FIRST C. In a fray? will you lose your blood so vainly?

[u] *faints*] Old ed. "faires."

Many a poor creature lacks it. Tell me how?
What was the quarrel?

PUR. Loath to tell you that.

FIRST C. Loath to tell me?

PUR. Yet 'twas my cause of coming.

FIRST C. Why, then, must not I know it?

PUR. Since you urge it, you shall,
You're a strumpet!

FIRST C. O, news abroad, sir!

PUR. Say you so?

FIRST C. Why, you knew that the first night you lay with me.

PUR. Nay, not to me only, but to the world.

FIRST C. Speak within compass, man.

PUR. Faith, you know none, you sail without.

FIRST C. I have the better skill then.

PUR. At my first step into a tavern-room, to spy
That chain of pearl wound on a stranger's arm
You begg'd of me!

FIRST C. How? you mistook it sure.

PUR. By heaven, the very self-same chain!

FIRST C. O, cry you mercy, 'tis true, I'd forgot it: 'tis St. George's day to-morrow: I lent it to my cousin only to grace his arm before his mistress.

PUR. Notable cunning!

FIRST C. And is this all now, i'faith?

PUR. Not; I durst go further.

FIRST C. Why, let me never possess your love if you see not that again a' Thursday morning: I take't unkindly, i'faith, you should fall out with me for such a trifle.

PUR. Better and better!

FIRST C. Come, a kiss, and friends!

PUR. Away!

FIRST C. By this hand, I'll spoil your arm and[v] you will not.

[v] *and*] i. e. if.

PUR. More for this than the devil ——

Enter GOLDSTONE, TAILBY, FITSGRAVE, BUNGLER, *and Courtesans.*

GOL. Yea, at your book so hard?[w]

PUR. Against my will.—Are you there, signior Logic?
A pox of you, sir! [*Aside.*

GOL. Why, how now? what has fate sent us here, in the name of Venus, goddess of Cyprus?

PUR. A freebooter's pink, sir, three or four inches deep.

GOL. No more? that's conscionable, i'faith.

TAI. Troth, I'm sorry for't: pray, how came it, sir?

PUR. Faith, by a paltry fray, in Coleman Street.

FIT. Combe Park he would say. [*Aside.*

PUR. No less than three at once, sir,
Made a triangle with their swords and daggers,
And all opposing me.

FIT. And amongst those three only one hurt you, sir?

PUR. Ex for ex.[x]

TAI. Troth, and I'll tell you what luck I had too, since I parted from you last.

PUR. What, I pray?

TAI. The day you offered to ride with me, I wish now I'd had your company: 'sfoot, I was set upon in Combe Park by three too.

PUR. Bah!

TAI. Robbed, by this light, of as much gold and jewels as I valued at forty pound.

[w] *Yea, at your book so hard*] Perhaps it is hardly worth noticing, that, in the *Third Part of Henry VI.*, act v. sc. 6, Gloster says to Henry,

"Good day, my lord: *what, at your book so hard?*"

[x] *Ex for ex*] Can this expression mean "*ecce*, for example?"

PUR. Sure Saturn is in the fifth house.

TAI. I know not that; he may be in the sixth and[y] he will for me: I am sure they were in my pocket wheresoever they are;[z] but I'll ne'er refuse a gentleman's company again when 'tis offered me, I warrant you.

GOL. I must remember you 'tis Mitre-night,[a] ladies.

SEC. C. Mass, 'tis indeed Friday to-day, I'd quite forgot: when a woman's busy, how the time runs away!

FIRST C. O, you've betrayed us both!

TAI. I understand you not.

FIRST C. You've let him see the chain of pearl
I gave you.

TAI. Who? him? will you believe me, by this hand,
He never saw it.

FIRST C. Upon a stranger's arm he swore to me.

TAI. Mass, that may be; for the truth is, i'faith,
I was robb'd on't at Combe Park.

FIRST. C. 'Twas that betrayed it.

TAI. I would [I] had stay'd him;
He was no stranger, he was a thief, i'faith,
For thieves will be no strangers.

FIRST C. How shall I excuse it?

BUN. Nay, I have you fast enough, boy; you rogue!

[*Seizing the Boy, who had attempted to pick his pocket.*

BOY. Good sir, I beseech you, sir, let me go!

[*Struggling.*[b]

[y] *and*] i. e. if. [z] *are*] Old ed. "were."

[a] *Mitre-night*] See note, p. 248.—Had the giving of suppers to these ladies at the Mitre grown now to a custom?

[b] *struggling*] Old ed. "he thumps."

Bun. A pickpocket? nay, you shall to Newgate, look you.—Is this your boy, sir?

Pur. How now, boy? a monster? thy arm lined[b] fast in another's pocket? where learnt you that manners? what company have you kept a' late, that you are so transformed into a rogue? that shape I know not.—Believe me, sir, I much wonder at the alteration of this boy, where he should get this nature: as good a child to see to, and as virtuous; he has his creed by heart, reads me his chapter duly every night; he will not miss you one tittle in the nine commandments.

Bun. There's ten of 'em.

Pur. I fear he skips o'er one, Thou shalt not steal.

Bun. Mass, like enough.

Pur. Else grace and memory would quite abash the boy.—

Thou graceless imp! ah, thou prodigious child,
Begot at some eclipse, degenerate rogue,
Shame to thy friends, and to thy master eke!
How far digressing from the noble mind
Of thy brave ancestors, that lie in marble
With their coat-armours o'er 'em!

Bun. Had he such friends?

Pur. The boy is well descended, though he be a rogue, and has no feeling on't; yet for my sake, and for my reputation's, seek not the blood of the boy; he's near allied to many men of worship now yet living; a fine old man to his father; it would kill his heart, i'faith; he'd away like a chrisom.[c]

[b] *lined*] May be right,—but qy. "limed."

[c] *a chrisom*] i. e. an infant,—one who dies within the month of its birth, and is buried in the *chrisome*, a white cloth, an

BUN. Alas, good gentleman!

PUR. Ah, shameless villain, complain'st thou? dost thou want?

BOY. No, no, no, no!

PUR. Art not well clad? thy hunger well resisted?

BOY. Yes, yes, yes, yes!

PUR. But thou shalt straight to Bridewell ——

BOY. Sweet master!

PUR. Live upon bread and water and chap-choke.

BOY. I beseech your worship!

BUN. Come, I'll be his surety for once.

PUR. You shall excuse me indeed, sir.

BUN. He will mend; 'a may prove an honest man for all this. I know gallant gentlemen now that have done as much as this comes to in their youth.

PUR. Say you so, sir?

BUN. And as for Bridewell, that will but make him worse; 'a will learn more knavery there in one week than will furnish him and his heirs for a hundred year.

PUR. Deliver the boy!

BUN. Nay, I tell you true, sir; there's none goes in there a quean, but she comes out an arrant whore, I warrant you.

PUR. The boy comes not there for a million!

emblem of Christian innocency, which was thrown over it at baptism, and which it was to wear till the mother came to be purified, when the cloth was returned to the church.

Before the Reformation, in the old baptismal office, the *chrisom* cloth was put on the child's head, to prevent, according to Ducange *in Chrismate*, the holy oil (χρισμα) from running off.

Compare Shakespeare's *Henry V.* act ii. sc. 3, where dame Quickly says of Falstaff, " 'a made a finer end, and *went away an it had been any christom child.*"

BUN. No, you had better forgive him by ten parts.

PUR. True; but 'a must not know it comes from me.—

Down a' your knees, you rogue,
And thank this gentleman has got your pardon.

BOY. O, I thank your worship!

PUR. A pox on you for a rogue;
You put me to my set speech once a quarter.
[*Aside to him.*

GOL. Nay, gentlemen, you quite forget your hour;
Lead, master Bouser.

[*Exeunt all but* GOLDSTONE *and Second Courtesan.*

SEC. C. Let me go: you're a dissembler.

GOL. How?

SEC. C. Did not you promise me a new gown?

GOL. Did I not? yes, faith, did I, and thou shalt have it.—Go, sirrah, [*calling to one off the stage*] run for a tailor presently. Let me see for the colour now: orange-tawney, peach colour—what sayst to a watchet[c] satin?

Enter Tailor.

SEC. C. O, 'tis the only colour I affect!

TAI. A very orient colour, an't please your worships. I made a gown on't for a gentlewoman t'other day, and it does passing well upon her.

GOL. A watchet satin gown ——

TAI. There your worship left, sir.

GOL. Laid about, tailor ——

TAI. Very good, sir.

GOL. With four fair laces.

TAI. That will be costly, sir.

GOL. How, you rogue, costly? out a' th' house,

[c] *watchet*] i. e. light blue.

you slipshod, sham-legged, brown-thread-penny-skeined rascal!

SEC. C. Nay, my sweet love —— [*Exit Tailor.*

GOL. Hang him, rogue! he's but a botcher neither: come, I'll send thee a fellow worth a hundred of this, if the slave were clean enough.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Before TAILBY'S *Lodging.*

Enter a Servant[d] *bringing in a suit of satin, who knocks at* TAILBY'S *door, from which enter* JACK.

JACK. Who knocks?

SER. A Christian: pray, is not this master Tailby's lodging? I was directed hither.

JACK. Yes, this is my master's lodging.

SER. Cry you mercy, sir: is he yet stirring?

JACK. He's awake, but not yet stirring, for he played away half his clothes last night.

SER. My mistress commends her secrets unto him, and presents him by me with a new satin suit here.

JACK. Mass, that comes happily.

SER. And she hopes the fashion will content him.

JACK. There's no doubt to be had of that, sir: your mistress' name, I pray? you're much preciously welcome.

[d] *Enter a Servant*, &c.] The old ed. (in which the commencement of act iv. is marked much earlier, see note, p. 263) has, "*In the midst of the musick enter one bringing in,*" &c.

SER. I thank you uncommonly, sir.

JACK. The suit shall be accepted, I warrant you, sir.

SER. That's all my mistress desires, sir.

JACK. Fare you well, sir.

SER. Fare you well, sir. [*Exit.*

JACK. This will make my master leap out of the bed for joy, and dance Wigmore's galliard[e] in his shirt about the chamber![f] [*Exit into the house.*

SCENE II.

A Hall in TAILBY'S *Lodging.*

Enter TAILBY, *and* JACK *trussing him.*[g]

TAI. Came this suit from mistress Cleveland?

JACK. She sent it secretly, sir.

TAI. A pretty requiteful squall! I like that woman that can remember a good turn three months after the date; it shews both a good memory and a very feeling spirit.

JACK. This came fortunately, sir, after all your ill luck last night.

TAI. I'd beastly casting, Jack.

JACK. O abominable, sir! you had the scurviest hand: the old serving-man swooped up all.

TAI. I am glad the fortune lighted upon the

[e] *Wigmore's galliard*] Is frequently mentioned by our early writers: see a galliard minutely described, note, vol. i. p. 65.

[f] *the chamber*] After these words the stage-direction in the old ed. is, "*The musicke plaies on a while, then enter Tailbee his man after trussing him.*"

[g] *trussing him*] i. e. tying his points: see note, vol. i. p. 367.

poor fellow, by my troth; it made his master mad.

JACK. Did you mark that, sir? I warrant he has the doggedest master of any poor fellow under the dog-sign: I'd rather serve your worship, I'll say that behind your back, sir, for nothing, as indeed I have no standing wages at all, your worship knows.

TAI. O, but your vails, Jack, your vails considered, when you run to and fro between me and mistresses ——

JACK. I must confess my vails are able to keep an honest man, go I where I list.

TAI. Go to then, Jack.

JACK. But those vails stand with the state of your body, sir, as long as you hold up your head: if that droop once, farewell you, farewell I, farewell all; and droop it will, though all the caudles in Europe should put to their helping hands to't: 'tis e'en as uncertain as playing, now up and now down;[h] for if the bill down rise to above thirty, here's no place for players; so if your years rise to above forty, there's no room for old lechers.

TAI. And that's[i] the reason all rooms are taken up for young templars.

JACK. You're in the right, sir.

TAI. Pize on't, I pawned a good beaver hat to master Frip last night, Jack: I feel the want of it now. Hark, who's that knocks? [*Knocking within.*

Enter a Servant, bringing in a letter and a beaver hat.

SER. Is master Tailby stirring?

JACK. What's your pleasure with him? he walks here i' th' hall.

[h] *now down*] Old ed. "nowne."
[i] *that's*] Old ed. "whats."

SER. Give your worship good morrow.

TAI. Welcome, honest lad.

SER. A letter from my mistress.

TAI. Who's thy mistress?

SER. Mistress Newblock.

TAI. Mistress Newblock, my sincere love! how does she?

SER. Faith, only ill in the want of your sight.

TAI. Alas, dear sweet! I've had such business, I protest I ne'er stood still since I saw her.

SER. She has sent your worship a beaver hat here, with a band best in fashion.

TAI. How shall I requite this dear soul?

SER. 'Tis not a thing fit for me to tell you, sir, for I have three years to serve yet: your worship knows how, I warrant you.

TAI. I know the drift of her letter; and for the beaver, say I accept it highly.

SER. O, she will be a proud woman of that, sir!

TAI. And hark thee; tell thy mistress, as I'm a gentleman, I'll despatch her out of hand the first thing I do, a' my credit: canst thou remember these words now?

SER. Yes, sir; as you are a gentleman, you'll despatch her out of hand the first thing you do.

TAI. Ay, a' my credit.

SER. O, of your credit; I thought not of that, sir.

TAI. Remember that, good boy.

SER. Fear it not now, sir. [*Exit.*

TAI. I dreamt to-night, Jack, I should have a secret supply out a' th' city.

JACK. Your dream crawls out partly well, sir.—

Enter a Servant, bringing in a purse.

What news there now?

SER. I have an errand to master Tailby.

JACK. Yonder walks my master.

SER. Mistress Tiffany commends her to your worship, and has sent you your ten pound in gold back again, and says she cannot furnish you of the same lawn you desire till after All-holland-tide.[j]

TAI. Thank her she would let me understand so much. [*Exit Servant.*]—Ha, ha!
This wench will live: why, this was sent like a
Workwoman now; the rest are botchers to her.
Faith, I commend her cunning: she's a fool
That makes her servant fellow to her heart;
It robs her of respect, dams up all duty,
Keeps her in awe e'en of the slave she keeps:
This takes a wise course—I commend her more—
Sends back the gold I never saw before.
Well, women are my best friends [still], i'faith.
Take[k] lands: give me
Good legs, firm back, white hand, black eye, brown hair,
And add but to these five a comely stature;
Let others live by art, and I by nature. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Room, with a door opening into FITSGRAVE'S *Bed-chamber.*

Enter GOLDSTONE.

GOL. Master Bouser, master Bouser! ha, ha, ho! master Bouser!

FIT. [*within*] Holla!

[j] *All-holland-tide*] i. e. All-hallows-tide: see note, p. 165.
[k] *Take*] Old ed. "Takes."

GOL. What, not out of thy kennel, master Bouser?

FIT. [*within*] Master Goldstone? you're an early gallant, sir.

GOL. A fair cloak yonder, i'faith. [*Aside.*]—By my troth, 'a bed, master Bouser? you remember your promise well o'ernight!

FIT. [*within*] Why, what's a' clock, sir?

GOL. Do you ask that now? why, the chimes are spent at Saint Bride's.

FIT. [*within*] 'Tis a gentleman's hour: faith, master Goldstone, I'll be ready in a trice.

GOL. Away, there's no trust to you!

FIT. [*within*] Faith, I'll come instantly.

GOL. Nay, choose whether you will or no,—by my troth, your cloak shall go before you.

[*Aside, and takes* FITSGRAVE's *cloak.*

FIT. [*within*] Nay, master Goldstone, I ha' sworn: do you hear, sir?

GOL. Away, away! faith, I'm angry with you: pox, a-bed now! I'm ashamed of it. [*Exit.*

As GOLDSTONE *goes out,* FITSGRAVE *enters in his shirt.*

FIT. Foot, my cloak, my cloak, master Goldstone! 'slife, what mean you by this, sir? you'll bring it back again, I hope. No? not yet? by my troth, I care very little for such kind of jesting: methinks this familiarity now extends a little too far, unless it be a new fashion come forth this morning secretly; yesterday 'twould have shewn unmannerly and saucily. I scarce know yet what to think on't. Well, there's no great profit in standing in my shirt, I'll on with my clothes: has bound me to follow the suit: my cloak's a stranger; he was made but yesterday, and I do not love to trust him alone in company. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

A Street.

Enter FRIPPERY, *wearing* FITSGRAVE'S *cloak.*

FRI. What may I conjecture of this Goldstone? he has not only pawned to me this cloak, but the very diamond and sapphire which I bestowed upon my new love at master Primero's house: the cloak's new, and comes fitly to do me great grace at a wedding this morning, to which I was solemnly invited. I can continue change more than the proudest gallant of 'em all, yet never bestow penny of myself, my pawns do so kindly furnish me: but the sight of these jewels is able to cloy me, did I not preserve my stomach the better for the wedding-dinner. A gift could never have come in a more patient hour, nor to be better disgested.[1] Is she proved false?
But I'll not fret to-day nor chafe my blood.

Enter PURSENET.

PUR. Ha! yonder goes Bouser: the place is fit. —[*Calling out to Boy within.*] Boy, stand with my horse at corner.—
I owe you for a pink three inches deep, sir.
[*Strikes down* FRIPPERY.

FRI. O—O—O!

PUR. Take that in part of payment for Combe Park. [*Exit.*

FRI. O—O—O!

Enter FITSGRAVE.

FIT. How now, who's this? 'sfoot, one of our gallants knocked down like a calf! Is there such

[1] *disgested*] See note, p. 259.

a plague of 'em here at London, they begin to knock 'em a' th' head already?

FRI. O master Bouser! pray, lend me your hand, sir; I am slain!

FIT. Slain and alive? O cruel execution!
What man so savage-spirited durst presume
To strike down satin on two taffetas cut,
Or lift his hand against a beaver hat?

FRI. Some rogue that owes me money, and had no other means. To a wedding-dinner! I must be dressed myself, methinks.

FIT. How? why, this [is] my cloak: life, how came my cloak hither?

FRI. Is it yours, sir? master Goldstone pawned it to me this morning fresh and fasting, and borrowed five pound upon't.

FIT. How, pawned it? pray, let me hear out this story: come, and I'll lead[m] you to the next barber-surgeon's.—Pawned my cloak?

[*Exit, leading out* FRIPPERY.

SCENE V.

Another Street.

Enter BUNGLER, GOLDSTONE, *and* MARMADUKE.

BUN. How now, Marmaduke? what's the wager?

MAR. Nay, my care is at end, sir, now I am come to the sight of you. My mistress, your cousin, entreats you to take part of a dinner with her at her house,[n] and bring what gentleman you please to accompany you.

BUN. Thank my sweet coz: I'll munch with her, say.

[m] *lead*] Old ed. "lend."

[n] *at her house*] Old ed. "at home, *at her house:*" see notes [m] and [p], p. 134.

MAR. I'll tell her so.

BUN. Marmaduke ——

MAR. Sir?

BUN. Will there be any stock-fish, thinkest thou?

MAR. How, sir?

BUN. Tell my coz I've a great appetite to stock-fish, i'faith. [*Exit* MARMADUKE.]—Master Goldstone, I'll entreat you to be the gentleman that shall accompany me.

GOL. Not me, sir?

BUN. You, sir.

GOL.[n] By my troth, concluded. What state bears thy coz, sirrah?

BUN. O, a fine merchant's wife.

GOL. Or rather, a merchant's fine wife.

BUN. Trust me, and that's the properer phrase here at London; and 'tis as absurd too to call him fine merchant, for, being at sea, a man knows not what pickle he is in.

GOL. Why, true.

BUN. Yet my coz will be served in plate, I can tell you; she has her silver jugs and her gilt tankards.

GOL. Fie!

BUN. Nay, you shall see a house dressed up, i'faith; you must not think to tread a' th' ground when you come there.

GOL. No? how then?

BUN. Why, upon paths made of fig-frails[o] and white blankets cut out in steaks.[p]

GOL. Away!—I have thought of a device. [*Aside.*]—Where shall we meet an hour hence?

[n] *Gol.*] Old ed. "*Bung.*"

[o] *fig-frails*] i. e. fig-baskets.

[p] *steaks*] Compare vol. i. p. 336, where, as the present passage shews, the reading "*steaks* of velvet" is right.

BUN. In Paul's.

GOL. Agreed. [*Exit* BUNGLER.

Enter FITSGRAVE.

FIT. The broker-gallant and the cheating-gallant:
Now I have found 'em all, I so rejoice,
That the redeeming of my cloak I weigh not.
I have spied him.

GOL. Pax,[q] here's Bouser.

FIT. Master Goldstone, my cloak! come, where's my cloak, sir?

GOL. O, you're a sure gentleman, especially if a man stand in need of you! he may be slain in a morning to breakfast ere you vouchsafe to peep out of your lodging.

FIT. How?

GOL. No less than four gallants, as I'm a gentleman, drew all upon me at once, and opposed me so spitefully, that I not only lost your cloak i' th' fray ——

FIT. Comes it in there?

GOL. But my rich hangers,[r] sirrah,—I think thou hast seen 'em.

FIT. Never, i'faith, sir.

GOL. Those with the two unicorns, all wrought in pearl and gold: pox on't, it frets me ten times more than the loss of the paltry cloak: prithee, and[s] thou lovest me, speak no more on't; it brings the unicorns into my mind, and thou wouldst not think how the conceit grieves me. I will not do thee that disgrace, i'faith, to offer thee any satisfaction, for in my soul I think thou scornest it;

[q] *Pax*] See note, p. 24.
[r] *hangers*] See note, p. 227.
[s] *and*] i. e. if.

thou bearest that mind, in my conscience; I have always said so of thee. Fare thee well: when shall I see thee at my chamber, when?

FIT. Every day, shortly.

GOL. I have fine toys to shew thee.

FIT. You win my heart then. [*Exit* GOLDSTONE.] The devil scarce knew what a portion he gave his children when he allowed 'em large impudence to live upon, and so turned 'em into th' world: surely he gave away the third part of the riches of his kingdom; revenues are but fools to't.

The filed[s] tongue and the undaunted forehead
Are mighty patrimonies, wealthier than those
The city-sire or the court-father leaves:
In these behold it: riches oft, like slaves,
Revolt; they bear their foreheads to their graves.
What soonest grasps advancement, men's[t] great suits,
Trips down rich widows, gains repute and name,
Makes way where'er it comes, bewitches all?
Thou, Impudence! the minion of our days,
On whose pale cheeks favour and fortune plays.
Call you these your five gallants? trust me, they're rare fellows:
They live on nothing; many cannot live on something;
Here they may take example.—Suspectless virgin,
How easy had thy goodness been beguil'd!
Now only rests, that as to me they're known,
So to the world their base arts may be shewn.

[*Exit.*

virgin ≅ audience

[s] *filed*] i. e. polished.
[t] *men's*] Qy. "mends"—i. e. helps.

SCENE VI.

The Middle Aisle of St. Paul's.[u]

Enter PURSENET *and Boy.*

PUR. Art sure thou sawest him receive't, boy?

BOY. Forty pound in gold, as I'm a gentleman born.

PUR. Thy father gave the ram's head,[v] boy?

BOY. No, you're deceived; my mother gave that, sir.

PUR. What's thy mother's is thy father's.

Enter PYAMONT.

BOY. I'm sorry it holds in the ram's head. See, here he walks; I was sure he came into Paul's: the gold had been yours, master, long ere this, but that he wears both his hands in his pockets.

PUR. How unfortunately is my purpose seated! what the devil should come in his mind to keep in his hands so long? the biting but of a paltry louse would do me great kindness now; I'd know[w] not how to requite it: will no rascal creature assist me? Stay, what if I did impudently salute 'em out? good. Boy, be ready, boy.

BOY. Upon the least advantage, sir.

PUR. You're most devoutly met in Paul's, sir.

PY. So are you, but I scarce remember you, sir.

PUR. O, I cry you mercy, sir; I pray, pardon me; I fear I have tendered an offence, sir: troth,

[u] *The Middle Aisle*, &c.] See note, vol. i. p. 418.
[v] *ram's head*] As a crest, I suppose.
[w] *I'd know*] Old ed. "I knew."

I took you at the first for one master Dumpling, a Norfolk gentleman.

[*While* PURSENET *speaks, the Boy watches in vain for an opportunity to pick* PYAMONT'S *pocket.*

PY. There's no harm done yet, sir.

PUR. I hope he is there by this time. [*Aside.*]—How now, boy, hast it?

BOY. No, by troth, have I not; this labour's lost: 'tis in the right pocket, and he kept that hand in sure enough.

PUR. Unpractised gallant! salute me but with one hand, like a counterfeit soldier? O times and manners! are we grown beasts? do we salute by halves? are not our limbs at leisure?

Where's comely nurture? the Italian kiss,
Or the French cringe, with the Polonian waist?
Are all forgot?
Then misery follows.—Surely fate forbade it:
Had he employ'd but his right hand, I'd had it.

Enter BUNGLER.

It must be an everlasting device, I think, that procures both his hands out at once.

[*Aside, and exit with Boy.*

PY. Do you walk, sir?[y]

BUN. No, I stay a little for a gentleman's coming too.

[y] *Do you walk, sir?*] Is in the old ed. the conclusion of Pursenet's speech, whose exit with the Boy is not marked. As we subsequently learn (see pp. 297, 298) that the sharper had succeeded in his design on Pyamont's gold, by falling into a pretended swoon, I cannot help suspecting that a portion of this scene has dropt out, and that the incident of the swoon took place here on the stage, after Pursenet had tried all other means of surprising Pyamont's caution.

PY. Farewell then, sir: I have forty pound in gold about me, which I must presently send down into the country.

BUN. Fare you well, sir. [*Exit* PYAMONT.]—I wonder master Goldstone spares my company so long; 'tis now about the navel of the day, upon the belly of noon.

Enter GOLDSTONE *and* FULK, *both disguised.*

GOL. See where he walks: be sure you let off at a twinkling, now.

FULK. When did I miss you?—Your worship has forgot you promised mistress Newcut, your cousin, to dine with her this day.

GOL. Mass, that was well remembered.

BUN. I am bold to salute you, sir.

GOL. Sir?

BUN. Is mistress Newcut your cousin, sir?

GOL. Yes, she's a cousin of mine, sir.

BUN. Then I am a cousin of yours, by the sister's side.

GOL. Let me salute you then; I shall be glad of your farther acquaintance.

BUN. I am a bidden guest there too.

GOL. Indeed, sir!

BUN. Faith, invited this morning.

GOL. Your good company shall be kindly embraced, sir.

BUN. I walk a turn or two here for a gentleman, but I think he'll either overtake me, or be before me.

GOL. 'Tis very likely, sir.—There, sirrah, go to dinner, and about two wait for me.

BUN. Nay, let him come between two and three, cousin, for we love to sit long at dinner i' th' city.

GOL. Come, sweet cousin.

BUN. Nay, cousin; keep your way, cousin; good cousin, I will not, i'faith, cousin. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

A Room in MISTRESS NEWCUT'S *House:* MARMADUKE *laying the cloth for dinner.*

Enter MISTRESS NEWCUT.

MIS. N. Why, how now, sirrah? upon twelve of the clock, and not the cloth laid yet? must we needs keep Exchange time still?

MAR. I am about it, forsooth.

MIS. N. You're about it, forsooth? you're still about many things, but you ne'er do one well. I am an ass to keep thee in th' house, now my husband's at sea; thou hast no audacity with thee; a foolish, dreaming lad, fitter to be in the garret than in any place else; no grace nor manly behaviour: when didst thou ever come to me but with thy head hanging down? O decheerful 'prentice, uncomfortable servant! [*Exit* MARMADUKE.]—Pray heaven the gull, my cousin, has so much wit left as to bring master Tailby along with him, my comfort, my delight! for that was the chiefest cause I did invite him. I bade him bring what gentleman he pleased to accompany him; as far as I durst go: why may he not then make choice of master Tailby? had he my wit or feeling he would do't.

Enter BUNGLER, *and* GOLDSTONE *disguised.*

BUN. Where's my sweet cousin here? does she lack any guess?[z]

[z] *guess*] i. e. guests: see note, vol. i p. 326.

Mis. N. Ever such guess as you: you're welcome, cousin.

Gol. I am rude, lady.

Mis. N. You're most welcome, sir.

Bun. There will be a gallant here anon, coz; he promised faithfully.

Mis. N. Who is't? master Tailby?

Bun. Master Tailby? no, master Goldstone.

Mis. N. Master Goldstone? I could think well of that Goldstone were't not for one vild[a] trick he has.

Gol. What's that, lady?

Mis. N. In jest he will pawn his punks for suppers.

Gol. That's a vild part in him, i'faith, and[b] he were my brother.

Mis. N. Pray, gentlemen, sit awhile; your dinner shall come presently. [*Exit.*

Gol. Yea, mistress Newcut? at first give me a trip?
A close bite always asks a secret nip. [*Aside.*

Bun. My cousin here is a very kind-natured soul, i'faith, in her humour.

Gol. Pooh, you know her not so well as I, coz; I have observed her in all her humours; you ne'er saw her a little waspish, I think.

Bun. I have [not], i'faith.

Gol. Pooh, then ye ne'er saw pretty humour in your life; I can bring her into't when I list.

Bun. Would you could, i'faith!

Gol. Would I could? by my troth, and I were sure thou couldst keep thy countenance, coz, what a pretty jest have I thought upon already to entertain time before dinner!

[a] *vild*] See note, vol. i. p. 94. [b] *and*] i. e. if.

BUN. Prithee, coz, what is't? I love a jest a' life,[c] i'faith.

GOL. Ah, but I am jealous[d] you will not keep your countenance, i'faith! Why, ye shall see a pretty story of a humour.[e] Faith, I'll try you for once: you know my cousin will wonder when she comes in to see the cloth laid, and ne'er a salt upon the board.

BUN. That's true, i'faith.

GOL. Now will I stand a while out of sight with it, and give her humour play a little.

BUN. Coz, dost thou love me? and thou wilt ever do any thing for me, do't.

GOL. Marry, I build upon you[r] countenance.

BUN. Why, dost thou think I'm an ass, coz?

GOL. I would be loath to undertake it else; for if you should burst out presently, coz, the jest would be spoiled.

BUN. Why, do not I know that? Away, stand close: [*exit* GOLDSTONE *with the salt-cellar*] so, so; mum, cousin.—A merry companion, i'faith: here will be good sport anon,—whist, she comes.

Re-enter MISTRESS NEWCUT.

MIS. N. I make you stay[f] long for a bad dinner here, cousin; if master Goldstone were come, the meat's e'en ready.

BUN. Some great business detains him, cousin; but he'll not be long now.

MIS. N. Why, how now? cuds my life! ——

BUN. Why ——

[c] *a' life*] See note, vol. i. p. 272.

[d] *jealous*] See note, p. 216.

[e] *Why, ye shall see a pretty story of a humour*] These words are given to Bungler in the old ed.

[f] *stay*] Old ed. "stray."

MIS. N. Was ever mistress so plagued with a shuttle-headed servant!—Why, Marmaduke!

Re-enter MARMADUKE.

MAR. I come, forsooth.

MIS. N. Able to shame me from generation to generation!

MAR. Did you call, forsooth?

MIS. N. Come hither, forsooth: did you lay this cloth?

Mar. Yes, forsooth.

MIS. N. Do you use to lay a cloth without a salt, a salt, a salt, a salt, a salt, a salt!

MAR. How many salts would you have? I'm sure I set the best i' th' house upon the board.

BUN. How, cousin? [*sings*] *Cousin, cousin, did call, coz?*

MIS. N. Did you see a salt upon the board when you came in?

BUN. Pooh!

MIS. N. Come, come, I thought as much; beshrew your fingers, where is't now?

BUN. Your cousin yonder ——

MIS. N. Why, the man's mad!

BUN. Cousin, hist, cousin!

MIS. N. What say you?

BUN. Pooh, I call not you, I call my cousin.—Come forth with the salt, cousin! Ha! how? nobody? Why, was not he that came in e'en now your cousin?

MIS. N. My cousin? O my bell-salt, O my great bell-salt!

Re-enter GOLDSTONE *in his own dress.*

BUN. The tenor bell-salt. O, here comes master Goldstone now, cousin; he may tell us some news

on him.—Did you not meet a fellow about door with a great silver salt under his arm?

GOL. No, sure; I met none such.

MIS. N. Pardon me, sir, I forgot all this while to bid you welcome. I shall loathe this room for ever. Take hence the cloth, you unlucky, maple-faced[f] rascal.—Come, you shall dine in my chamber, sir.

GOL. No better place, lady. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.

A Street.

Enter PYAMONT.

PY. No less than forty pound in fair gold at one lift! the next shall swoon and swoon again till the devil fetch him, ere I set hand to him. Heart, nothing vexes me so much, but that I paid the goldsmith[g] for the change too not an hour before: had I let it alone in the chain of silver as it was at first, it might have given me some notice at his departure: 'sfoot, I could fight with a windmill now. Sure 'twas some unlucky villain: why should he come and salute me wrongfully too, mistake me at noonday? Now I think on't in cold blood, it could

[f] *maple-faced*] Whether this epithet is to be explained rough-faced, or brown-faced, or broad-faced, seems doubtful: see Gifford's note on B. Jonson's *Works*, vol. vi. p. 156.

[g] *goldsmith*] When this drama was written, and indeed long after, goldsmiths acted as bankers:

"*Enter Trainsted with a purse of gold in his hand.*

TRAINST. I have been with my goldsmith, and am well furnished to start hence." Sir E. Howard's *Man of Newmarket*, 1678, act i. sc. i.

not be but an induction to some villanous purpose: well, I shall meet him ——

Enter PURSENET.

PUR. This forty pound came fortunately to redeem my chain of pearl from mortgage: I would not care how often I swooned[h] to have such a good caudle[i] to comfort me; gold and pearl[j] are very restorative.

PY. See, yonder's the rogue I suspect for foul play! I'll walk muffled by him, offer some offence or cause of a quarrel, only to try his temper; if he be a coward, he's the likelier to be a rogue, an infallible note. [*Jostles* PURSENET.

PUR. What a pox ail you, sir? would I had been aware of you!

PY. Sir, speak you to me?

PUR. Not I, sir: pray, keep on your way; I have nothing to say to you.

PY. You're a rascal!

PUR. You may say your pleasure, sir; but I hope I go not like a rascal.

PY. Are you fain to fly to your clothes because you're gallant? why, there's no rascal like your gallant rascal, believe that.

PUR. You have took me at such an hour, faith, you may call me e'en what you please; nothing will move me.

PY. No? I'll make somewhat move you. Draw!

[h] *how often I swooned*] See note, p. 291.

[i] *a good caudle*, &c.] Here again (see note, p. 151), Middleton seems to consider *caudle* and a *cullis* as the same thing. According to ancient receipts, fine gold and orient pearl are among the ingredients of the latter.

[j] *are*] Old ed. "is."

I suspected you were a rogue, and you have purst it up well with a coward!

PUR. Who, my patron?

PY. Keep out, you rascal!

PUR. The guest that did me the kindness in Paul's? Hold! as you are a gentleman; you'll give me breath, sir?

[*Exit running; and as he goes out, drops the chain of pearl.*

PY. Are you there with me? a vengeance stop you! You have found breath enough to run away from me. I will never meet this slave hereafter in a morning but I will breathe myself upon him; since I can have no other satisfaction, he shall save me that forty pound in fence-school. [*Exit.*

Enter GOLDSTONE.

GOL. When things are cleanly carried, sign of judgment:
I was the welcom'st gallant to her alive
After the salt was stolen; then a good dinner,
A fine provoking meal, which drew on apace
The pleasure of a day-bed, and I had it;
This here one ring can witness: when I parted,
Who but *sweet master Goldstone?* I left her in that trance.
What cannot wit, so it be impudent,
Devise and compass? I'd[k] fain know that fellow now
That would suspect me but for what I am;
He lives not:
'Tis all in the conveyance.[l] What! thou look'st not

[k] *I'd*] Old ed. "I would."

[l] *conveyance*] i. e. sleight of hand,—a delicate term for stealing.

Like a beggar: what mak'st thou on the ground?
I've[m] a hand to help thee up: a fair chain of pearl!
[*Takes up the chain of pearl which* PURSENET *had dropt.*
Surely a merchant's wife gives lucky handsel:
They that find pearl may wear't at a cheap rate;
Marry, my lady dropt it from her arm
For a device to tole me to her bed:
I've seen as great a matter.—Who be these?
I'll be too crafty for you.—

Enter PRIMERO *and* FRIPPERY.

O monsieur Primero, signior Frip; is it you, gallants?

FRI. Sweet master Goldstone! [*They talk apart.*

Enter TAILBY *and two Constables.*

TAI. Every bawd exceeds me in fortune: master Primero was robbed of a carkanet[n] upon Monday last; laid[o] the goldsmiths, and found it. I ha' laid goldsmith,[p] jeweller, burnisher, broker, and the devil and all, I think, yet could never so much as hear of that chain of pearl: he was a notable thief; he works close. Peace, who be these? ha, let me see. By this light, there it is! Back, lest they see thee: a happy minute! Goldstone? What an age do we breathe in! who that saw him now would think he were maintained by purses? so, who that meets me would think I were maintained by wenches? As far as I can see, 'tis all one case, and holds both in one court; we are both maintained by the common roadway! Keep thou thine

[m] *I've*] Old ed. "I have."
[n] *carkanet*] i. e. a collar of jewels, a necklace.
[o] *laid*] See note, p. 11.
[p] *goldsmith*] Old ed. "goldsmits."

own heart, thou livest unsuspected. I leese[q] you again now.

GOL. But, I pray you, tell me,
Met you no gentlewomen by the way you came?

FRI. Not any: what should they be?

GOL. Nay, I do but ask,
Because a gentlewoman's glove was found
Near to the place I met you.

PRI. Faith, we saw none, sir.

TAI. Good officers, upon suspicion of felony.

S. CON. Very good, sir.

F. CON. What call you the thief's name you do suspect?

TAI. Master Justinian Goldstone.

F. CON. Remember, master Justice Goldstone; a terrible world the whilst, my masters!

TAI. Look you, that's he: upon him, officers!

F. CON. I see him not yet; which is he, sir?

TAI. Why, that.

F. CON. He a thief, sir? who, that gentleman i' th' satin?

TAI. E'en he.

F. CON. Farewell, sir; you're a merry gentleman.

TAI. As you will answer it, officers! I'll bear you out, I'll be your warrant.

F. CON. Nay, and[r] you say so—what's his name then?

TAI. Justinian Goldstone.

F. CON. Master Justinian Goldstone, we apprehend you, sir, upon suspicion of felony.

GOL. Me?

TAI. You, sir.

[q] *leese*] i. e. lose—(lose sight of Goldstone, I presume).
[r] *and*] i. e. if.

S. Con. I charge you, in the king's name, gentlemen, to assist us.

Gol. Master Tailby!

Tai. The same man, sir.

Gol. Life, what's the news?

Tai. Ha' you forgot Combe Park?

Gol. Combe Park? no, 'tis in Kingston way.

Tai. I believe you'll find it so.

Gol. I not deny it.

F. Con. Bear witness, has confessed.

Gol. What have I confessed? Pair of coxcombs indubitable!

Tai. I was robb'd finely of this chain of pearl there,
And forty fair spur-royals.[s]

Gol. Did I rob you?

Tai. There where I find my goods I may suspect, sir.

Fri. I dreamt this would be his end. [*Aside.*

Gol. See how I am wrong'd, gentlemen:
As I've[t] a soul, I found this chain of pearl
Not three yards from this place, just when I met you.

Tai. Ha, ha!

Fri. Yet the law's such, if he but swear 'tis you,
You're gone.

Gol. Pox on't, that e'er I saw't!

Fri. Can you but swear 'tis he? do but that, and you tickle him, i'faith.

Tai. Nay, and[u] it come once to swearing, let me alone.

Fri. Say, and hold; he called my jewels counterfeit, and so cheated the poor wench of 'em.

[s] *spur-royals*] See note, p. 260.
[t] *I've*] Old ed. "I have."
[u] *and*] i. e. if.

F. Con. Come, bring him away, come.

Gol. 'Twill call my state in question.

Re-enter Pursenet.

Pur. I think what's got by theft doth never prosper;
Now lost my chain of pearl.—Come, master Goldstone,
Let go; 'tis[v] mine, i'faith.

Gol. The chain of pearl?

Pur. By my troth, it's mine.

Gol. By my troth, much good do't you, sir.

Fri. I'm glad in my soul, sir.[w]

F. Con. Deliver your weapons.

Pur. How?

F. Con. You're apprehended upon suspicion of felony.

Pur. Felony? what's that?

Tai. Was it you, i'faith, sir, all this while, that did me that kindness to ease both my pockets at Combe Park?

Pur. I, sir? Pray, gentlemen, draw near; let's talk among ourselves.—Stand apart, scoundrel.—Must every gentleman be upbraided in public that flies out now and then upon necessity, to be themes for pedlars and weavers? This should not be; 'twas never seen among the Romans, nor read we of it in the time of Brute: are we more brutish now? Did I list to blab, do not I know your course of life, master Tailby, to be as base as the basest, maintained by me, by him, by all of us, and 'a second-hand from mistresses? I've their letters here to shew.

[v] *Let go, 'tis*] Old ed. "lets *go* this."

[w] *I'm glad in my soul, sir*] In the old ed. this speech is followed by a word printed in italics,—"*Gnawes*,"—which I presume is a stage-direction.

Why should you be so violent to strip naked
Another's reputation to the world,
Knowing your own so leprous?
Beside, this chain of pearl and those spur-royals[x]
Came to you falsely; for she broke her faith,
And made her soul a strumpet with her body,
When she sent those; they were ever justly mine.—
Pray, what moves you, sir? why should you shake your head? you're clear; sure I should know you, sir: pray, are not you sometimes a pander, and oftener a bawd, sir? have I never sinned in your banqueting boxes, your bowers and towers? You slave, that keeps fornication upon the tops of trees! the very birds cannot engender in quiet for you: why, rogue, that goes in good clothes made out of wenches' cast gowns ——

Pri. Nothing goes so near my heart as that.

Pur. Do you shake your slave's noddle?

Tai. And here's a rascal, look, a' 's way[y] too—saving the presence of master Goldstone—a filthy-slimy-lousy-nittical broker, pricked up in pawns from the hat-band to the shoe-string; a necessary hook to hang gentlemen's suits out i' th' air, lest they should grow musty with long lying, which his pawns seldom are guilty of; a fellow of several scents and steams, French, Dutch, Italian, English, and therefore his lice must needs be mongrels: why, bill-money ——

Gol. I am sorry to hear this among you: you've all deceived me; truly I took you for other spirits. You must pardon me henceforward; I have a reputation to look to; I must be no more seen in your companies.

Fri. Nay, nay, nay, nay, master Goldstone, you

[x] *spur-royals*] See note, p. 260.
[y] *look, a' 's way*] Old ed. "lookt asway."

must not 'scape so, i'faith; one word before you go, sir.

GOL. Pray, despatch then; I would not for half my revenues, i'faith, now, that any gallants should pass by in the meantime, and find me in your companies; nay, as quick as you can, sir.

FRI. You did not take away master Bouser's cloak t'other morning, pawned it to me, and borrowed five pound upon't?

GOL. Ha!

FRI. 'Twas not you neither that finely cheated my little novice at master Primero's house of a diamond and sapphire, and swore they were counterfeit, both glass, mere glass, as you were a right gentleman?

GOL. 'Slife, why were we strangers all this while? 'Sfoot, I perceive we are all natural brothers! A pox on's all, are we found, i'faith?

FRI. A cheater!

GOL. A thief, a lecher, a bawd, and a broker!

F. CON. What mean they to be so merry? I'm afraid they laugh at us, and make fools on's.

GOL. Push,[7] leave it to me.—How now, who would you speak withal?

F. CON. Speak withal! Have we waited all this while for a suspected thief?

GOL. How? You're scarce awake yet, I think: look well, does any appear like a thief in this company? Away, you slaves! you stand loitering when you should look to the commonwealth: you catch knaves apace now, do you not? they may walk by your nose, you rascals!

[*Exeunt Constables.*

ALL. Sweet master Goldstone!

[7] *Push*] See note, vol. i. p. 29.

Gol. You lacked spirit in your company till I came among you: here be five on's; let's but glue together, why now the world shall not come between us.

Pur. If we be true among ourselves.

Gol. Why, true; we cannot lack to be rich, for we cannot lack riches, nor can our wenches want, nor we want wenches.

Pri. Let me alone to furnish you with them.

Tai. And me.

Gol. There's one care past: and as for the knight's daughter,
Our chiefest business, and least thought upon—

Pur. That's true, i'faith.

Tai. How shall we agree for her?

Gol. With as much ease
As for the rest. To-morrow brings the night:
Let's all appear in the best shape we may;
Troth is, we have need on't:
And when amongst us five she makes election,
As one she shall choose—

Pur. True, she cannot [but] choose.

Gol. That one so fortunate amongst us five
Shall bear himself more portly, live regarded,
Keep house, and be a countenance to the rest.

All. Admirable![2]

Gol. For instance;
Put case yourself, after some robbery done,
Were pursu'd hardly, why there were your shelter,
You know your sanctuary; nay, say you were taken,
His letter to the justice will strike't dead:
'Tis policy to receive one for the head.

All. Let's hug thee, Goldstone.

Gol. What have I begot?

[2] *Admirable*] Old ed. "Admirall."

PUR. What, sir?
GOL. I must plot for you all; it likes[a] me rarely.
TAI. Prithee, what is't, sir?
GOL. 'Twould strike Fitsgrave pale,
And make the other suitors appear blanks.
FRI. For our united mysteries.
GOL. What if we five presented our full shapes
In a strange-gallant and conceited masque?
PUR. In a masque? your thoughts and mine were twins.
TAI. So the device were subtle, nothing like it.
FRI. Some poet must assist us.
GOL. Poet?
You'll take the direct line to have us stag'd.[b]
Are you too well, too safe? Why, what lacks Bouser?
An absolute scholar; easy to be wrought,
No danger in the operation.
PUR. But have you so much interest?
GOL. What, in Bouser?
Why, my least word commands him.
TAI. Then no man fitter.
PUR. And there's master Frip too
Can furnish us of masquing suits enow.
FRI. Upon sufficient pawn, I think I can, sir.
PUR. Pawn? Jew, here, take my chain: pawns among brothers?
We shall thrive![c]
But we must still expect one rogue in five,
And think us happy too.

[a] *likes*] See note, p. 47.
[b] *stag'd*, &c.] Old ed. "*sta'gde? why what lacks Bowser, are you too well, too safe, an absolute scholler.*"
[c] *We shall thrive*] An imperfect couplet: see notes, p. 7 of this vol., p. 424 of vol. i.

Enter FITSGRAVE.

GOL. Last man we spoke on, master Bouser.

PUR. Little master Bouser.[d]

TAI. Sweet master Bouser ——

FRI. Welcome, i'faith.

FIT. Are your fathers dead, gentlemen, you're so merry?

GOL. By my troth, a good jest! Did not I commend his wit to you, gentlemen? Hark, sirrah Ralph Bouser, cousin Bouser, i'faith, there's a kind of portion in town, a girl of fifteen hundred, whom we all powerfully affect, and determine to present our parts to her in a masque.

FIT. In a masque?

GOL. Right, sir: now, a little of thy brain for a device to present us firm, which we shall never be able to do ourselves, thou knowest that; and with a kind of speech wherein thou mayst express what gallants are, bravely.

FIT. Pooh, how can I express 'em otherwise but bravely?

Now for a Mercury, and all were fitted.

PUR. Could not a boy supply it?

FIT. Why, none better.

PUR. I have a boy shall put down all the Mercuries i' th' town; 'a will play a Mercury naturally, at his fingers' end[s], i'faith.

FIT. Why then we are suited: for torch-bearers and shield-boys, those are always the writer's properties;[e] you're not troubled with them.

[d] *Pur. Little master Bouser*, &c.] Old ed. "*All. Little maister Bowser, sweete maister Bowser welcome ifaith.*"

[e] *properties*] i. e. necessaries for the scene: in strict theatrical language, however, the term is applied to things, not to persons.

GOL. Come, my little Bouser, do't finely now, to the life.

FIT. I warrant you, gentlemen.

FRI. Hist; give me a little touch above the rest, and[f] you can possible, for I mean to present this chain of pearl to her.

FIT. Now I know that, let me alone to fit you.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

A Chamber.[g]

Enter Courtesans and MISTRESS NEWCUT.

FIRST C. Come forth, you wary, private-whispering strumpet! Have we found your close haunts, your private watch-towers, and your subtle means?

MIS. N. How then?

SEC. C. You can steal secretly hither, you mystical quean you, at twilight, twitter-lights![h]
You have a privilege from your hat,[i] forsooth,

[f] *and*] i. e. if.

[g] *A Chamber*] The commencement of the scene would lead us to suppose that the place of action is Primero's house: but that Fitsgrave's friends should conceal themselves in a gallery there, to watch the proceedings of "the gallants," is surely somewhat absurd.

[h] *twilight, twitter-lights*] Are, I believe, synonyms; and perhaps one of them ought to be struck out of the text. The latter is a word of rare occurrence; but we find it in our author's *More Dissemblers besides Women*, "Come not till *twitter-light*," act iii. sc. 1; and in the old play called *Wily Beguilde*, "What mak'st thou heere this *twatter light?*" Sig. E 3, ed. 1623.

[i] *You have a privilege from your hat*, &c.] An allusion to some regulation about dress, which I cannot explain: the

To walk without a man, and no suspicion;
But we poor gentlewomen that go in tires
Have no such liberty, we cannot do thus:
Custom grants that to you that's shame in us.

MIS. N. Have you done yet?

SEC. C. You broke the back of one husband already; and now th' other's dead with grief at sea, with your secret expenses, close stealths, cunning filches, and continued banquets in corners. Then, forsooth, you must have your milk-baths to white you, your rose-leaves to sweeten you, your bean-flour bags[1] to sleek you, and make you soft, smooth, and delicate, for lascivious entertainment!

MIS. N. So, and you think all this while you dance like a thief in a mist, you're safe, nobody can find you! Pray, were not you a feltmonger's daughter at first, that run away with a new courtier for the love of gentlewomen's clothes, and bought the fashion at a dear rate, with the loss of your name and credit? Why, what are all of you but rustical insides and city flesh, the blood of yeomen, and the bum of gentlewomen?

SEC. C. What, shall we suffer a changeable forepart to out-tongue us? Take that!

[*Attacking her.*

MIS. N. Murder, murder!

Enter FITSGRAVE.

FIT. How now! Why, ladies, a retreat! come, you have shewn your spirits sufficiently: you're all land-captains; and so they shall find that come in your quarters; but have you the law free now to

reader may turn to Strutt's *Dress and Habits*, &c., vol. ii. p. 316.

[1] *bean-flour bags*] Compare Eugenia's speech in *The Old Law*, vol. i. p. 38.

fight and scratch among yourselves, and let your gallants run away with others ?[j]

FIRST C. How !

SEC. C. Good ——

FIRST C. Sweet master Bouser !

MIS. N. Another ? [*Aside.*

FIT. Why, then, I perceive you know nothing : why, they are in the way of marriage ; a knight's daughter here in town makes her election among 'em this night.

FIRST C. This night ?

FIT. This very night ; and they all present themselves in a masque before her : know you not this ?

SEC. C. O traitor master Goldstone !

THIRD C.[k] Perjured master Tailby !

MIS. N. Without soul ? [*Aside.*

FIRST C. She will chase him !

FIT. You have more cause to join,
And play the grounds of friendship 'mongst yourselves,
Than rashly run division : I could tell you
A means to pleasure you ——

FIRST C. Good master Bouser !

FIT. But that you're women, and are hardly secret ——

SEC. C. We vow it seriously.

FIT. You should be all there in presence,
See all, hear all, and yet not they perceive you.

THIRD C. So that ——

MIS. N. Sweet master Bouser, I ——

FIT. I can stand you in stead ;
For I frame the device ——

[j] *others*] Old ed. "us."
[k] *Third C.*] Is perhaps the "Novice."

ALL. If ever ——
FIT. Will you do't—hark you— [*Whispers.*
FIRST C. Content.
SEC. C. And I'll make one.
THIRD C. And I another:
We'll mar the match.
MIS. N. When that good news[1] came of my husband's death,
Goldstone[m] promis'd me marriage,
And sware to me ——
SEC. C. I'll bring his oaths in question.
FIRST C. So will I.[n]
FIT. Agree among yourselves, for shame!
FIRST C. Are we resolv'd?
SEC. C. In this who would not feign?
THIRD C. Friends all, for my part.
MIS. N. Here's my[o] lip for mine.
THIRD C. Round let it go.
SEC. C. All wrath thus quench'd.
FIRST C. And I conclude it so.
[*Exeunt all except* FITSGRAVE.
FIT. How all events strike even with my wishes!
Their own invention damns them.—

Enter two Gentlemen, and PYAMONT *and* BUNGLER.

Now, gentlemen,
Stands your assistance firm?
FIRST G. Why, 'tis our own case;
I'm sorry you should doubt.
SEC. G. We'll furnish you.

[1] *When that good news*, &c.] Is given to "3." in old ed.
[m] *Goldstone*, &c.] So the lines are divided in the old ed.: the measure is lost in the corruption of the text.
[n] *So will I*] Is given to "3." in old ed.; but the Third Court. had "set her affections" on Tailby.
[o] *Here's my*, &c.] Is given to "4." in old ed.

Bun.[p] Are these our gallants?

Fit. Are our gallants these?

Enter Painter with Shields. cf. 1 Hichemin

Pai. Here be five shields, sir.

Fit. Finished already? that's well: I'll see thy master shortly.

Pai. I'm satisfied. [*Exit.*

Py. Prithee, let's see, master Fitsgrave.

Fit. I have blazed them.

First G. What's this?

Sec. G. Fooh,[q] you should be a gallant too, for you're no university scholar.

Fit. Look, this is Pursenet; the device, a purse wide open, and the mouth downward: the word,[r] *Alienis ecce crumenis!*

First G. What's that?

Fit. *One that lives out of other men's pockets.*

Py. That's right!

Fit. Here's Goldstone's, three silver dice.

First G. They run high, two cinques and a quater!

Fit. They're high-men,[s] fit for his purpose: the word, *Fratremque patremque.*

Sec. G. Nay, he will cheat his own brother; nay, his own father, i'faith!

Fit. So much the word imports.—Master Primero—

Bun.[t] Pox, what says he now?

[p] *Bun.*] Old ed. "3."—but Bungler, as we find, is one of the party.

[q] *First G. What's this? Sec. G. Fooh,* &c.] One speech, given to "1." in old ed.

[r] *word*] See note, p. 258.

[s] *high-men*] A cant term for false dice loaded so as always to produce high throws.

[t] *Bun.*] Old ed. "3:" see note in the preceding page.

FIT. The device, an unvalued[u] pearl hid in a cave; the word, *Occultos vendit honores.*

FIRST G. What's that?

FIT. *One that sells maidenheads by wholesale.*

SEC. G. Excellently proper!

FIT. Master Frip——

SEC. G. That Pythagorical rascal![v] in a gentleman's suit to-day, in a knight's to-morrow.

FIT. The device for him, a cuckoo sitting on a tree; the word, *En avis ex avibus! one bird made of many;* for you know as the sparrow hatches the cuckoo, so the gentleman feathers the broker.

FIRST G. Let me admire thee, master Fitsgrave!

FIT. They will scorn gentlemen; and to assist them the better, Pursenet's boy, that little precious pickpocket, has a compendious speech in Latin, and, like a Mercury, presents their dispositions more liberally.

FIRST G. Never were poor gallants so abused.

FIT. Hang 'em!
They're counterfeits; no honest spirit will pity 'em.
This is my crown;[w]
So good men smile, I dread no rascal's frown.
Away, bestow yourselves secretly o'erhead;
This is the place appointed for the rehearsal,
To practise their behaviours.

FIRST G. We are vanish'd.

[*Exeunt two Gentlemen,* PYAMONT, *and* BUNGLER, *who presently station themselves above.*

Enter GOLDSTONE, PURSENET, TAILBY, FRIPPERY, PRIMERO, *and Boy.*

GOL. Master Bouser——

[u] *unvalued*] i. e. invaluable.

[v] *Pythagorical rascal*] Compare p. 85 and note.

[w] *This is my crown,* &c.] An imperfect couplet: see notes, p. 7 of this vol., p. 424 of vol. i.

PUR. Well said, i'faith; off with your cloaks, gallants; let's fall roundly to our business.

TAI. Is the boy perfect?

FIT. That's my credit, sir, I warrant you.

FRI. If our little Mercury should be out, we should scarce be known what we are.

FIT. I have took a course for that, fear it not, sir. Look you, first, here be your shields.

GOL. Ay, where be our shields?

PUR. Which is mine?

TAI. Which is mine, master Bouser? this?

FIT. I pray, be contained[x] a little, gentlemen; they'll come all time enough to you, I warrant.

PUR. This Frip is grown so violent!

FIT. Yours to begin withal, sir.

PUR. Well said, master Bouser!

FIT. First the[y] device, a fair purse wide open, the mouth downward; the word, *Alienis ecce crumenis!*

PUR. What's that, prithee?

FIT. *Your bounty pours itself forth to all men.*

PUR. And so it does, i'faith; that's all my fault, bountiful.

FIT. Master Goldstone, here's yours, sir: three silver dice; the word, *Fratremque patremque.*

GOL. And what's that?

FIT. *Fortune of my side.*

GOL. Well said, little Bouser, i'faith!

TAI. What say you to me, sir?

FIT. For the device, a candle in a corner; the word, *Consumptio victus.*

TAI. The meaning of that, sir?

FIT. *My light is yet in darkness till I enjoy her.*

[x] *be contained*] i. e. restrain yourselves—be not so impatient.

[y] *First the*, &c.] Given as part of Pursenet's speech in old ed.

TAI. Right, sir.[z]

PRI. Now mine, sir?

FIT. The device, an unvalued[a] pearl hid in a cave.

PRI. Aha, sirs!

FIT. The word, *Occultos vendit honores.*

PRI. Very good, I warrant.

FIT. *A black man's a pearl in a fair lady's eye.*

PRI. I said 'twas some such thing.

FRI. My turn must needs come now: am I fitted, master Bouser?

FIT. Trust to me; your device here is a cuckoo sitting on a tree.

FRI. The Welsh leiger;[b] good.

FIT. The word, *En avis ex avibus!*

FRI. Ay, marry, sir.

FIT. Why do you know what 'tis, sir?

FRI. No, by my troth, not yet, sir.

FIT. O!—*I keep one tune, I recant not.*

FRI. I'm like the cuckoo in that indeed: where I love I hold.

FIT. Did I not promise you I would fit you?

GOL. They're all very well done, i'faith, and very scholarlike, though I say't before thy face, little Bouser; but I would not have thee proud on't now: come, if this be performed well——

PUR. Who, the boy? he has performed deeper matters than this.

PY. Ay, a pox on him! I think was in my pocket now, and[c] truth were known. [*Aside.*

BUN. I caught him once in mine. [*Aside.*

FIT. Suppose the shields are presented, then you begin, boy.

[z] *Right, sir*] Given to Fitsgrave in old ed.

[a] *unvalued*] See note, p. 314.

[b] *The Welsh leiger*] Compare p. 88 and note. *Leiger* is a resident or ambassador at a foreign court.

[c] *and*] i. e. if.

Boy. I, representing Mercury, am a pickpocket, and have his part at my fingers' ends: *Page I am to that great and secret thief, magno illo et secreto latroni* ——

Fit.[d] There you make your honour, sir.

Boy. At *latroni?*

Fit.[e] You have it, sir.

Pur.[f] *Latroni*, that's mine.

Fit. He confesses the thief's his.

Pur. Remember, boy, you point *latroni* to me.

Boy. To you, master.

Fit. Proceed.[g]

Boy.[h] *These four are his companions: the one a notable cheater, that will cozen his own father* ——

Fit. Master Goldstone.

Gol. Let me alone, master Bouser; I can take mine own turn.

Fit. Why ——

Gol. Peace.

Boy.[i] *The second a notorious lecher, maintained by harlots, cujus virtus consumptio corporis.*[j]

Tai. That's I, master Bouser.

Fit. There you remember your honour, sir.

Boy. *Ille leno pretiosissimus, virgineos ob lucrum vendens honores.*

Pur.[k] It sounds very well, i'faith.

Boy. *Postremus ille, quamvis apparatu splendidus, is no otherwise but a broker; these feathers are not his own, sed avis ex avibus: all which to be nothing but truth will appear by the event.*

Fit. I'faith, here's all now, gentlemen.

[d] *Fit.*] Old ed. "*Bungl.*" [e] *Fit.*] Old ed. "*Purs.*"
[f] *Pur.*] Old ed. "*Boy.*"
[g] *Proceed*] Is part of the Boy's speech in old ed.
[h] *Boy*] Old ed. "*Fits.*" [i] *Boy*] Old ed. "*Fits.*"
[j] *corporis*] Old ed. "corpus." [k] *Pur.*] Qy. "*Pri.*"

GOL. Short and pithy.

TAI. A good boy, i'faith, and a pregnant!

PUR. I dare put trust in the boy, sir.—Forget not, sirrah, at any hand, to point that same *latroni* to me.

BOY. I warrant you, master.

GOL. Come, gentlemen, the time beckons us away.

FIT. Ay, furnish, gentlemen, furnish.

PUR. Hark, one word, master Bouser: what's the same *latroni?* I have a good mind to that word, i'faith.

FIT. *Latroni?* why, *shrieve*[1] *of the shire.*

PUR. I'faith, and I have shriven some shires in my days.

[*Exeunt* GOLDSTONE, PURSENET, TAILBY, FRIPPERY, PRIMERO, *and Boy.*

FIT. Now, gentlemen, are you satisfied and pleas'd?

FIRST G. Never more amply.

FIT. Amongst us now falls that desired lot,
For we shall blast five rivals with one plot.

[*Exit: and exeunt Gentlemen, &c. above.*

SCENE II.

A Hall in KATHERINE'S *House.*

Enter KATHERINE *between two ancient Gentlemen.*

KAT. Grave gentlemen, in whose approved bosoms
My deceas'd father did repose much faith,
You're dearly welcome: pray, sit, command music;
See nothing want to beautify this night,

[1] *shrieve*] i. e. sheriff: old ed. "Sheerse."

That holds my election in her peaceful arms;
Feasts, music, hymns, those sweet celestial charms.[1]

FIRST G. May you be blest in this election!

SEC. G. That content may meet perfection!

HYMN.

Sound lute, bandora,[m] *gittern,*
Viol, virginals, and cittern;
Voices spring, and lift aloud
Her name that makes the music proud!
This night perfection
Makes her election.
Follow, follow, follow, follow round,
Look you to that, nay, you to that, nay, you to that:
Anon you will be found, anon you will be found, anon you will be found.

[*Cornets sound: enter the Masque,*[n] *thus ordered: a torch-bearer, a shield-boy, then a masquer, so throughout; then the shield-boys fall at one end, the torch-bearers at the other; the masquers i' th' middle: the torch-bearers are the five gentlemen* [FITSGRAVE, PYAMONT, BUNGLER, *and two others*]; *the shield-boys the whores* [*three Courtesans, Novice, and* MISTRESS NEWCUT] *in boys' apparel; the masquers the five gallants* [PURSENET, GOLDSTONE, TAILBY, PRIMERO, *and* FRIPPERY]: *they bow to her; she rises and shews the like: they dance, but first deliver the shields up; she reads. The speech: their action.*

KAT. [*reads*] *Alienis ecce crumenis!*

[PURSENET *bows to her.*

[1] *charms*] Old ed. "swarmes."

[m] *bandora*] A musical instrument resembling a guitar: see Sir J. Hawkins' *Hist. of Music*, vol. iii. p. 345.

[n] *Enter the Masque*, &c.] Here, and a little after, I have given the stage-direction as it stands in the old ed., with some additions between brackets.

[*reads*] *Fratremque patremque.*

[GOLDSTONE *bows to her.*

[*reads*] *Consumptio victus.* [TAILBY *bows to her.*

[*reads*] *Occultos vendit honores.*

[PRIMERO *bows to her.*

A cuckoo: [*reads*] *En avis ex avibus!*

[FRIPPERY *bows to her.*

Are you all as the speech and shields display you?

GOL. We shall prove so.

[*They going to dance, each unhasps his weapon from his side, and gives it to the torch-bearers.* KATHERINE *seems distrustful, but then* FITSGRAVE *whispers to her and falls back. At the end of which, all making an honour,* FRIPPERY *presents her with that chain of pearl.*

KAT. The very chain of pearl was filch'd from me!

FIT. Hold! stop the boy there!

[*Boy seized:* PURSENET *stamps.*

KAT. Will none lay hands on him?

[FRIPPERY *seized.*

GOL. How now?

FRI. Alas, I'm but a broker! 'twas pawned to me in my shop.

[FITSGRAVE, PYAMONT, *and the others discover themselves.*

TAI. Ha, Fitsgrave!

PUR. Pyamont, and the rest!

GOL. Where's Bouser?

FIT. Here.

GOL. We are all betrayed!

FIT. Betrayed? you're new forth to betrayed, you have not so much worth: nay, struggle not with the net, you are caught for this world.

FIRST C. Would we were out!

FIT. 'Twas I fram'd your device, do you see?
'twas I:
The whole assembly has took notice of it.
That you are a gallant cheater,
So much the pawning of my cloak contains;
[*To* GOLDSTONE.
You a base thief, think of Combe Park [*to* PURSENET]; and tell me[p]
That you're a hirèd smockster [*to* TAILBY]; here's her letter,
In which we are certified that you're[q] a bawd.
[*To* PRIMERO.

FIRST G. The broker has confessed it.

SEC. G. So has the boy.

TAI. That boy will be hanged; he stole the chain at first, and has thus long maintained his master's gallantry.

FIT. All which we here present, like captive slaves,
Waiting that doom which their presumption craves.

KAT. How easily may our suspectless sex
With fair-appearing shadows be deluded!
Dear sir, you have the work so well begun,
That took from you, small glory would be won.

FIT. Since 'tis your pleasure to refer to me
The doom of these, I have provided so,
They shall not altogether lose their cost:
See, I have brought wives for 'em.
[*The Courtesans, &c. discover themselves.*

GOL. Heart, the strumpets! out, out!

TAI. Having assum'd, out of their impudence,
The shape of shield-boys!

[p] *tell me*] i. e. acknowledge—if there be no corruption of the text.

[q] *you're*] Old ed. "you are."

FRI. To heap full confusion!

FIRST C. Rather confine us to strict chastity,
A mere impossible task, than to wed these,
Whom we [do] loathe worse than the foul'st disease.

GOL. O grant 'em their requests!

FIT. The doom is past: so, since your aim was marriage,
Either embrace it in these courtesans,
Or have your base acts and felonious lives
Proclaim'd to the indignation of the law,
Which will provide a public punishment.
As for the boy, and that infectious bawd,
We put forth those to whipping.

PRI. Whipping? you find not that in the statute to whip satin.

FIT. Away with him! [PRIMERO *and Boy led off.*

GOL. Since all our shifts are discovered, as far as I can see, 'tis our best course to marry 'em; we'll make them get our livings.

PUR. He says true.

MIS. N. You see how we are threatened: by my troth, wenches, be ruled by me; let's marry 'em, and[r] it be but to plague 'em; for when we have husbands we are under covert-baron,[s] and may lie with whom we list: I have tried that in my t'other husbands' days.

ALL THE C. A match.

FIT. I'll be no more deferr'd: come, when do you join?

GOL. These forc'd marriages do never come to good.

FIT. How can they, when the[y] come to such as you?

PUR. The[y] often prove the ruin of great houses.

[r] *and*] i. e. if.

[s] *under covert-baron*] See note, vol. i. p. 370.

FIT.[t] Nor, virgin, do I in this seek to entice
All glory to myself; these gentlemen,
Whom[u] I am bound to love for kind assistance,
Had great affinity in the plot with me.
KAT. To them I give my thanks; myself to thee,
Thrice-worthy Fitsgrave!
FIT. I have all my wishes.
KAT. And I presume there's none but those can frown,
Whose envies, like the rushes, we tread down.
[*Exeunt omnes.*

order restored to authority (cf. W/ M for M - disguised Duke de machina)

[t] *Fit.*] This prefix has dropt out in old ed.
[u] *Whom*] Old ed. "To *whom.*"

A MAD WORLD, MY MASTERS.

A Mad World, my Masters. As it hath bin lately in Action by the Children of Paules. Composed by T. M. London, Printed by H. B. for Walter Bvrre, and are to be sold in Paules Churchyard, at the signe of the Crane. 1608. 4to. A second ed. appeared 1640. 4to.

This drama has been reprinted (most carelessly) in the several editions of Dodsley's *Coll. of Old Plays*, vol. v.

A Mad World, my Masters, was licensed by the deputy of Sir George Bucke, 4th Oct. 1608: see Chalmers's *Suppl. Apol.*, p. 199.

The City Heiress, or Sir Timothy Treatall, 1682, by Mrs. Behn, and *The Country Lasses, or the Custom of the Manor*, 1715, by Charles Johnson, are partly taken from the present play.

THE PRINTER AND STATIONER

TO THE

GENTLE READER.[a]

Courteous reader, let not the title or name of this comedy be any forestalling or weakening of the worthy author's judgment, whose known abilities will survive to all posterities, though he be long since dead. I hope the reading thereof shall not prove distasteful unto any in particular, nor hurtful unto any in general; but I rather trust that the language and the plot which you shall find in each scene shall rather be commended and applauded than any way derided or scorned. In the action, which is the life of a comedy, and the glory of the author, it hath been sufficiently expressed to the liking of the spectators and commendations of the actors; who have set it forth in such lively colours, and to the meaning of the gentleman that true penned it, that I dare say few can excel them, though some may equal them. In the reading of one act you guess the consequence; for here is no bombasted or fustian stuff, but every line weighed as with balance, and every sentence placed with judgment and deliberation. All that you can find

[a] Prefixed to the ed. of 1640.

in the perusal I will give you notice of beforehand, to prevent a censure that may arise in thy reading of this comedy, as also for the excuse of the author; and that is this: here and there you shall find some lines that do answer in metre; which I hope will not prove so disdainful, whereby the book may be so much slighted as not to be read, or the author's judgment undervalued as of no worth. Consider, gentle reader, it is full twenty years[b] since it was written, at which time metre was most in use, and shewed well upon the conclusion of every act and scene. My prevalent hope desires thy charitable censure, and thereby draws me to be

Thy immutable friend,

J. S.[c]

[b] *twenty years*] A mistake: see p. 327.
[c] *J. S.*] For whom the ed. of 1640 is printed.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

SIR BOUNTEOUS PROGRESS, *an old rich knight.*
DICK FOLLYWIT, *his grandson.*
HAREBRAIN.
PENITENT BROTHEL.
LIEUTENANT MAWWORM, } *comrades to Follywit.*
ANCIENT HOBOY, }
INESSE, } *two elder brothers.*
POSSIBILITY, }
GUMWATER, *Sir Bounteous's chief man.*
JASPER, *Penitent's man.*
RALPH, *Harebrain's man.*
SEMUS, *one of Sir Bounteous's servants.*
Constable.
Watchmen.
Two Knights.
Companions of Follywit, Servants, &c.

MISTRESS HAREBRAIN.
FRANK GULLMAN, *a courtesan.*
Her Mother.
A Succubus.

Scene, partly LONDON, partly the COUNTRY.

A MAD WORLD, MY MASTERS.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Street.

Enter FOLLYWIT, MAWWORM, HOBOY, *and others.*

MAW. CAPTAIN, regent, principal!

HOB. What shall I call thee? the noble spark of bounty! the life-blood of society!

FOL. Call me your forecast, you whoresons! when you come drunk out of a tavern, 'tis I must cast your plots into form still; 'tis I must manage the prank, or I'll not give a louse for the proceeding: I must let fly my civil fortunes, turn wild-brain, lay my wits upo' th' tenters, you rascals, to maintain a company of villains, whom I love in my very soul and conscience!

MAW. Aha, our little forecast!

FOL. Hang you, you have bewitched me among you! I was as well given[a] till I fell to be wicked! my grandsire had hope of me: I went all in black; swore but a' Sundays; never came home drunk but

[a] *I was as well given,* &c.] "Imitated from Shakespeare's *First Part of K. Henry IV.* act iii. sc. 3, where Falstaff says, 'I was as virtuously given as a gentleman need to be; virtuous enough: swore little; diced not above seven times a-week; went to a bawdy-house not above once in a quarter—of an hour; paid money that I borrowed, three or four times; lived well, and in good compass: and now I live out of all order, out of all compass.'" REED.

upon fasting-nights to cleanse my stomach. 'Slid, now I'm quite altered! blown into light colours; let out oaths by th' minute; sit up late till it be early; drink drunk till I am sober; sink down dead in a tavern, and rise in a tobacco-shop: here's a transformation! I was wont yet to pity the simple, and leave 'em some money: 'slid, now I gull 'em without conscience! I go without order, swear without number, gull without mercy, and drink without measure.

MAW. I deny the last; for if you drink ne'er so much, you drink within measure.

FOL. How prove you that, sir?

MAW. Because the drawers never fill their pots.

FOL. Mass, that was well found out! all drunkards may lawfully say, they drink within measure by that trick. And, now I'm put i' th' mind of a trick, can you keep your countenance, villains? Yet I am a fool to ask that; for how can they keep their countenance that have lost their credits?

HOB. I warrant you for blushing, captain.

FOL. I easily believe that, ancient, for thou lost thy colours once. Nay, faith, as for blushing, I think there's grace little enough amongst you all; 'tis Lent in your cheeks, the flag's down.[b] Well, your blushing face I suspect not, nor indeed greatly your laughing face, unless you had more money in your purses. Then thus compendiously now. You all know the possibilities of my hereafter fortunes, and the humour of my frolic grandsire, Sir Bounteous Progress, whose death makes all possible to me: I shall have all, when he has nothing; but

[b] *the flag's down*] "On the tops of our ancient theatres were flags, which we may suppose to have been taken down during the season of Lent, when plays were not suffered to be represented." STEEVENS.

now he has all, I shall have nothing. I think one mind runs through a million of 'em; they love to keep us sober all the while they're alive, that when they're dead we may drink to their healths; they cannot abide to see us merry all the while they're above ground, and that makes so many laugh at their fathers' funerals. I know my grandsire has his will in a box, and has bequeathed all to me, when he can carry nothing away; but stood I in need of poor ten pounds now, by his will I should hang myself ere I should get it: there's no such word in his will, I warrant you, nor no such thought in his mind.

MAW. You may build upon that, captain.

FOL. Then since he has no will to do me good as long as he lives, by mine own will I'll do myself good before he dies; and now I arrive at the purpose. You are not ignorant, I'm sure, you true and necessary implements of mischief, first, that my grandsire, Sir Bounteous Progress, is a knight of thousands, and therefore no knight since one thousand six hundred;[c] next, that he keeps a house like his name, bounteous, open for all comers; thirdly and lastly, that he stands much upon the glory of his complement,[d] variety of entertainment, together with the largeness of his kitchen, longitude of his buttery, and fecundity of his larder; and thinks himself never happier than when some stiff lord or great countess alights to make light his dishes. These being well mixed together, may

[c] *no knight since one thousand six hundred*] "Alluding to the number of necessitous people who were created knights by king James after his accession." REED.

[d] *the glory of his complement*] "i. e. the number of his servants. We still say of a ship full manned, that she has her full *complement*." STEEVENS.

give my project better encouragement, and make my purpose spring forth more fortunate: to be short, and cut off a great deal of dirty way, I'll down to my grandsire like a lord.

MAW. How, captain?

FOL. A French ruff, a thin beard, and a strong perfume will do't. I can hire blue coats[d] for you all by Westminster clock, and that colour will be soonest believed.

MAW. But prithee, captain ——

FOL. Push,[e] I reach past your fathoms:[f] you desire crowns?

MAW. From the crown of our head to the sole of our foot, bully.

FOL. Why carry yourselves but probably, and carry away enough with yourselves.

Enter PENITENT BROTHEL.

HOB. Why, there spoke a Roman captain!—Master Penitent Brothel!

P. BRO. Sweet master Folly-wit! [*Exeunt* FOLLY-WIT, MAWWORM, HOBOY, &c.] Here's a mad-brain a' th' first,[g] whose pranks scorn to have precedents, to be second to any, or walk beneath any madcap's inventions; has played more tricks than the cards can allow a man, and of the last stamp too, hating imitation; a fellow, whose only glory is to be prime of the company; to be sure of which, he maintains all the rest: he's the carrion, and they the kites that gorge upon him.

But why in others do I check wild passions,
And retain deadly follies in myself?

[d] *blue coats*] See note, p. 26.
[e] *Push*] See note, vol. i. p. 29.
[f] *fathoms*] See note, vol. i. p. 415.
[g] *first*] Dodsley and his editors read "*first* rate."

I tax his youth of common receiv'd riot,
Time's comic flashes, and the fruits of blood;
And in myself soothe up adulterous motions,
And such an appetite that I know damns me,
Yet willingly embrace it—love to Harebrain's wife,
Over whose hours and pleasures her sick husband,
With a fantastic but deserv'd suspect,
Bestows his serious time in watch and ward;
And therefore I'm constrain'd to use the means
Of one that knows no mean, a courtesan,
One poison for another, whom her husband,
Without suspicion, innocently admits
Into her company, who with tried art
Corrupts and loosens her most constant powers,
Making his jealousy more than half a wittol,[g]
Before his face plotting his own abuse,
To which himself gives aim,[h]
Whilst the broad arrow with the forked head
Misses his brow but narrowly. See, here she comes,
The close courtesan, whose mother is her bawd.

Enter Courtesan.

Cour. Master Penitent Brothel!—

P. Bro. My little pretty lady Gullman, the news, the comfort?

Cour. You're the fortunate man, sir, knight a' th' holland shirt;[i] there wants but opportunity, and she's wax of your own fashioning. She had

[g] *wittol*] i. e. tame cuckold.

[h] *to which himself gives aim*] i. e. which himself directs: see Gifford's note on Massinger's *Works*, vol. ii. p. 28, ed. 1813, where this passage is cited, and where the difference between the expressions *cry aim* and *give aim*, both taken from archery, is accurately shewn: "he who *gave aim* was stationed near the butts, and pointed out, after every discharge, how wide or how short the arrow fell of the mark."

[i] *shirt*] Old eds. "skirt."

wrought herself into the form of your love before my art set finger to her.

P. Bro. Did our affections meet? our thoughts keep time?

Cour. So it should seem by the music: the only jar is in the grumbling bass-viol her husband.

P. Bro. O, his waking suspicion!

Cour. Sigh not, master Penitent; trust the managing of the business with me, 'tis for my credit now to see't well finished: if I do you no good, sir, you shall give me no money, sir.

P. Bro. I am arrived at the court of conscience; a courtesan! O admirable times! honesty is removed to the common place.[j] [*Aside.*] Farewell, lady. [*Exit.*

Enter Mother.

Mot. How now, daughter?

Cour. What news, mother?

Mot. A token from thy keeper.

Cour. O, from Sir Bounteous Progress: he's my keeper indeed; but there's many a piece of venison stolen that my keeper wots not on. There's no park kept so warily but loses flesh one time or other; and no woman kept so privately but may watch advantage to make the best of her pleasure; and in common reason one keeper cannot be enough for so proud a park as a woman.

Mot. Hold thee there, girl.

Cour. Fear not me, mother.

Mot. Every part of the world shoots up daily into more subtlety; the very spider weaves her cauls with more art and cunning to entrap the fly.

The shallow ploughman can distinguish now
Twixt simple truth and a dissembling brow;

[j] *common place*] A pun, I presume,—common-pleas.

Your base mechanic fellow can spy out
A weakness in a lord, and learns to flout.
How does't behove us then that live by slight,[j]
To have our wits wound up to their stretch'd height!
Fifteen times
Thou knowest I have sold thy maidenhead
To make up a dowry for thy marriage, and yet
There's maidenhead enough for old sir Bounteous
still:
He'll be all his lifetime about it yet,
And be as far to seek when he has done.
The sums that I have told upon thy pillow!
I shall once see those golden days again:
Though fifteen, all thy maidenheads are not gone.
Th' Italian is not serv'd yet, nor the French:
The British men come for a dozen at once,
They engross all the market: tut, my girl,
'Tis nothing but a politic conveyance,
A sincere carriage, a religious eyebrow,
That throw[k] their charms over the worldling's senses;
And when thou spiest a fool that truly pities
The false springs of thine eyes,
And honourably doats upon thy love,
If he be rich, set him by for a husband.
Be wisely temper'd, and learn this, my wench,
Who gets th' opinion[l] for a virtuous name
May sin at pleasure, and ne'er think of shame.

COUR. Mother, I am too deep a scholar grown
To learn my first rules now.

MOT. 'Twill be thy own;
I say no more: peace, hark! remove thyself.

[*Exit Courtesan.*

O, the two elder brothers!

[j] *slight*] See note, vol. i. p. 441.
[k] *throw*] Old eds. "throwes."
[l] *opinion*] "i. e. reputation." REED.

Enter INESSE *and* POSSIBILITY.

POS. A fair hour, sweet lady!

MOT. Good morrow, gentlemen, master Inesse and master Possibility.

IN. Where's the little sweet lady your daughter?

MOT. Even at her book, sir.

POS. So religious?

MOT. 'Tis no new motion, sir; sh'as took it from an infant.

POS. May we deserve a sight of her, lady?

MOT. Upon that condition you will promise me, gentlemen, to avoid all profane talk, wanton compliments, undecent phrases, and lascivious courtings (which I know my daughter will sooner die than endure), I am contented your suits shall be granted.

POS. Not a bawdy syllable, I protest.

IN. Syllable was [well] placed there; for indeed your one syllables are your bawdiest words: prick that down. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Before HAREBRAIN'S *House.*

Enter HAREBRAIN.

HAR. She may make night-work on't; 'twas well recover'd;[m]
He-cats and courtesans stroll most i' th' night:
Her friend may be receiv'd and convey'd forth nightly;
I'll be at charge
For watch and ward, for watch and ward, i'faith;
And here they come.

[m] *recover'd*] Qy. "discover'd:" compare the third line of Harebrain's next speech.

Enter Watchmen.

FIRST W. Give your worship good even.

HAR. Welcome, my friends; I must deserve your diligence
In an employment serious. The troth is,
There's[n] a cunning plot laid, but happily discover'd,
To rob my house; the night uncertain when,
But fix'd within the circle of this month;
Nor does this villany consist in numbers,
Or many partners; only some one
Shall, in the form of my familiar friend,
Be receiv'd privately into my house
By some perfidious servant of mine own,
Address'd fit for the practice.

FIRST W. O abominable!

HAR. If you be faithful watchmen, shew your goodness,
And with these angels[o] shore up your eyelids:
[*Giving money.*
Let me not be purloin'd—purloin'd indeed!
The merry Greeks conceive me—there's[p] a gem
I would not lose,
Kept by th' Italian under lock and key:
We Englishmen are careless creatures: well,
I have said enough.

SEC. W. And we will do enough, sir.

HAR. Why, well said; watch me a good turn now; so, so, so. [*Exeunt Watchmen.*
Rise villany with the lark, why, 'tis prevented;
Or steal't by with the leather-winged bat,[q]
The evening cannot save it—peace—

[n] *There's*] Old ed. "There is."
[o] *angels*] See note, vol. i. p. 250.
[p] *There's*] Old ed. "there is."
[q] *the leather-winged bat*] From Spenser's *Faerie Queene*, b. ii. c. xii. st. 36.

"*The lether-winged batt*, dayes' enimy."

Enter Courtesan.

O, lady Gullman, my wife's only company, welcome! and how does the virtuous matron, that good old gentlewoman, thy mother? I persuade myself, if modesty be in the world, she has part on't; a woman of an excellent carriage all her lifetime, in court, city, and country.

Cour. Sh'as always carried it well in those places, sir;—witness three bastards a-piece. [*Aside.*]—How does your sweet bed-fellow, sir? you see I'm her boldest visitant.

Har. And welcome, sweet virgin; the only companion my soul wishes for her. I left her within at her lute; prithee, give her good counsel.

Cour. Alas, she needs none, sir!

Har. Yet, yet, yet, a little of thy instructions will not come amiss to her.

Cour. I'll bestow my labour, sir.

Har. Do, labour her, prithee. I have conveyed away all her wanton pamphlets; as *Hero and Leander, Venus and Adonis;*[r] O, two luscious marrow-bone pies for a young married wife! Here, here, prithee, take the *Resolution,*[s] and read to her a little.

[*Gives book.*

Cour. Sh'as set up her resolution already, sir.

Har. True, true, and this will confirm it the more: there's a chapter of hell; 'tis good to read this cold weather: terrify her, terrify her. Go,

[r] *Hero and Leander, Venus and Adonis*] The two well-known poems of Marlowe and Shakespeare.

[s] *the Resolution*] A once-celebrated (and excellent) work by Parsons the Jesuit, of which there are several editions. The title of the ed. now before me is, *A Book of Christian exercise apperteining to Resolution, that is, shewing how that wee shoulde resolue our selues to become Christians indeed. By R. P.* &c. 1585. 12mo. *Second Part*, 1591. 12mo. The 9th chapter of Part I. Book 1. of the former portion treats of hell-punishments.

read to her the horrible punishments for itching wantonness, the pains allotted for adultery; tell her her thoughts, her very dreams are answerable, say so; rip up the life of a courtesan, and shew how loathsome 'tis.

COUR. The gentleman would persuade me in time to disgrace myself, and speak ill of mine own function. [*Aside and exit.*

HAR. This is the course I take; I'll teach the married man
A new-selected strain. I admit none
But this pure virgin to her company:
Pooh, that's enough; I'll keep her to her stint,
I'll put her to her pension;
She gets but her allowance, that's [a] bare one:
Few women but have that beside their own:
Ha, ha, ha! nay, I will[t] put her hard to't.

Enter MISTRESS HAREBRAIN *and Courtesan.*

MIS. H. Fain would I meet the gentleman.

COUR. Push,[u] fain would you meet him! why, you do not take the course.

HAR. How earnestly she labours her,
Like a good wholesome sister of the Family![v]
She will prevail, I hope. [*Aside.*

COUR. Is that the means?

MIS. H. What is the means?
I would as gladly, to enjoy his sight,
Embrace it as the ——

COUR. Shall I have hearing? listen.

HAR. She's round with her, i'faith.[w] [*Aside.*

[t] *I will*] Old eds. "Ile." [u] *Push*] See note, vol. i. p. 29.
[v] *Family*] i. e. the Family of Love: see p. 103.
[w] *She's round with her, i'faith*] "i. e. she speaks plainly, in earnest to her." STEEVENS.

COUR. When husbands in their rank'st suspicions dwell,
Then 'tis our best art to dissemble well:
Put but these notes in use that I'll direct you,
He'll curse himself that e'er he did suspect you.
Perhaps he will solicit you, as in trial,
To visit such and such; still give denial:
Let no persuasions sway you; they're[w] but fetches
Set to betray you, jealousies, slights,[x] and reaches.
Seem in his sight t' endure the sight of no man;
Put by all kisses, till you kiss in common:
Neglect all entertain; if he bring in
Strangers, keep you your chamber, be not seen.
If he chance steal upon you, let him find
Some book lie open 'gainst an unchaste mind,
And coted[y] Scriptures; though for your own pleasure
You read some stirring pamphlet, and convey it
Under your skirt, the fittest place to lay it.
This is the course, my wench, t' enjoy thy wishes;
Here you perform best when you most neglect:
The way to daunt is to outvie suspect.
Manage these principles but with art and life,
Welcome all nations, thou'rt an honest wife.

HAR. She puts it home, i'faith, even to the quick:
From her elaborate action I reach that.
I must requite this maid; faith, I'm forgetful.
[*Aside.*

MIS. H. Here, lady,
Convey my heart unto him in this jewel.
Against you see me next, you shall perceive
I've[z] profited; in the mean season tell him
I am a prisoner yet a' th' Master's side,[a]

[w] *they're*] Old ed. "they are."
[x] *slights*] See note, vol. i. p. 441.
[y] *coted*] i. e. quoted.
[z] *I've*] Old ed. "I have."
[a] *th' Master's side*] See note, vol. i. p. 392.

My husband's jealousy,
That masters him, as he doth master me;
And as a keeper that locks prisoners up
Is himself prison'd under his own key,
Even so my husband, in restraining me,
With the same ward bars his own liberty.

COUR. I'll tell him how you wish it, and I'll wear
My wits to the third pile[a] but all shall clear.

MIS. H. I owe you more than thanks, but that I hope
My husband will requite you.

COUR. Think you so, lady? he has small reason for't.

HAR. What, done so soon? away, to't again, to't again, good wench, to't again; leave her not so: where left you? come.

COUR. Faith, I am weary, sir.
I cannot draw her from her strict opinion
With all the arguments that sense can frame.

HAR. No? let me come.—Fie, wife, you must consent.—What opinion is't? let's hear.

COUR. Fondly[b] and wilfully she retains that thought,
That every sin is damn'd.

HAR. O, fie, fie, wife! pea, pea, pea, pea, how have you lost your time! for shame, be converted. There's a diabolical opinion indeed! then you may think that usury were damned; you're a fine merchant, i'faith! or bribery; you know the law well! or sloth; would some of the clergy heard you, i'faith! or pride; you come at court! or gluttony; you're not worthy to dine at an alderman's table!

[a] *to the third pile*] An allusion to the finest kind of velvet, called *three-pile.* "It seems to have been thought," says Nares, quoting the present passage, "that there was a threefold accumulation of the outer substance, or pile." *Gloss.*

[b] *Fondly*] i. e. foolishly.

Your only deadly sin's adultery,
That villanous ringworm, woman's worst requital;
'Tis only lechery that's damn'd to th' pit-hole:
Ah, that's an arch offence, believe it, squal!
All sins are venial but venereal.

COUR. I've said enough to her.

HAR. And she will be rul'd by you.

COUR. Faugh!

HAR. I'll pawn my credit on't. Come hither, lady,
I will not altogether rest ingrateful;
Here, wear this ruby for thy pains and counsel.

COUR. It is not so much worth, sir; I am a very ill counsellor, truly.

HAR. Go to, I say.

COUR. You're to blame, i'faith, sir; I shall ne'er deserve it.

HAR. Thou hast done't already: farewell, sweet virgin; prithee, let's see thee oftener.

COUR. Such gifts will soon entreat me. [*Aside, and exit.*

HAR. Wife, as thou lov'st the quiet of my breast,
Embrace her counsel, yield to her advices:
Thou wilt find comfort in 'em in the end;
Thou'lt feel an alteration: prithee, think on't:
Mine eyes can scarce refrain.

MIS. H. Keep in your dew, sir,
Lest when you would, you want it.

HAR. I've pawn'd my credit on't: ah, didst thou know
The sweet fruit once, thou'dst never let it go!

MIS. H. 'Tis that I strive to get.

HAR. And still do so. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Hall in SIR BOUNTEOUS PROGRESS'S *Country House.*

Enter SIR BOUNTEOUS PROGRESS *and two Knights.*

FIRST K. You have been too much like your name, sir Bounteous.

SIR B. O, not so, good knights, not so; you know my humour: most welcome, good sir Andrew Pollcut;[c] sir Aquitain Colewort, most welcome.

BOTH. Thanks, good sir Bounteous.

[*Exeunt at one door.*

At the other door, enter in haste one of FOLLYWIT'S *companions disguised as a Footman.*

FOOT. O, cry your worship heartily mercy, sir!

SIR B. How now, linen stockings and threescore mile a-day? whose footman art thou?

FOOT. Pray, can your worship tell me—ho, ho, ho!—if my lord be come in yet.

SIR B. Thy lord! what lord?

FOOT. My lord Owemuch, sir.

SIR B. My lord Owemuch? I have heard much speech of that lord; has great acquaintance i' th' city; that lord has been much followed.

FOOT. And is still, sir; he wants no company when he's in London: he's free of the mercers, and there's none of 'em all dare cross him.

SIR B. And[d] they did, he'd turn over a new leaf with 'em; he would make 'em all weary on't i' th' end. Much fine rumour have I heard of that lord, yet had I never the fortune to set eye upon him: art sure he will alight here, footman? I am afraid thou'rt mistook.

[c] *Pollcut*] So ed. 1640: ed. 1608, "Pelcut."
[d] *and*] i. e. if.

Foot. Thinks your worship so, sir? by your leave, sir. [*Going.*

Sir B. Pooh, passion of me, footman! why, pumps, I say, come back!

Foot. Does your worship call?

Sir B. Come hither, I say. I am but afraid on't; would it might happen so well! How dost know? did he name the house with the great turret a' th' top?

Foot. No, faith, did he not, sir. [*Going.*

Sir B. Come hither, I say. Did he speak of a cloth-a'-gold chamber?

Foot. Not one word, by my troth, sir. [*Going.*

Sir B. Come again, you lousy seven-mile-an-hour!

Foot. I beseech your worship, detain me not.

Sir B. Was there no talk of a fair pair of organs,[e] a great gilt candlestick, and a pair of silver snuffers?

Foot. 'Twere sin to belie my lord; I heard no such words, sir. [*Going.*

Sir B. A pox confine thee! come again, pooh!

Foot. Your worship will undo me, sir.

Sir B. Was there no speech of a long dining-room, a huge kitchen, large meat, and a broad dresser-board?

Foot. I have a greater maw to that indeed, an't please your worship.

Sir B. Whom did he name?

Foot. Why, one sir Bounteous Progress.

Sir B. Ah, a, a! I am that sir Bounteous, you progressive round-about rascal.

Foot. Pooh! [*Laughs.*[f]

Sir B. I knew I should have him i' th' end:

[e] *pair of organs*] i. e. the old expression for *an organ.*

[f] *Pooh!* Laughs] Old eds. "Laughs, puh."

there's not a lord will miss me, I thank their good honours; 'tis a fortune laid upon me; they can scent out their best entertainment. I have a kind of complimental gift given me above ordinary country knights; and how soon 'tis smelt out! I warrant ye, there's not one knight i' th' shire able to entertain a lord i' th' cue, or a lady i' th' nick, like me; —like me! there's a kind of grace belongs to't, a kind of art which naturally slips from me; I know not on't, I promise you, 'tis gone before I'm aware on't—cuds me, I forget myself—where——

Enter Servants.

First S. Does your worship call?

Sir B. Run, sirrah! call in my chief gentleman i' th' chain of gold;[g] expedite. [*Exit First Servant.*] —And how does my good lord? I never saw him before in my life.—A cup of bastard[h] for this footman!

Foot. My lord has travelled this five year, sir.

Sir B. Travelled this five year? how many children has he?—Some bastard, I say!

Foot. No bastard, an't please your worship.

Sir B. A cup of sack to strengthen his wit!—

[*Exit Second Servant, and returns with the wine.*

The footman's a fool.

Enter Gumwater.

O, come hither, master Gumwater, come hither: send presently to master Pheasant for one of his hens; there's partridge i' th' house?

Gum. And wild-duck, an't please your worship.

[g] *call in my chief gentleman i' th' chain of gold*] "Stewards of noblemen and gentlemen of property used formerly to wear a gold chain." Reed.

[h] *bastard*] i. e. a sweet Spanish wine: there were two sorts, white and brown.

SIR B. And woodcock, an't please thy worship.

GUM. And woodcock, an't please your worship. —I had thought to have spoke before you.

SIR B. Remember the pheasant, down with some plover, clap down six woodcocks; my lord's[i] coming: now, sir.

GUM. An't please your worship, there's a lord and his followers newly alighted.

SIR B. Despatch, I say, despatch: why, where's my music? he's come indeed. [*Exit* GUMWATER.

Enter FOLLYWIT *dressed as a lord, with* MAWWORM, HOBOY, *and others, in blue coats.*[j]

FOL. Footman!

FOOT. My lord?

FOL. Run swiftly with my commendations to sir Jasper Topaz: we'll ride and visit him i' th' morning, say.

FOOT. Your lordship's charge shall be effected. [*Exit.*

FOL. That courtly, comely form should present to me
Sir Bounteous Progress.

SIR B. You've found me out, my lord; I cannot hide myself:
Your honour is most spaciously welcome.

FOL. In this forgive me, sir,
That being a stranger to your house[k] and you,
I make my way so bold; and presume
Rather upon your kindness than your knowledge;
Only your bounteous disposition
Fame hath divulg'd, and is to me well known.

SIR B. Nay, and your lordship know my dispo-

[i] *lord's*] Old eds. "loue's."
[j] *blue coats*] See note, p. 26.
[k] *house*] Old eds. "houses."

sition, you know me better than they that know my person; your honour is so much the welcomer for that.

Fol. Thanks, good sir Bounteous.

Sir B. Pray, pardon me; it has been often my ambition, my lord, both in respect of your honourable presence, and the prodigal fame that keeps even stroke with your unbounded worthiness,

To have wish'd your lordship where your lordship is,
A noble guest in this unworthy seat:
Your lordship ne'er heard my organs?

Fol. Heard of 'em, sir Bounteous, but never heard 'em.

Sir B. They're but double-gilt, my lord; some hundred and fifty pound will fit your lordship with such another pair.[1]

Fol. Indeed, sir Bounteous!

Sir B. O, my lord, I have a present suit to you!

Fol. To me, sir Bounteous? and you could ne'er speak at fitter time, for I'm here present to grant you.

Sir B. Your lordship has been a traveller?

Fol. Some five year, sir.

Sir B. I have a grandchild, my lord; I love him; and when I die I'll do somewhat for him: I'll tell your honour the worst of him, a wild lad he has been.

Fol. So we have been all, sir.

Sir B. So we have been all indeed, my lord; I thank your lordship's assistance. Some comic pranks he has been guilty of; but I'll pawn my credit for him, an honest, trusty bosom.

Fol. And that's worth all, sir.

Sir B. And that's worth all indeed, my lord, for

[1] *pair*] See note, p. 346.

he's like to have all when I die: *imberbis juvenis*, his chin has no more prickles yet than a midwife's; there's great hope of his wit, his hair's so long a-coming. Shall I be bold with your honour, to prefer this aforesaid Ganymede to hold a plate under your lordship's cup?

FOL. You wrong both his worth and your bounty, and[m] you call that boldness. Sir, I have heard much good of that young gentleman.

SIR B. Nay, has a good wit, i'faith, my lord.

FOL. Has carried himself always generously.

SIR B. Are you advised of that, my lord? has carried many things cleanly. I'll shew your lordship my will; I keep it above in an outlandish box; the whoreson boy must have all: I love him, yet he shall ne'er find it as long as I live.

FOL. Well, sir, for your sake, and his own deserving, I'll reserve a place for him nearest to my secrets.

SIR B. I understand your good lordship; you'll make him your secretary.—My music! give my lord a taste of his welcome. [*A strain played by the consort:*[n] SIR BOUNTEOUS *makes a courtly honour to* FOLLYWIT, *and seems to foot the tune.*] So.—How like you our airs, my lord? are they choice?

FOL. They're seldom matched, believe it.

SIR B. The consort of mine own household.

FOL. Yea, sir!

SIR B. The musicians are in ordinary, yet no ordinary musicians. Your lordship shall hear my organs now.

FOL. O, I beseech you, sir Bounteous!

SIR B. My organist! [*The organs play, and servants with covered dishes pass over the stage.*]—

[m] *and*] i. e. if. [n] *consort*] i. e. company of musicians.

Come, my lord, how does your honour relish my organ[s]?

FOL. A very proud air, i'faith, sir.

SIR B. O, how can't choose? a Walloon plays upon 'em, and a Welchman blows wind in their breech. [*Exeunt.*

[*A song to the organs.*[o]

SCENE II.

A Gallery.

Enter SIR BOUNTEOUS, *with* FOLLYWIT, MAWWORM, HOBOY, *and others.*[p]

SIR B. You must pardon us, my lord, hasty cates; your honour has had even a hunting-meal on't; and now I am like to bring your lordship to as mean a lodging; a hard down bed, i'faith, my lord, poor cambric sheets, and a cloth a' tissue canopy; the curtains, indeed, were wrought in Venice, with the story of the Prodigal Child in silk and gold; only the swine are left out, my lord, for[q] spoiling the curtains.

FOL. 'Twas well prevented, sir.

SIR B. Silken rest, harmonious slumbers, and venereal dreams to your lordship!

FOL. The like to kind sir Bounteous!

SIR B. Fie, not to me, my lord; I'm old, past dreaming of such vanities.

[o] *A song*, &c.] During which, the audience were to suppose that Sir Bounteous was feasting his guests.

[p] *Mawworm, Hoboy, and others*] Old eds. "*and his consorts* [i. e. companions] *toward his lodging.*" I originally marked this scene "*a bed-chamber;*" but Sir Bounteous seems to accompany Follywit only to the door of his sleeping apartment.

[q] *for*] i. e. for fear of.

FOL. Old men should dream best.

SIR B. They're dreame[r]s indeed, my lord; you've gi'nt us. To-morrow your lordship shall see my cocks, my fish-ponds, my park, my champion[q] grounds; I keep champers[r] in my house can shew your lordship some pleasure.

FOL. Sir Bounteous, you even whelm me with delights.

SIR B. Once again, a musical night to your honour! I'll trouble your lordship no more.

FOL. Good rest, sir Bounteous. [*Exit* SIR BOUNTEOUS.]—So, come, the vizards! where be the masking-suits?

MAW. In your lordship's portmantua.

FOL. Peace, lieutenant.

MAW. I had rather have war, captain.

FOL. Pooh, the plot's ripe! come, to our business, lad;
Though guilt condemns, 'tis gilt[s] must make us glad.

MAW. Nay, and[t] you be at your distinctions, captain, I'll follow behind no longer.

FOL. Get you before, then, and whelm your nose with your vizard; go. [*Exit* MAWWORM.
Now, grandsire, you that hold me at hard meat,
And keep me out at the dag's end,[u] I'll fit you:
Under his lordship's leave, all must be mine
He and his will confesses; what I take, then,

[q] *champion*] See note, p. 73.

[r] *champers*] i. e., perhaps, horses (bridle-*champers*). Nares's conjecture (in *Gloss.*), that "*champers*" in this passage means *eaters*, seems very absurd.

[s] *gilt*] Compare p. 197, where see note.

[t] *and*] i. e. if.

[u] *dag's end*] "i. e. at a distance, as by a *sword* or *pistol* advanced against me. *Dag* is an ancient word, signifying either the one or the other." STEEVENS. Most commonly it means *pistol*: see vol. i. p. 249.

Is but a borrowing of so much beforehand;
I'll pay him again when he dies in so many blacks;[v]
I'll have the church hung round with a noble[w] a yard, or requite him in scutcheons: let him trap me in gold, and I'll lap him in lead; *quid pro quo.* I must look none of his angels[x] in the face, forsooth, until his face be not worth looking on: tut, lads,
Let sires and grandsires keep us low, we must
Live when they're flesh, as well as when they're dust. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Room in the Courtesan's House.

Enter Courtesan and Servant.

COUR. Go, sirrah, run presently to master Penitent Brothel; you know his lodging; knock him up; I know he cannot sleep for sighing;
Tell him, I've happily bethought a mean
To make his purpose prosper in each limb,
Which only rests to be approv'd by him:
Make haste, I know he thirsts for't.
[*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE IV.

A Gallery.

Enter FOLLYWIT *in a masking suit, with a vizard in his hand.*

[*Within*] Oh!
FOL. Hark! they're at their business.

[v] *blacks*] "The common term formerly for mourning." REED.
[w] *a noble*] See note, p. 17.
[x] *angels*] See note, vol. i. p. 250.

[*Within*] Thieves, thieves!

Fol. Gag that gaping rascal! though he be my grandsire's chief gentleman i' th' chain of gold,[y] I'll have no pity of him.

Enter Mawworm, Hoboy, *and others, vizarded.*

How now, lads?

Maw. All's sure and safe; on with your vizard, sir; the servants are all bound.

Fol. There's one care past then: come, follow me, lads; I'll lead you now to th' point and top of all your fortunes: yon lodging is my grandsire's.

Maw. So, so; lead on, on!

Hob. Here's a captain worth the following, and a wit worth a man's love and admiring! [*Exeunt.*[z]

SCENE V.

A Room opening into Sir Bounteous's *Bed-chamber, from which enter* Follywit, Mawworm, Hoboy, *and others, dragging in* Sir Bounteous *in his night-gown.*

Sir B. O gentlemen, and[a] you be kind gentlemen, what countrymen are you?

Fol. Lincolnshire men, sir.

Sir B. I am glad of that, i'faith.

Fol. And why should you be glad of that?

Sir B. O, the honestest thieves of all come out of Lincolnshire, the kindest-natured gentlemen; they'll rob a man with conscience; they have a

[y] *chief gentleman i' th' chain of gold*] See note, p. 347.

[z] *Exeunt*] Is not marked in the old eds., which, after Hoboy's speech, have a stage-direction, "*Enter with Sir Bounteous in his night-gowne.*"

[a] *and*] i. e. if.

feeling of what they go about, and will steal with tears in their eyes: ah, pitiful gentlemen!

Fol. Push,[b] money, money! we come for money.

Sir B. Is that all you come for? Ah, what a beast was I to put out my money t'other day! Alas, good gentlemen, what shift shall I make for you? pray, come again another time.

Fol. Tut, tut, sir, money!

Sir B. O not so loud, sir! you're too shrill a gentleman: I have a lord lies in my house; I would not for the world his honour should be disquieted.

Fol. Who, my lord Owemuch? we have took order with him beforehand; he lies bound in his bed, and all his followers.

Sir B. Who, my lord? bound my lord? Alas, what did you mean to bind my lord? he could keep his bed well enough without binding. You've undone me in't already, you need rob me no farther.

Fol. Which is the key? come!

Sir B. Ah, I perceive now you're no true Lincolnshire spirits! you come rather out of Bedfordshire; we cannot lie quiet in our beds for you. So, take enough, my masters [*they rifle his cabinets*]: spur a free horse, my name's sir Bounteous; a merry world, i'faith; what knight but I keep open house at midnight? Well, there should be a conscience, if one could hit upon't.

Fol. Away now; seize upon him, bind him.

Sir B. Is this your court of equity? why should I be bound for mine own money? but come, come, bind me, I have need on't; I have been too liberal to-night, keep in my hands [*they bind him*]: nay,

[b] *Push*] See note, vol. i. p. 29.

as hard as you list; I am too good to bear my lord company. You have watched your time, my masters; I was knighted at Westminster, but many of these nights will make me a knight of Windsor.[c] You've deserved so well, my masters, I bid you all to dinner to-morrow: I would I might have your companies, i'faith; I desire no more.

Fol. O, ho, sir!

Sir B. Pray, meddle not with my organs, to put 'em out of tune.

Fol. O no, here's better music, sir.

Sir B. Ah, pox feast you!

Fol. Despatch with him, away! [*Exeunt* Hoboy *and others, carrying* Sir Bounteous *into the bed-chamber.*]—So, thank you, good grandsire! This was bounteously done of him, i'faith: it came somewhat hard from him at first; for, indeed, nothing comes stiff from an old man but money; and he may well stand upon that, when he has nothing else to stand upon. Where's our portmantua?

Maw. Here, bully captain.

Fol. In with the purchase,[d] 'twill lie safe enough there under 's nose, I warrant you.—

Re-enter Hoboy *and others.*

What, is all sure?

Hob. All's sure, captain.

Fol. You know what follows now, one villain binds his fellows; go, we must be all bound for our own securities, rascals. There's no dallying upo' th' point; you conceit me: there is a lord

[c] *a knight of Windsor*] "i. e. one of the poor knights of Windsor." Reed.

[d] *purchase*] See note, vol. i. p. 319.

to be found bound in the morning, and all his followers; can you pick out that lord now?

MAW. O admirable spirit!

FOL. You ne'er plot for your safeties, so your wants be satisfied.

HOB. But if we bind one another, how shall the last man be bound?

FOL. Pox on't, I'll have the footman 'scape.

FOOT. That's I; I thank you, sir.

FOL. The footman, of all other, will be supposed to 'scape, for he comes in no bed all night, but lies in 's clothes, to be first ready i' th' morning; the horse and he lie[e] in litter together, that's the right fashion of your bonny footman; and his freedom will make the better for our purpose, for we must have one i' th' morning to unbind the knight, that we may have our sport within ourselves. We now arrive at the most ticklish point, to rob, and take our ease, to be thieves, and lie by't: look to't, lads, it concerns every man's gullet; I'll not have the jest spoiled, that's certain, though it hazard a windpipe. I'll either go like a lord as I came, or be hanged like a thief as I am; and that's my resolution.

MAW. Troth, a match, captain, of all hands!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

A Room in the Courtesan's House.

Enter Courtesan meeting PENITENT BROTHEL.

COUR. O master Penitent Brothel!

PEN. B. What is't, sweet lady Gullman, that so seizes on thee with rapture and admiration?

[e] *lie*] Old eds. "lies."

Cour. A thought, a trick, to make you, sir, especially happy, and yet I myself a saver by it.

Pen. B. I would embrace that, lady, with such courage,
I would not leave you on the losing hand.

Cour. I will give trust to you, sir. The cause, then, why I raised you from your bed so soon, wherein I know sighs would not let you sleep, thus understand it:
You love that woman, master Harebrain's wife,
Which no invented means can crown with freedom
For your desires and her own wish but this,
Which in my slumbers did present itself.

Pen. B. I'm covetous, lady.

Cour. You know her husband, lingering in suspect,
Locks her from all society but mine.

Pen. B. Most true.

Cour. I only am admitted; yet hitherto that has done you no real happiness; by my admittance I cannot perform that deed that should please you, you know: wherefore thus I've conveyed it, I'll counterfeit a fit of violent sickness.

Pen. B. Good.

Cour. Nay, 'tis not so good, by my faith, but to do you good.

Pen. B. And in that sense I called it: but take me with you, lady;[e] would it be probable enough to have a sickness so suddenly violent?

Cour. Pooh, all the world knows women are soon down: we can be sick when we have a mind to't, catch an ague with the wind of our fans, surfeit upon the rump of a lark, and bestow ten pound in physic upon't: we're likest ourselves when we're

[e] *take me with you, lady*] See note, p. 22.

down; 'tis the easiest art and cunning for our sect[f] to counterfeit sick, that are always full of fits when we are well; for since we were made for a weak, imperfect creature, we can fit that best that we are made for. I thus translated, and yourself slipt into the form of a physician ——

PEN. B. I a physician, lady? talk not on't, I beseech you; I shall shame the whole college.

COUR. Tut, man, any quacksalving terms will serve for this purpose; for I am pitifully haunted with a brace of elder brothers, new perfumed in the first of their fortunes, and I shall see how forward their purses will be to the pleasing of my palate, and restoring of my health. Lay on load enough upon 'em, and spare 'em not, for they're good plump fleshly asses, and may well enough bear it; let gold,[g] amber, and dissolved pearl, be common ingrediences, and that you cannot compose a cullice without 'em. Put but this cunningly in practice, it shall be both a sufficient recompense for all my pains in your love, and the ready means to make mistress Harebrain way, by the visiting of me, to your mutual desired company.

PEN. B. I applaud thee, kiss thee, and will constantly embrace it. [*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE VII.

A Bed-chamber: FOLLYWIT, *bound, in bed.*

SIR B. [*within*] Ho, Gumwater!
FOL. Singlestone!
[*Within*] Jenkin, wa, ha, ho!

[f] *sect*] See note, p. 134.
[g] *let gold*, &c.] See note, p. 298.

[*Within*] Ewen!

[*Within*] Simcod!

FOL. Footman! whew!

FOOT. [*within*] O good your worship, let me help your good old worship!

Enter SIR BOUNTEOUS, *with a cord half unbound, and Footman,*[h] *assisting to loose him.*

SIR B. Ah, poor honest footman! how did'st thou 'scape this massacre?

FOOT. E'en by miracle, and lying in my clothes, sir.

SIR B. I think so; I would I had lain in my clothes too, footman, so I had 'scaped 'em: I could have but risse[i] like a beggar then, and so I do now, till more money come in; but nothing afflicts me so much, my poor geometrical footman, as that the barbarous villains should lay violence upon my lord. Ah, the binding of my lord cuts my heart in two pieces! So, so, 'tis well; I thank thee: run to thy fellows; undo 'em, undo 'em, undo 'em!

FOOT. Alas, if my lord should miscarry, they're unbound already, sir; they have no occupation but sleep, feed, and fart. [*Exit.*

SIR B. If I be not ashamed to look my lord i' th' face, I'm a Saracen.—My lord!

FOL. Who's that?

SIR B. One may see he has been scared: a pox on 'em for their labours!

FOL. Singlestone!

SIR B. Singlestone? I'll ne'er answer to that, i'faith.

[h] *Footman*] That is, one of Follywit's companions in disguise: see p. 345.

[i] *risse*] i. e. risen.

Fol. Suchman!

Sir B. Suchman? nor that neither, i'faith; I am not brought so low, though I be old.

Fol. Who's that i' th' chamber?

Sir B. Good morrow, my lord; 'tis I.

Fol. Sir Bounteous, good morrow; I would give you my hand, sir, but I cannot come at it. Is this the courtesy a' th' country, sir Bounteous?

Sir B. Your lordship grieves me more than all my loss;
'Tis the unnatural'st sight that can be found,
To see a noble gentleman hard bound.

Fol. Trust me, I thought you had been better beloved, sir Bounteous; but I see you have enemies, sir, and your friends fare the worse for 'em. I like your talk better than your lodging; I ne'er lay harder in a bed of down; I have had a mad night's rest on't. Can you not guess what they should be, sir Bounteous?

Sir B. Faith, Lincolnshire men, my lord.

Fol. How? fie, fie, believe it not, sir; these lie not far off, I warrant you.

Sir B. Think you so, my lord?

Fol. I'll be burnt and[i] they do; some that use to your house, sir, and are familiar with all the conveyances.

Sir B. This is the commodity[j] of keeping open house, my lord; that makes so many shut their doors about dinner-time.

Fol. They were resolute villains: I made myself known to 'em, told 'em what I was, gave 'em my honourable word not to disclose 'em —

Sir B. O saucy, unmannerly villains!

Fol. And think you the slaves would trust me upon my word?

[i] *and*] i. e. if.

[j] *commodity*] i. e. advantage, profit.

SIR B. They would not?

FOL. Forsooth, no; I must pardon 'em: they told me lords' promises were mortal, and commonly die within half an hour after they are spoken; they were but gristles, and not one amongst a hundred come to any full growth or perfection; and therefore, though I were a lord, I must enter into bond.

SIR B. Insupportable rascals!

FOL. Troth, I'm of that mind. Sir Bounteous, you fared the worse for my coming hither.

SIR B. Ah, good my lord, but I'm sure your lordship fared the worse!

FOL. Pray, pity not me, sir.

SIR B. Is not your honour sore about the brawn of the arm? a murrain meet 'em, I feel it!

FOL. About this place, sir Bounteous?

SIR B. You feel as it were a twinge, my lord?

FOL. Ay, e'en a twinge, you say right.

SIR B. A pox discover 'em, that twinge I feel too!

FOL. But that which disturbs me most, sir Bounteous, lies here.

SIR B. True; about the wrist, a kind of tumid numbness.

FOL. You say true, sir.

SIR B. The reason of that, my lord, is, the pulses had no play.

FOL. Mass, so I guessed it.

SIR B. A mischief swell 'em, for I feel that too!

Enter MAWWORM.

MAW. 'Slid, here's a house haunted indeed!

SIR B. A word with you, sir.

FOL. How now, Singlestone?

MAW. I'm sorry, my lord, your lordship has lost ——

SIR B. Pup, pup, pup, pup, pup!
FOL. What have I lost? speak.
SIR B. A good night's sleep, say.
FOL. Speak, what have I lost, I say?
MAW. A good night's sleep, my lord, nothing else.
FOL. That's true; my clothes, come.
MAW. My lord's clothes! his honour's rising.

Enter[j] HOBOY *and others with clothes: they retire to* FOLLYWIT, *behind the curtains, which are drawn.*

SIR B. Hist, well said: come hither; what has my lord lost? tell me, speak softly.
MAW. His lordship must know that, sir.
SIR B. Hush! prithee tell me.
MAW. 'Twill do you no pleasure to know't, sir.
SIR B. Yet again? I desire it, I say.
MAW. Since your worship will needs know't, they have stolen away a jewel in a blue silk ribband of a hundred pound price, beside some hundred pounds in fair spur-royals.[k]
SIR B. That's some two hundred i' th' total.
MAW. Your worship's much about it, sir.
SIR B. Come, follow me; I'll make that whole again in so much money; let not my lord know on't.
MAW. O pardon me, sir Bounteous! that were a dishonour to my lord: should it come to his ear, I should hazard my undoing by it.
SIR B. How should it come to his ear? if you be my lord's chief man about him, I hope you do not use to speak unless you be paid for't; and I

[j] *Enter*, &c.] The only stage-direction in old eds. is "*Curtens drawn.*" See note, vol. i. p. 264.
[k] *spur-royals*] See note, p. 260.

had rather give you a counsellor's double fee to hold your peace. Come, go to; follow me, I say.

MAW. There will be scarce time to tell it, sir; my lord will away instantly.

SIR B. His honour shall stay dinner, by his leave; I'll prevail with him so far: and now I remember a jest, I bade the whoreson thieves to dinner last night; I would I might have their companies; a pox poison 'em! [*Exit.*

MAW. Faith, and you are like to have no other guess,[l] sir Bounteous, if you have none but us; I'll give you that gift, i'faith. *Exit.*[m]

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Hall in HAREBRAIN'S *House.*

Enter HAREBRAIN, INESSE, *and* POSSIBILITY.

POS. You see bold guests, master Harebrain.

HAR. You're kindly welcome to my house, good master Inesse and master Possibility.

IN. That's our presumption, sir.

HAR. Ralph!

Enter RALPH.

RAL. Here, sir.

HAR. Call down your mistress to welcome these two gentlemen, my friends.

RAL. I shall, sir. [*Exit.*

HAR. I will observe her carriage, and watch
The slippery revolutions of her eye;
I'll lie in wait for every glance she gives,

[l] *guess*] i. e. guests: see note, vol. i. p. 326.

[m] *Exit*] After Mawworm's speech in ed. 1640 is the following stage-direction, "*A Song, sung by the musitians, and after the Song, a Country dance, by the Actors in their Vizards to a new footing.*"

And poise her words i' th' balance of suspect:
If she but swag,[n] she's gone; either on this hand
Over familiar, or this too neglectful:
It does behove her carry herself even. [*Aside.*

Pos. But, master Harebrain ——

Har. True, I hear you, sir; was't you said?

Pos. I have not spoke it yet, sir.

Har. Right, so I say.

Pos. Is it not strange, that in so short a time my little lady Gullman should be so violently handled?

Har. O, sickness has no mercy, sir!
It neither pities lady's lip nor eye;
It crops the rose out of the virgin's cheek,
And so deflowers her that was ne'er deflower'd.[o]
Fools, then, are maids to lock from men that treasure
Which death will pluck, and never yield 'em pleasure.

Ah, gentlemen, though I shadow it, that sweet virgin's sickness grieves me not lightly! she was my wife's only delight and company. Did you not hear her, gentlemen, i' th' midst of her extremest fit, still how she called upon my wife, remembered still my wife, sweet mistress Harebrain? When she sent for me, a' one side of her bed stood the physician, the scrivener on the other; two horrible objects, but mere opposites in the course of their lives, for the scrivener binds folks, and the physician makes them loose.

[n] *swag*] i. e. sink down,—in the balance.

[o] *And so deflowers her that was ne'er deflower'd*] "The same play upon words we find in *Romeo and Juliet*, A. 4. S. 5.

—— "See, there she lies,
Flower as she was, *deflowered* by him.
Death is my son-in-law," &c. Reed.

Pos. But not loose of their bonds, sir.

Har. No, by my faith, sir, I say not so: if the physician could make 'em loose of their bonds, there's many a one would take physic, that dares not now for poisoning. But, as I was telling of you, her will was fashioning, wherein I found her best and richest jewel given as a legacy unto my wife: when I read that, I could not refrain weeping. Well, of all other my wife has most reason to visit her; if she have any good nature in her, she'll shew it there.—

Re-enter Ralph.

Now, sir, where's your mistress?

Ral. She desires you, and the gentlemen your friends, to hold her excused; sh'as a fit of an ague now upon her, which begins to shake her.

Har. Where does it shake her most?

Ral. All over her body, sir.

Har. Shake all her body? 'tis a saucy fit, I'm jealous of that ague. [*Aside.*]—Pray, walk in, gentlemen; I'll see you instantly.

[*Exeunt* Inesse *and* Possibility.

Ral. Now they are absent, sir, 'tis no such thing.

Har. What?

Ral. My mistress has her health, sir,
But 'tis her suit she may confine herself
From sight of all men but your own dear self, sir;
For since the sickness of that modest virgin,
Her only company, she delights in none.

Har. No? visit her again, commend me to her,
Tell her they're gone, and only I myself
Walk here t' exchange a word or two with her.

Ral. I'll tell her so, sir. [*Exit.*

Har. Fool that I am, and madman, beast! what worse?

Suspicious o'er a creature that deserves
The best opinion and the purest thought;
Watchful o'er her that is her watch herself;
To doubt her ways that looks too narrowly
Into her own defects: I, foolish-fearful,
Have often rudely, out of giddy flames,
Barr'd her those objects which she shuns herself.
Thrice I've had proof of her most constant temper:
Come I at unawares by stealth upon her,
I find her circled in with divine writs
Of heavenly meditations; here and there
Chapters with leaves tuck'd up, which when I see,
They either tax pride or adultery.
Ah, let me curse myself, that could be jealous
Of her whose mind no sin can make rebellious!
And here the unmatch'd comes.

Enter MISTRESS HAREBRAIN.

Now, wife, i'faith, they're gone;
Push,[o] see how fearful 'tis! will you not credit me?
They're gone, i'faith; why, think you I'll betray you?
Come, come; thy delight and mine,
Thy only virtuous friend, thy sweet instructress,
Is violently taken, grievous sick,
And, which is worse, she mends not.

MIS. H. Her friends are sorry for that, sir.

HAR. She calls still upon thee, poor soul, remembers thee still, thy name whirls in her breath; where's mistress Harebrain? says she.

MIS. H. Alas, good soul!

HAR. She made me weep thrice:
Sh'as put thee in a jewel in her will.

MIS. H. E'en to th' last gasp a kind soul!

[o] *Push*] See note, vol. i. p. 29.

HAR. Take my man, go, visit her.
MIS. H. Pray, pardon me, sir;
Alas, my visitation cannot help her!
HAR. O, yet the kindness of a thing, wife!—Still
She holds the same rare temper. [*Aside.*]—Take my man, I say.
MIS. H. I would not take your man, sir,
Though I did purpose going.
HAR. No? thy reason.
MIS. H. The world's condition is itself so vild,[o] sir,
'Tis apt to judge the worst of those deserve not;
'Tis an ill-thinking age, and does apply
All to the form of its own luxury;[p]
This censure flies from one, that from another;
That man's her squire, says he; her pimp, the tother;
She's of the stamp, a third; fourth, I ha' known her:
I've heard this, not without a burning cheek.
Then our attires are tax'd; our very gait
Is call'd in question; where[q] a husband's presence
Scatters such thoughts, or makes 'em sink for fear
Into the hearts that breed 'em: nay, surely,
If I went, sir, I would entreat your company.
HAR. Mine? prithee, wife;—I have been there already.
MIS. H. That's all one; although you bring me but to th' door, sir, I would entreat no farther.
HAR. Thou'rt such a wife! why, I will bring thee thither then, but not go up, I swear.
MIS. H. I'faith, you shall not; I do not desire it, sir.

[o] *vild*] i. e. vile: see note, vol. i. p. 94.
[p] *luxury*] i. e. lewdness.
[q] *where*] i. e. whereas.

HAR. Why, then, content.

MIS. H. Give me your hand, you will do so, sir?

HAR. Why, there's my lip I will.

MIS. H. Why, then I go, sir.

HAR. With me, or no man! incomparable such a woman! [*Aside.*] [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Courtesan's Bed-chamber. The Courtesan[r] *discovered in bed; phials, gallipots, plates, and an hour-glass by her.*

Enter PENITENT BROTHEL, *disguised as a doctor of physic.*

PEN. B. Lady!

COUR. Ha, what news?

PEN. B. There's one sir Bounteous Progress newly alighted from his foot-cloth,[s] and his mare waits at door, as the fashion is.

COUR. 'Slid, 'tis the knight that privately maintains me; a little, short, old, spiny[t] gentleman in a great doublet?

PEN. B. The same; I know 'm.

COUR. He's my sole revenue, meat, drink, and raiment. My good physician, work upon him; I'm weak.

PEN. B. Enough.

[r] *The Courtesan*, &c.] Old eds. "*The Curtizan on a bed, for her counterfeit fitt.*"

[s] *foot-cloth*] See note, vol. i. p. 396. "It is observed by Mr. Steevens, that anciently *the housings* of a horse, and sometimes a horse himself, were denominated *a foot-cloth.*" REED.

[t] *spiny*] i. e. thin, slender: see note, vol. i. p. 174.

Enter Sir Bounteous.

Sir B. Why, where be these ladies? these plump, soft, delicate creatures? ha?

Pen. B. Who would you visit, sir?

Sir B. Visit, who? what are you, with the plague in your mouth?

Pen. B. A physician, sir.

Sir B. Then you are a loose-liver, sir; I have put you to your purgation.

Pen. B. But you need none, you're purged in a worse fashion.

Cour. Ah, sir Bounteous!

Sir B. How now? what art thou?

Cour. Sweet sir Bounteous!

Sir B. Passion of me, what an alteration's here! Rosamond sick, old Harry? here's a sight able to make an old man shrink! I was lusty when I came in, but I am down now, i'faith: mortality! yea, this puts me in mind of a hole seven foot deep; my grave, my grave, my grave. Hist, master doctor, a word, sir; hark, 'tis not the plague, is't?

Pen. B. The plague, sir? no.

Sir B. Good.

Pen. B. He ne'er asks whether it be the pox or no; and of the twain that had been more likely. [*Aside.*

Sir B. How now, my wench? how dost?

Cour. Huh,—weak, knight,—huh.

Pen. B. She says true, he's a weak knight indeed. [*Aside.*

Sir B. Where does it hold thee most, wench?

Cour. All parts alike, sir.

Pen. B. She says true still, for it holds her in none. [*Aside.*

Sir B. Hark in thine ear, thou'rt breeding of

young bones; I am afraid I have got thee with child, i'faith.

COUR. I fear that much, sir.

SIR B. O, O, if it should! a young Progress when all's done!

COUR. You have done your good will, sir.

SIR B. I see by her 'tis nothing but a surfeit of Venus, i'faith; and though I be old, I have gi'n't her;—but since I had the power to make thee sick, I'll have the purse to make thee whole, that's certain.—Master doctor.

PEN. B. Sir?

SIR B. Let's hear, I pray, what is't you minister to her.

PEN. B. Marry, sir, some precious cordial, some costly refocillation,[t] a composure comfortable and restorative.

SIR B. Ay, ay, that, that, that.

PEN. B. No poorer ingrediences than the liquor of coral, clear amber, or *succinum;* unicorn's horn, six grains; *magisterium perlarum*, one scruple ——

SIR B. Ah, hah![u]

PEN. B. *Ossis de corde cervi*, half a scruple; *aurum potabile*, or his tincture ——

SIR B. Very precious, sir.

PEN. B. All which being finely contunded, and mixed in a stone or glass mortar with the spirit of diamber ——

SIR B. Nay, pray, be patient, sir.

PEN. B. That's impossible; I cannot be patient and a physician too, sir.

SIR B. O, cry you mercy, that's true, sir.

PEN. B. All which aforesaid ——

[t] *refocillation*] "i. e. restoration of strength by refreshment." STEEVENS.

[u] *Ah, hah*] So ed. 1640. First ed. "Ah."

SIR B. Ay, there you left, sir.

PEN. B. When it is almost exsiccate or dry, I add thereto *olei succini, olei masi, et cinnamomi.*

SIR B. So, sir, *olei masi,* that same oil of mace is a great comfort to both the counters.[v]

PEN. B. And has been of a long time, sir.

SIR B. Well, be of good cheer, wench; there's gold for thee, huh.—Let her want for nothing, master doctor; a poor kinswoman of mine, nature binds me to have a care of her.—There I gulled you, master doctor. [*Aside.*]—Gather up a good spirit, wench! the fit will away; 'tis but a surfeit of gristles:—ha, ha, I have fitted her: an old knight and a cock a' th' game still; I have not spurs for nothing, I see.

PEN. B. No, by my faith, they're hatched; they cost you an angel,[w] sir.

SIR B. Look to her, good master doctor; let her want nothing: I've given her enough already, ha, ha, ha! [*Exit.*

COUR. So, is he gone?

PEN. B. He's like himself, gone.

COUR. Here's somewhat to set up with. How soon he took occasion to slip into his own flattery, soothing his own defects! He only fears he has done that deed which I ne'er feared to come from him in my life. This purchase[x] came unlooked for.

PEN. B. Hist, the pair of sons and heirs.

COUR. O, they're welcome! they bring money.

[v] *that same oil of mace is a great comfort to both the counters*] See note, vol. i. p. 392. "A pun, alluding to the maces which were carried by the serjeants or varlets when they arrested people." REED.

[w] *angel*] See note, vol. i. p. 250.

[x] *purchase*] See note, vol. i. p. 319.

Enter INESSE *and* POSSIBILITY.

POS. Master doctor.

PEN. B. I come to you, gentlemen.

POS. How does she now?

PEN. B. Faith, much after one fashion, sir.

IN. There's hope of life, sir?

PEN. B. I see no signs of death in[v] her.

POS. That's some comfort; will she take any thing yet?

PEN. B. Yes, yes, yes, she'll take still; sh'as a kind of facility in taking. How comes your band[w] bloody, sir?

IN. You may see I met with a scab, sir.

PEN. B. *Diversa genera scabierum*, as Pliny reports, there are divers kind of scabs.

IN. Pray, let's hear 'em, sir.

PEN. B. An itching scab, that is your harlot; a sore scab, your usurer; a running scab,[x] your promoter; a broad scab, your intelligencer; but a white scab, that's a scald knave and a pander: but, to speak truth, the only scabs we are now-a-days troubled withal are new officers.[y]

IN. Why, now you come to mine, sir; for I'll be sworn one of them was very busy about my head this morning, and he should be a scab by that; for they are ambitious, and covet the head.

PEN. B. Why, you saw I derived him, sir.

IN. You physicians are mad gentlemen.

PEN. B. We physicians see the most sights of any men living. Your astronomers look upward into th' air, we look downward into th' body;

[v] *in*] So ed. 1640. First ed. "of."
[w] *band*] Ed. 1640, "hand."
[x] *scab*] So ed. 1640. Not in first ed.
[y] *officers*] Ed. 1640, "*officers* and Projectors."

and, indeed, we have power upward and downward.

In. That you have, i'faith, sir.

Pos. Lady, how cheer you now?

Cour. The same woman still,—huh!

Pos. That's not good.

Cour. Little alteration. Fie, fie, you have been too lavish, gentlemen.

In. Puh, talk not of that, lady; thy health's worth a million.—Here, master doctor, spare for no cost. [*Giving money.*

Pos. Look what you find there, sir.

Cour. What do you mean, gentlemen? put up, put up;
You see I'm down, and cannot strive with you,
I'd[y] rule you else; you have me at advantage;
But if e'er[z] I live, I will requite it deeply.

In. Tut, an't come to that once, we'll requite ourselves well enough.

Pos. Mistress Harebrain, lady, is setting forth to visit you too.

Cour. Ha?—huh!

Pen. B. There struck the minute[a] that brings forth the birth
Of all my joys and wishes: but see the jar now!
How shall I rid these from her? [*Aside.*

Cour. Pray, gentlemen,
Stay not above an hour from my sight.

In. 'S foot, we are not going, lady!

Pen. B. Subtilely brought about! yet 'twill not do; they'll stick by't.— [*Aside.*
A word with you, gentlemen.

Both. What says master doctor?

[y] *I'd*] Old eds. "I would."
[z] *e'er*] Old eds. "euer."
[a] *minute*] So 1640. Ed. 1608, "munit."

PEN. B. She wants but settling of her sense with rest;
One hour's sleep, gentlemen, would set all parts in tune.

POS. He says true, i'faith.

IN. Get her to sleep, master doctor; we'll both sit here and watch by her.

PEN. B. Hell's angels watch you! no art can prevail with 'em:
What with the thought of joys, and sight of crosses,
My wits are at Hercules' Pillars; *non plus ultra.*
[*Aside.*

COUR. Master doctor, master doctor!

PEN. B. Here, lady.

COUR. Your physic works; lend me your hand.

POS. Farewell, sweet lady.

IN. Adieu, master doctor.
[*Exeunt* POSSIBILITY *and* INESSE.

COUR. So.

PEN. B. Let me admire thee!
The wit of man wanes and decreases soon,
But women's wit is ever at full moon.

Enter MISTRESS HAREBRAIN.

There shot a star from heaven!
I dare not yet behold my happiness,
The splendour is so glorious and so piercing.

COUR. Mistress Harebrain, give my wit thanks hereafter; your wishes are in sight, your opportunity spacious.

MIS. H. Will you but hear a word from me?

COUR. Whooh!

MIS. H. My husband himself brought me to th' door, walks below for my return; jealousy is prick-eared, and will hear the wagging of a hair.

COUR. Pish, you're a faint liver; trust yourself

with your pleasure, and me with your security; go.

PEN. B. The fulness of my wish!

MIS. H. Of my desire!

PEN. B. Beyond this sphere I never will aspire!

[*Exeunt* PEN. BROTHEL *and* MIS. HAREBRAIN.

[HAREBRAIN *opens the door and listens; the Courtesan perceiving him.*

HAR. I'll listen: now the flesh draws nigh her end,
At such a time women exchange their secrets,
And ransack the close corners of their hearts:
What many years have[a] whelm'd, this hour imparts.
[*Aside.*

COUR. Pray, sit down, there's a low stool. Good mistress Harebrain, this was kindly done,—huh,—give me your hand,—huh,—alas, how cold you are! even so is your husband, that worthy, wise gentleman; as comfortable a man to woman in my case as ever trod—huh—shoe-leather. Love him, honour him, stick by him: he lets you want nothing that's fit for a woman; and, to be sure on't, he will see himself that you want it not.

HAR. And so I do, i'faith; 'tis right my humour. [*Aside.*

COUR. You live a lady's life with him; go where you will, ride when you will, and do what you will.

HAR. Not so, not so, neither; she's better looked to. [*Aside.*

COUR. I know you do, you need not tell me that: 'twere e'en pity of your life, i'faith, if ever you should wrong such an innocent gentleman. Fie, mistress Harebrain, what do you mean? come you to discomfort me? nothing but weeping with you?

[a] *have*] Old eds. "hath."

HAR. She's weeping! t'as made her weep: my wife shews her good nature already. [*Aside.*

COUR. Still, still weeping? huff, huff, huff; why, how now, woman? hey, hy, hy, for shame, leave; suh, suh, she cannot answer me for snobbing.[a]

HAR. All this does her good; beshrew my heart, and[b] I pity her; let her shed tears till morning, I'll stay for her. She shall have enough on't, by my good will; I'll not be her hinderance. [*Aside.*

COUR. O no! lay your hand here, mistress Harebrain; ay, there: O there, there lies my pain, good gentlewoman! Sore? O ay, I can scarce endure your hand upon't!

HAR. Poor soul, how she's tormented! [*Aside.*

COUR. Yes, yes; I eat a cullis[c] an hour since.

HAR. There's some comfort in that yet, she may 'scape it. [*Aside.*

COUR. O, it lies about my heart much!

HAR. I'm sorry for that, i'faith; she'll hardly 'scape it. [*Aside.*

COUR. Bound? no, no; I'd a very comfortable stool this morning.

HAR. I'm glad of that, i'faith, that's a good sign; I smell she'll 'scape it now. [*Aside.*

COUR. Will you be going then?

HAR. Fall back, she's coming. [*Aside.*

COUR. Thanks, good mistress Harebrain; welcome, sweet mistress Harebrain; pray, commend me to the good gentleman your husband.

HAR. I could do that myself now. [*Aside.*

COUR. And to my uncle Winchcomb, and to my aunt Lipsalve, and to my cousin Falsetop, and to my cousin Lickit, and to my cousin Horseman,

[a] *snobbing*] i. e. violent sobbing. Todd, in his ed. of Johns. *Dict.*, gives "To *Snub*, to sob with convulsion."

[b] *and*] i. e. if.

[c] *cullis*] See notes, pp. 151, 298.

and to all my good cousins in Clerkenwell and St. John's.

Re-enter MIS. HAREBRAIN *and* PEN. BROTHEL.

MIS. H. At three days' end my husband takes a journey.

PEN. B. O thence I derive a second meeting!

MIS. H. May it prosper still!

Till then I rest a captive to his will.—
Once again, health, rest, and strength to thee, sweet lady: farewell, you witty squall.—Good master doctor, have a care to her body; if you stand her friend, I know you can do her good.

COUR. Take pity of your waiter; go: farewell, sweet mistress Harebrain.

HAR. [*coming forward*] Welcome, sweet wife, alight upon my lip!

Never was hour spent better.

MIS. H. Why, were you
Within the hearing, sir?

HAR. Ay, that I was, i'faith,
To my great comfort; I deceiv'd you there, wife; Ha, ha!
I do entreat thee, nay, conjure thee, wife,
Upon my love, or what can more be said,
Oftener to visit this sick virtuous maid.

MIS. H. Be not so fierce, your will shall be obey'd.

HAR. Why, then, I see thou lov'st me.

[*Exit with* MIS. HAREBRAIN.

PEN. B. Art of ladies!
When plots are e'en past hope, and hang their head,
Set with a woman's hand, they thrive and spread.

[*Exit.*

SCENE III.

A Room.[c]

Enter FOLLYWIT, MAWWORM, HOBOY, *and others.*

FOL. Was't not well managed, you necessary mischiefs? did the plot want either life or art?

MAW. 'Twas so well, captain, I would you could make such another muss[d] at all adventures.

FOL. Dost call't a muss? I am sure my grandsire ne'er got his money worse in his life than I got it from him. If ever he did cozen the simple, why, I was born to revenge their quarrel; if ever oppress the widow, I, a fatherless child, have done as much for him. And so 'tis through the world, either in jest or earnest. Let the usurer look for't; for craft recoils in the end, like an overcharged musket, and maims the very hand that puts fire to't. There needs no more but a usurer's own blow to strike him from hence to hell; 'twill set him forward with a vengeance. But here lay the jest, whoresons; my grandsire, thinking in his conscience that we had not robbed him enough o'ernight, must needs pity me i' th' morning, and give me the rest.

MAW. Two hundred pounds in fair rose-nobles,[e] I protest.

FOL. Push,[f] I knew he could not sleep quietly till he had paid me for robbing of him too: 'tis his humour, and the humour of most of your rich men in the course of their lives; for, you know, they always feast those mouths that are least needy, and give them more that have too much already;

[c] *A Room*] In the house of one of Follywit's friends, as we learn during the scene.

[d] *muss*] "i. e. scramble." REED.

[e] *rose-nobles*] See note, p. 253.

[f] *Push*] See note, vol. i. p. 29.

and what call you that but robbing of themselves a courtlier way?—O! ——

MAW. Cuds me, how now, captain?

FOL. A cold fit that comes over my memory, and has a shrewd pull at my fortunes.

MAW. What's that, sir?

FOL. Is it for certain, lieutenant, that my grandsire keeps an uncertain creature, a quean?

MAW. Ay, that's too true, sir.

FOL. So much the more preposterous for me; I shall hop shorter by that trick; she carries away the thirds at least: 'twill prove entailed land, I am afraid, when all's done, i'faith. Nay,
I've[f] known a vicious old thought-acting father
Damn'd only in his dreams, thirsting for game
(When his best parts hung down their heads for shame),
For his blanch'd harlot[g] dispossess his son,
And make the pox his heir; 'twas gravely done!
How hadst thou first knowledge on't, lieutenant?

MAW. Faith, from discourse; yet, all the policy
That I could use, I could not get her name.

FOL. Dull slave, that ne'er could'st spy it!

MAW. But the manner of her coming was described to me.

FOL. How is the manner, prithee?

MAW. Marry, sir, she comes most commonly coached.

FOL. Most commonly coached, indeed; for coaches are as common now-a-days as some that ride in 'em. She comes most commonly coached?

MAW. True, there I left, sir; guarded with some leash of pimps.

[f] *I've*] Old eds. "I haue."

[g] *For his blanch'd harlot*] "i. e. his harlot, whose skin is *made white* by the use of cosmetics." STEEVENS.

FOL. Beside the coachman?

MAW. Right, sir; then alighting, she's privately received by master Gumwater.

FOL. That's my grandsire's chief gentleman[g] i' th' chain of gold: that he should live to be a pander, and yet look upon his chain and his velvet jacket!

MAW. Then is your grandsire rounded[h] i' th' ear; the key given after the Italian fashion, backward; she closely conveyed into his closet; there remaining, till either opportunity smile upon his credit, or he send down some hot caudle to take order in his performance.

FOL. Peace, 'tis mine own, i'faith; I ha't!

MAW. How now, sir?

FOL. Thanks, thanks to any spirit
That mingled it 'mongst my inventions!

HOB. Why, master Follywit ——

THE REST.[i] Captain ——

FOL. Give me scope, and hear me.
I've[j] begot that means, which will both furnish me,
And make that quean walk under his conceit.

MAW. That were double happiness; to put thyself into money, and her out of favour.

FOL. And all at one dealing.

HOB. 'S foot, I long to see that hand played!

FOL. And thou shalt see't quickly, i'faith: nay, 'tis in grain; I warrant it hold colour. Lieutenant, step behind yon hanging: if I mistook not at my entrance, there hangs the lower part of a gentlewoman's gown, with a mask and a chinclout:[k] bring

[g] *gentleman*, &c.] See note, p. 347.

[h] *rounded*] i. e. whispered.

[i] *The rest*] Old eds. "*All.*" [j] *I've*] Old eds. "I haue."

[k] *chinclout*] i. e. a sort of muffler, which covered the lower part of the face: see Douce's *Illust. of Shakespeare*, vol. ii. p. 75.

all this way. Nay, but do't cunningly, now; 'tis a friend's house, and I'd use it so; there's a taste for you. [*Exit* MAWWORM.

HOB. But, prithee, what wilt thou do with a gentlewoman's lower part?

FOL. Why, use it.

HOB. You've answered me, indeed, in that; I can demand no farther.

FOL. Well said.—Lieutenant ——

Re-enter MAWWORM *with gown, &c.*

MAW. What will you do now, sir?

FOL. Come, come, thou shalt see a woman quickly made up here.

MAW. But that's against kind,[k] captain; for they are always long a-making ready.[l]

FOL. And is not most they do against kind, I prithee? To lie with their horse-keeper, is not that against kind? to wear half moons[m] made of another's hair, is not that against kind? to drink down a man, she that should set him up, pray is not that monstrously against kind now? Nay, over with it, lieutenant, over with it; ever while you live put a woman's clothes over her head: Cupid plays best at blindman buff.

MAW. You shall have your will, maintenance; I love mad tricks as well as you for your heart, sir: but what shift will you make for upper-bodies, captain?

FOL. I see now thou'rt an ass; why, I'm ready.

MAW. Ready?

[k] *kind*] i. e. nature.

[l] *making ready*] i. e. dressing: see note, p. 224.

[m] *half moons*] "The edition of 1640 has '*periwigs*,' as if it was not then understood why they were called *half moons*." COLLIER.

Fol. Why, the doublet serves as well as the best, and is most in fashion; we're all male to th' middle; mankind from the beaver to th' bum. 'Tis an Amazonian time; you shall have women shortly tread their husbands. I should have a couple of locks behind; prithee, lieutenant, find 'em out for me, and wind 'em about my hatband: nay, you shall see, we'll be in fashion to a hair, and become all with probability: the most musty-visage critic shall not except against me.

Maw. Nay, I'll give thee thy due behind thy back; thou art as mad a piece of clay ——

Fol. Clay! dost call thy captain clay? Indeed, clay was made to stop holes; he says true. Did not I tell you, rascals, you should see a woman quickly made up?

Hob. I'll swear for't, captain.

Fol. Come, come, my mask and my chinclout—come into th' court.

Maw. Nay, they were both i' th' court long ago, sir.

Fol. Let me see; where shall I choose two or three for pimps, now? but I cannot choose amiss amongst you all, that's the best. Well, as I am a quean, you were best have a care of me, and guard me sure. I give you warning beforehand; 'tis a monkey-tailed age. Life, you shall go nigh to have half a dozen blithe fellows surprise me cowardly, carry me away with a pair of oars, and put in at Putney!

Maw. We should laugh at that, i'faith.

Fol. Or shoot in upo' th' coast of Cue.[n]

Maw. Two notable fit landing-places for lechers, P and C, Putney and Cue.

[n] *Cue*] "i. e. Kew." Reed.

Fol. Well, say you have fair warning on't; the hair about the hat is as good as a flag[o] upo' th' pole at a common play-house, to waft company; and a chinclout is of that powerful attraction, I can tell you, 'twill draw more linen to't.

Maw. Fear not us, captain; there's none here but can fight for a whore as well as some Inns-a'-court-man.

Fol. Why, then, set forward; and as you scorn two-shilling brothel,
Twelvepenny panderism, and such base bribes,
Guard me from bonny scribs and bony scribes.[p]

Maw. Hang 'em, pensions and allowances! fourpence halfpenny a meal, hang 'em! [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Chamber in Penitent Brothel's *House.*

Enter out of his study Penitent Brothel,[q] a *book in his hand.*

Pen. B. Ha? read that place again—*Adultery Draws the divorce 'twixt heaven and the soul.*
Accursed man, that stand'st divorc'd from heaven!
Thou wretched unthrift, that hast play'd away
Thy eternal portion at a minute's game;
To please the flesh hast blotted out thy name!
Where were thy nobler meditations busied,
That they durst trust this body with itself;

[o] *a flag*] See note, p. 332.
[p] *bony scribes*] Ed. 1640, "*bony scribes* and bony rags."
[q] *Brothel*] Old eds. "Once-Ill"—which was, no doubt, the name originally given by Middleton to this character, and which, through an oversight, had remained unaltered in some parts of the MS. used for the press.

This natural drunkard, that undoes us all,
And makes our shame apparent in our fall?
Then let my blood pay for't, and vex and boil!
My soul, I know, would never grieve to th' death
Th' eternal spirit, that feeds her with his breath:
Nay, I that knew the price of life and sin,
What crown is kept for continence, what for lust,
The end of man, and glory of that end,
As endless as the giver,
To doat on weakness, slime, corruption, woman!
What is she, took asunder from her clothes?
Being ready,[r] she consists of hundred pieces,
Much like your German clock,[s] and near ally'd;
Both are so nice, they cannot go for pride:
Beside a greater fault, but too well known,
They'll strike to ten, when they should stop at one.
Within these three days the next meeting's fix'd;
If I meet then, hell and my soul be mix'd!
My lodging I know constantly, she not knows:
Sin's hate is the best gift that sin bestows:
I'll ne'er embrace her more; never, bear witness,
never.

Enter Succubus in the shape of Mis. Harebrain,[t] *and claps him on the shoulder.*

Suc. What, at a stand? the fitter for my company.

Pen. B. Celestial soldiers guard me!

Suc. How now, man?

'Las, did the quickness of my presence fright thee?

[r] *ready*] i. e. dressed: see note, p. 224.

[s] *much like your German clock*] An allusion to the cumbrous and complicated machinery of our first clocks, which came from Germany: see Gifford's note, B. Jonson's *Works*, iii. 432.

[t] *Enter Succubus in the shape of Mis. Harebrain*] Old eds. have "*Enter the Diuell in her shape,*" but prefix *Succubus* to

PEN. B. Shield me,[u] you ministers of faith and grace!

SUC. Leave, leave; are you not ashamed to use such words to a woman?

PEN. B. Thou'rt a devil!

SUC. A devil? feel, feel, man; has a devil flesh and bone?

PEN. B. I do conjure thee, by that dreadful power ——

SUC. The man has a delight to make me tremble—
Are these the fruits of thy adventurous love?
Was I tic'd[v] for this, to be so soon rejected?
Come, what has chang'd thee so, delight?

PEN. B. Away!

SUC. Remember ——

PEN. B. Leave my sight!

SUC. Have I this meeting wrought with cunning,
Which, when I come, I find thee shunning?
Rouse thy amorous thoughts, and twine me;
All my interest I resign thee:
Shall we let slip this mutual hour,
Comes so seldom in her[w] power?

his speeches. Concerning the evil spirits called *Succubæ*,

——— "that are said
To put on feminine feature . . . .
. . . . . .
To draw men headlong with them to perdition,"

see that very curious work by Heywood, *The Hierarchie of the Blessed Angels*, 1635, pp. 500, 542.

[u] *Shield me*, &c.] "See *Hamlet*. ['Angels and ministers of grace defend us.' Act i. sc. 4.]" STEEVENS.

[v] *tic'd*] i. e. enticed.—Old eds.

"*Was I* entis'st *for this? to be soone reiected.*"

[w] *her*] i. e. of the hour—which I notice, because in the margin of an old copy now before me, some reader has conjectured "our."

Where's thy lip, thy clip, thy fadom?[w]
Had women such loves, would't not mad 'em?
Art a man? or dost abuse one?
A love, and know'st not how to use one!
Come, I'll teach thee.

PEN. B. Do not follow ——

SUC. Once so firm, and now so hollow!
When was place and season sweeter?
Thy bliss in sight, and dar'st not meet her?
Where's thy courage, youth, and vigour?
Love's best pleas'd when't's seiz'd[x] with rigour:
Seize me, then, with veins most cheerful;
Women love no flesh that's fearful:
'Tis but a fit; come, drink't away,
And dance and sing, and kiss and play!
Fa le la, le la, fa le la, le la la;
Fa le la, fa la le, la le la!

[*Singing and dancing round him.*

PEN. B. Torment me not!

SUC. Fa le la, fa le la, fa la la lo!

PEN. B. Fury!

SUC. Fa le la, fa le la, fa la la lo!

PEN. B. Devil, I do conjure thee once again,
By that soul-quaking thunder, to depart,
And leave this chamber freed from thy damn'd art! [*Succubus stamps, and exit.*
It has prevail'd—O my sin-shaking sinews!
What should I think?—Jasper, why, Jasper!

Enter JASPER.

JAS. Sir? how now? what has disturb'd you, sir?

[w] *fadom*] i. e. fathom—so written for the sake of the rhyme.

[x] *Seiz'd*] "Both the quartos read *seard;* and again, *seare* [first ed. '*ceare*'] in the next line. The alteration by Mr. Dodsley." REED. Compare p. 178 and note.

PEN. B. A fit, a qualm. Is mistress Harebrain[y] gone?

JAS. Who, sir? mistress Harebrain?

PEN. B. Is she gone, I say?

JAS. Gone? why, she was never here yet.

PEN. B. No?

JAS. Why, no, sir.

PEN. B. Art sure on't?

JAS. Sure on't?
If I be sure I breathe, and am myself.

PEN. B. I like it not. [*Aside.*]—Where kept'st thou?

JAS. I' th' next room, sir.

PEN. B. Why, she struck by thee, man.

JAS. You'd make one mad, sir; that a gentlewoman should steal by me, and I not hear her! 's foot, one may hear the ruffling of their bums[z] almost an hour before we see 'em.

PEN. B. I will be satisfied, although to hazard.
What though her husband meet me? I am honest:
When men's intents are wicked, their guilt haunts 'em;
But when they're just, they're arm'd, and nothing daunts 'em. [*Aside, and exit.*

JAS. What strange humour call you this? he dreams of women, and both his eyes broad open! [*Exit.*

[y] *Harebrain*] Old eds. here, and the next speech, "Hargraue," a name which Middleton had once given to this lady, and which he had neglected to alter in some parts of the MS. used by the printer: see also note, p. 404.

[z] *bums*] See note, vol. i. p. 432.

SCENE II.

A Room in SIR BOUNTEOUS'S *House.*

Enter at one door SIR BOUNTEOUS, *at another* GUMWATER.

SIR B. Why, how now, master Gumwater? what's the news with your haste?

GUM. I have a thing to tell your worship ——

SIR B. Why, prithee, tell me; speak, man.

GUM. Your worship shall pardon me, I have better bringing-up than so.

SIR B. How, sir?

GUM. 'Tis a thing made fit for your ear, sir ——

SIR B. O, O, O, cry you mercy; now I begin to taste you. Is she come?

GUM. She's come, sir.

SIR B. Recovered? well and sound again?

GUM. That's to be feared, sir.

SIR B. Why, sir?

GUM. She wears a linen cloth about her jaw.[a]

SIR B. Ha, ha, haw! why, that's the fashion,
You whoreson Gumwater.

GUM. The fashion, sir?
Live I so long time to see that a fashion,
Which rather was an emblem of dispraise?
It was suspected much in Monsieur's days.[b]

[a] *a linen cloth about her jaw*] i. e. the chinclout: see p. 381 and note.

[b] *It was suspected much in Monsieur's days*] "By *Monsieur's days*, I apprehend, the author means the time when the duke of Anjou resided in England. That prince, brother to Charles the Ninth, king of France, on the encouragement he had received from Queen Elizabeth, visited the English court in the year 1581, and expected to have been united to her majesty in marriage. The queen, however, after many affected delays, broke off the treaty; and the duke was obliged to re-

SIR B. Ay, ay, in those days; that was a queasy[b] time: our age is better hardened now, and put oftener in the fire; we are tried what we are. Tut, the pox is as natural now as an ague in the spring-time; we seldom take physic without it. Here, take this key; you know[c] what duties belong to't. Go, give order for a cullis:[d] let there be a good fire made i' th' matted chamber: do you hear, sir?

GUM. I know my office, sir. [*Exit.*

SIR B. An old man's venery is very chargeable, my masters; there's much cookery belongs to't. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Another Chamber in SIR BOUNTEOUS'S *House.*

Enter GUMWATER, *with* FOLLYWIT *disguised as the Courtesan and masked.*

GUM. Come, lady: you know where you are now?

FOL. Yes, good master Gumwater.

GUM. This is the old closet, you know.

FOL. I remember it well, sir.

GUM. There stands a casket: I would my yearly

turn to his own country, with the disgrace of a direct refusal. *Monsieur's days* are mentioned again in *The Blacke Booke*, 1604, sign. c. '— let mercers then have conscionable thumbs when they measure out that smooth glittering devil, sattin, and that old reveller, velvet, in the *days of Monsieur*, both which have devoured many an honest field of wheat and barley.'" REED. The piece just cited is by Middleton, and will be found in the last vol. of the present work. So too in Marmyon's *Fine Companion*, 1633, "Two or three dances, as old as *Mounsier*." Sig. G 2.

[b] *queasy*] i. e. squeamish.

[c] *know*] So ed. 1640. First ed. "knew."

[d] *cullis*] See notes, pp. 151, 298.

revenue were but worth the wealth that's locked in't, lady! yet I have fifty pound a-year, wench.

FOL. Beside your apparel, sir?

GUM. Yes, faith, have I.

FOL. But then you reckon your chain,[d] sir.

GUM. No, by my troth, do I not, neither: faith, and[e] you consider me rightly, sweet lady, you might admit a choice gentleman into your service.

FOL. O, pray away, sir!

GUM. Pusha,[f] come, come; you do but hinder your fortunes, i'faith: I have the command of all the house, I can tell you; nothing comes into th' kitchen, but comes through my hands.

FOL. Pray do not handle me, sir.

GUM. Faith you're too nice, lady; and as for my secrecy, you know I have vowed it often to you.

FOL. Vowed it? no, no, you men are fickle.

GUM. Fickle? 'sfoot! bind me, lady——

FOL. Why, I bind you by virtue of this chain to meet me to-morrow at the Flower-de-luce yonder, between nine and ten.

GUM. And if I do not, lady, let me lose it, thy love, and my best fortunes!

FOL. Why, now I'll try you; go to.

GUM. Farewell, sweet lady!

[*Kisses* FOLLYWIT, *and exit.*

FOL. Welcome, sweet coxcomb! by my faith, a good induction! I perceive by his overworn phrase, and his action toward the middle region still, there has been some saucy nibbling motion; and no doubt the cunning quean waited but for her prey: and I think 'tis better bestowed upon me, for his soul's health, and his body's too. I'll teach the slave to be so bold yet, as once to offer to vault into his

[d] *chain*] See note, p. 381.

[e] *and*] i. e. if.

[f] *Pusha*] See note, vol. i. p. 29.

master's saddle, i'faith. Now, casket, by your leave:

I've[f] seen your outside oft, but that's no proof;
Some have fair outsides that are nothing worth.

[*Rifles the casket.*

Ha! now, by my faith, a gentlewoman of very good parts; diamond, ruby, sapphire; *Onyx cum prole silexque!*[g] if I do not wonder how the quean 'scaped tempting, I'm an hermaphrodite! sure she could lack nothing, but the devil to point to't; and I wonder that he should be missing: well, 'tis better as it is. This is the fruit of old grunting venery; grandsire, you may thank your drab for this. O fie, in your crinkling days, grandsire, keep a courtesan, to hinder your grandchild! 'tis against nature, i'faith, and I hope you'll be weary on't.

Now to my villains that lurk close below:
Who keeps a harlot, tell him this from me,
He needs nor thief, disease, nor enemy. [*Exit.*

Enter Sir Bounteous.

Sir B. Ah, sirrah, methink I feel myself well toasted, bombasted, rubbed, and refreshed! but, i'faith, I cannot forget to think how soon sickness has altered her to my taste. I gave her a kiss at bottom o' th' stairs, and, by th' mass, methought her breath had much ado to be sweet; like a thing compounded, methought, of wine, beer, and tobacco; I smelt much pudding[h] in't.

It may be but my fancy, or her physic:
For this I know, her health gave such content,
The fault rests in her sickness, or my scent.—
How dost thou now, sweet girl? what, well recover'd?

[f] *I've*] Old eds. "I haue."

[g] *Onyx cum prole, silexque*] "From *Propria quæ maribus.*" Steevens.

[h] *pudding*] i. e. tobacco made up in a particular form.

Sickness quite gone, ha? speak — ha? wench?
Frank Gullman! —
Why, body of me, what's here? my casket wide open, broke open, my jewels stolen!—Why, Gumwater!

Re-enter GUMWATER.

GUM. Anon, anon, sir.

SIR B. Come hither, Gumwater.

GUM. That were small manners, sir, i'faith: I'll find a time anon; your worship's busy yet.

SIR B. Why, Gumwater!

GUM. Foh, nay then you'll make me blush, i'faith, sir ——

SIR B. Where's this creature?

GUM. What creature is't you'd have, sir?

SIR B. The worst that ever breathes.

GUM. That's a wild boar, sir.

SIR B. That's a vild[h] whore, sir;—where didst thou leave her, rascal?

GUM. Who? your recreation, sir?

SIR B. My execration, sir!

GUM. Where I was wont; in your worship's closet.

SIR B. A pox engross her! it appears too true. See you this casket, sir?

GUM. My chain, my chain, my chain! my one and only chain! [*Exit.*

SIR B. Thou runnest to much purpose now, Gumwater, yea! Is not a quean enough to answer for, but she must join a thief to't? a thieving quean! nay, I have done with her, i'faith. 'Tis a sign sh'as been sick a' late; for she's a great deal worse than

[h] *vild*] Altered in the eds. of Dodsley's Old Plays to the modern spelling "vile," which destroys the (very poor) play on words.

she was: by my troth, I would have pawned my life upon't.
Did she want any thing? was she not supplied?
Nay, and liberally; for that's an old man's sin:
We'll feast our lechery, though we starve our kin.
Is not my name sir Bounteous? am I not express'd there?
Ah, fie, fie, fie, fie, fie! but I perceive,
Though she have never so complete a friend,
A strumpet's love will have a waft[h] i' th' end,
And distaste the vessel. I can hardly bear this;
But say, I should complain; perhaps she has pawn'd 'em—
'S foot, the judges will but laugh at it, and bid her borrow more money of 'em; make the old fellow pay for's lechery; that's all the mends I get. I have seen the same case tried at Newbury the last 'sizes.
Well, things must slip and sleep; I will dissemble it,
Because my credit shall not lose her lustre:
But whilst I live, I'll neither love nor trust her.
I ha' done, I ha' done, I ha' done with her, i'faith!
[*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

A Hall in HAREBRAIN'S *House.*

Knocking within;[i] *enter a Servant.*

SER. Who's that knocks?
PEN. B. [*within*] A friend. [*Servant opens the door.*

Enter PENITENT BROTHEL.

SER. What's your will, sir?

[h] *waft*] i. e. flavour.
[i] *Knocking within*] Old eds. "Master Penitent Once-Ill *knocking within:*" see note, p. 384.

PEN. B. Is master Harebrain[j] at home?
SER. No, newly gone from it, sir.
PEN. B. Where's the gentlewoman his wife?
SER. My mistress is within, sir.
PEN. B. When came she in, I pray?
SER. Who, my mistress? she was not out these two days, to my knowledge.
PEN. B. No? trust me, I'd thought I'd seen her. I would request a word with her.
SER. I'll tell her, sir.
PEN. B. I thank you. [*Exit Servant.*] It likes me[k] worse and worse.

Enter MISTRESS HAREBRAIN.

MIS. H. Why, how now, sir? 'twas desperately adventur'd;
I little look'd for you until the morrow.
PEN. B. No?
Why what made you at my chamber then even now?
MIS. H. I at your chamber?
PEN. B. Pooh, dissemble not;
Come, come, you were there.
MIS. H. By my life, you wrong me, sir!
PEN. B. What?
MIS. H. First, you're not ignorant what watch keeps o'er me;
And for your chamber, as I live, I know't not.
PEN. B. Burst into sorrow then, and grief's extremes,
Whilst I beat on this flesh!
MIS. H. What is't disturbs you, sir?

[j] *Harebrain*] Here, and throughout the scene, she and her husband are called "Hargraue" in the old eds.: see notes, pp. 388, 404.
[k] *likes me*] "i. e. pleases me." REED.

PEN. B. Then was the devil in your likeness there.

MIS. H. Ha!

PEN. B. The very devil assum'd thee formally;[m]
That face, that voice, that gesture, that attire,
E'en as it sits on thee, not a plait alter'd;
That beaver band, the colour of that periwig,[n]
The farthingale above the navel; all
As if the fashion were his own invention.

MIS. H. Mercy, defend me!

PEN. B. To beguile me more,
The cunning Succubus told me that meeting
Was wrought 'a purpose by much wit and art;
Wept to me; laid my vows before me; urg'd me;
Gave me the private marks of all our love;
Woo'd me in wanton and effeminate rhymes,
And sung and danc'd about me like a fairy:
And had not worthier cogitations blest me,
Thy form, and his enchantments, had possess'd me.

MIS. H. What shall become of me? my own thoughts doom me.

PEN. B. Be honest, then the devil will ne'er assume thee:
He has no pleasure in that shape t' abide
Where these two sisters reign not, lust or pride;
He as much trembles at a constant mind
As looser flesh at him: be not dismay'd;
Spring, souls, for joy! his policies are betray'd!
Forgive me, mistress Harebrain, on whose soul
The guilt hangs double,
My lust, and thy enticement! both I challenge;
And therefore of due vengeance it appear'd
To none but me, to whom both sins inher'd.

[m] *assum'd thee formally*] "i. e. assumed thy form." REED.

[n] *periwig*] When this play was written, *periwigs* were much worn by ladies.

What knows the lecher, when he clips[n] his whore,
Whether it be the devil his parts adore?
They're both so like, that, in our natural sense,
I could discern no change nor difference.
No marvel, then, times should so stretch and turn;
None for religion, all for pleasure burn.
Hot zeal into hot lust is now transform'd;
Grace into painting, charity into clothes;
Faith into false hair, and put off as often.
There's nothing but our virtue knows a mean:
He that kept open house, now keeps a quean.
He will keep open still, that he commends;
And there he keeps a table for his friends:
And she consumes more than his[o] sire could hoard,
Being more common than his house or board.

Enter HAREBRAIN *behind.*

Live honest, and live happy, keep thy vows;
She's part a virgin whom but one man knows:
Embrace thy husband, and beside him none;
Having but one heart, give it but to one.

MIS. H. I vow it on my knees, with tears true-bred,
No man shall ever wrong my husband's bed!

PEN. B. Rise; I'm thy friend for ever.

HAR. [*coming forward*] And I thine
For ever and ever!—Let me embrace thee, sir,
Whom I will love even next unto my soul,
And that's my wife.
Two dear rare gems this hour presents me with,
A wife that's modest, and a friend that's right:
Idle suspect and fear, now take your flight!

PEN. B. A happy inward peace crown both your joys!

[n] *clips*] "i. e. embraces." REED. [o] *his*] Old eds. "her."

HAR. Thanks above utterance to you!—

Enter Servant.

Now, the news?

SER. Sir Bounteous Progress, sir,
Invites you and my mistress to a feast
On Tuesday next; his man attends without.

HAR. Return both with our willingness and thanks.— [*Exit Servant.*
I will entreat you, sir, to be my guest.

PEN. B. Who, I, sir?

HAR. Faith, you shall.

PEN. B. Well, I'll break strife.

HAR. A friend's so rare, I'll sooner part from life. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

A Room in the Courtesan's House.

Enter FOLLYWIT, *and the Courtesan striving from him.*

FOL. What, so coy, so strict? come, come!

COUR. Pray, change your opinion, sir; I am not for that use.

FOL. Will you but hear me?

COUR. I shall hear that I would not. [*Exit.*

FOL. 'S foot, this is strange! I've seldom seen a wench
Stand upon stricter points: life, she will not
Endure to be courted! does she e'er think to prosper?
I'll ne'er believe that tree can bring forth fruit
That never bears a blossom; courtship's a blossom,
And often brings forth fruit in forty weeks.
'Twere a mad part in me now to turn over:
If e'er° there were any hope on't, 'tis at this instant.

° *e'er*] Old eds. "euer."

Shall I be madder now than e'er I've[n] been?
I'm in the way, i'faith.
Man's never at high height of madness full
Until he love, and prove a woman's gull.
I do protest in earnest, I ne'er knew
At which end to begin t' affect a woman
Till this bewitching minute; I ne'er saw
Face worth my object till mine eye met hers;
I should laugh and[o] I were caught, i'faith: I'll see her again, that's certain, whate'er comes on't, by your favour, ladies.[p]

Enter Mother.

MOT. You're welcome, sir.

FOL. Know you the young gentlewoman that went in lately?

MOT. I have best cause to know her; I'm her mother, sir.

FOL. O, in good time. I like the gentlewoman well; a pretty contrived beauty.

MOT. Ay, nature has done her part, sir.

FOL. But she has one uncomely quality.

MOT. What's that, sir?

FOL. 'S foot, she's afraid of a man.

MOT. Alas! impute that to her bashful spirit,
She's fearful of her honour.

FOL. Of her honour? 'slid, I'm sure I cannot get
Her maidenhead with breathing upon her,
Nor can she lose her honour in her tongue.

[n] *e'er I've*] Old eds. "euer I haue." [o] *and*] i. e. if.

[p] *by your favour, ladies*] "The players of James the First's time seem to have been as censurable for addressing the audience as any of their successors since. This speech is evidently not intended for the bawd, who now enters *alone*. In the same manner sir Bounteous speaks to the auditors, when he says, 'An old man's venery is very chargeable, my masters; there's much cookery belongs to't.' [p. 390.]" REED.

MOT. True; and I have often told her so; but what would you have of a foolish virgin, sir, a wilful virgin? I tell you, sir, I need not have been in that solitary estate that I am, had she had grace and boldness to have put herself forward; always timorsome, always backward! Ah, that same peevish[o] honour of hers has undone her and me both, good gentleman! the suitors, the jewels, the jointures, that have[p] been offered her! we had been made women[q] for ever: but what was her fashion? she could not endure the sight of a man, forsooth, but run and hole[r] herself presently. So choice of her honour, I am persuaded, whene'er she has husband,
She'll[s] e'en be a precedent for all married wives
How to direct their actions and their lives.

FOL. Have you not so much power with her to command her presence?

MOT. You shall see straight what I can do, sir.
[*Exit.*

FOL. Would I might be hanged, if my love do not stretch to her deeper and deeper! Those bashful maiden humours take me prisoner. When there comes a restraint upon[t] flesh, we are always most greedy upon't; and that makes your merchant's wife oftentimes pay so dear for a mouthful. Give me a woman as she was made at first; simple of herself, without sophistication, like this wench: I cannot abide them when they have tricks, set speeches, and artful entertainments.
You shall have some so impudently aspècted,
They will outcry the forehead of a man,

[o] *peevish*] i. e. foolish. [p] *have*] Old eds. "has."
[q] *made women*] i. e. women whose fortunes are made.
[r] *hole*] i. e. hide. [s] *She'll*] Old eds. "she will."
[t] *restraint upon*] So ed. 1640. First ed. "*restraint* on't *upon*."

Make him blush first, and talk him into silence;
And this is counted manly in a woman:
It may hold so; sure, womanly it is not.
No;
If e'er I love, or any thing move me,
'Twill be a woman's simple modesty.

Re-enter Mother, bringing in strivingly the Courtesan.

COUR. Pray, let me go; why, mother, what do you mean?
I beseech you, mother! is this your conquest now?
Great glory 'tis to overcome a poor
And silly virgin.
FOL. The wonder of our time sits in that brow:
I ne'er beheld a perfect maid[r] till now.
MOT. Thou childish thing, more bashful than thou'rt wise,
Why dost thou turn aside, and drown thine eyes?
Look, fearful fool, there's no temptation near thee;
Art not asham'd that any flesh should fear thee?[s]
Why, I durst pawn my life the gentleman
Means no other but honest and pure love to thee.—
How say you, sir?
FOL. By my faith, not I, lady.
MOT. Hark you there? what think
You now, forsooth? what grieves your honour now?
Or what lascivious breath intends to rear
Against that maiden organ, your chaste ear?
Are you resolv'd[t] now better of men's hearts,
Their faiths, and their affections? With you none,
Or at most few, whose tongues and minds are one.
Repent you now of your opinion past;
Men love as purely as you can be chaste.—

[r] *maid*] Old eds. "man."
[s] *fear thee*] "i. e. affright thee." REED.
[t] *resolv'd*] See note, p. 39.

To her yourself, sir; the way's broke before you;
You have the easier passage.

FOL. Fear not. Come,
Erect thy happy graces in thy look;
I am no curious wooer,[u] but, in faith,
I love thee honourably.

COUR. How mean you that, sir?

FOL. 'S foot, as one loves a woman for a wife.

MOT. Has the gentleman answered you, trow?[v]

FOL. I do confess it truly to you both,
My estate is yet but sickly; but I've a grandsire
Will make me lord of thousands at his death.

MOT. I know your grandsire well; she knows him better.

FOL. Why, then, you know no fiction: my state then
Will be a long day's journey 'bove the waste, wench.

MOT. Nay, daughter, he says true.

FOL. And thou shalt often measure it in thy coach,
And with the wheels' track make a girdle for't.

MOT. Ah, 'twill be a merry journey!

FOL. What, is't a match? if't be, clap hands and lips. [*Kisses Courtesan.*

MOT. 'Tis done; there's witness on't.

FOL. Why, then, mother, I salute you. [*Kisses Mother.*

MOT. Thanks, sweet son.
Son Follywit, come hither; if I might counsel thee,
We'll take her e'en[w] while the good mood's upon her;
Send for a priest, and clap't up within this hour.

[u] *no curious wooer*] For "*curious*" Dodsley chose to substitute "*furious!*" and Reed remarks that "*curious* is probably the genuine reading; it may mean *inquisitive, prying!*" —*No curious wooer* is, no wooer that uses nice, elegant, elaborate phrase. [v] *trow*] See note, p. 26.

[w] *take her e'en*] Old eds. "*eene take her.*"

FOL. By my troth, agreed, mother.

MOT. Nor does her wealth consist all in her flesh,
Though beauty be enough wealth for a woman;
She brings a dowry of three hundred[w] with her.

FOL. 'S foot, that will serve [un]til my grandsire dies:
I warrant you he'll drop away at fall a' th' leaf;
If e'er[x] he reach to All Hollantide,[y] I'll be hang'd.

MOT. O yes, son, he's a lusty old gentleman.

FOL. Ah, pox, he's given to women! he keeps a quean at this present.

MOT. Fie!

FOL. Do not tell my wife on't.

MOT. That were needless, i'faith.

FOL. He makes a great feast upon the eleventh of this month, Tuesday next, and you shall see players there—I have one trick more to put upon him. [*Aside.*]—My wife and yourself shall go thither before as my guests, and prove his entertainment: I'll meet you there at night. The jest will be here; that feast which he makes will, unknown to him, serve fitly for our wedding-dinner: we shall be royally furnished, and get some charges by't.

MOT. An excellent course, i'faith, and a thrifty! why, son,
Methinks you begin to thrive before you're married.

FOL. We shall thrive one day, wench, and clip[z] enough:
Between our hopes there's but a grandsire's puff.
[*Exit.*

MOT. So, girl, here was a bird well caught.

COUR. If ever, here:

[w] *hundred*] So ed. 1640. First ed. "*hundred* pound."
[x] *e'er*] Old eds. "euer."
[y] *All Hollantide*] See note, p. 165.
[z] *clip*] See note, p. 397.

But what for's grandsire, 'twill scarce please him well.

MOT. Who covets fruit, ne'er cares from whence it fell:

Thou'st wedded youth and strength; and wealth will fall:

Last, thou'rt made honest.

COUR. And that's worth 'em all. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

A Room in SIR BOUNTEOUS'S *House.*

Enter SIR BOUNTEOUS:[a] GUMWATER *and Servants pass over the stage.*

SIR B. Have a care, blue coats.[b] Bestir yourself, master Gumwater; cast an eye into th' kitchen; o'erlook the knaves a little. Every Jack has his friend to-day; this cousin, and that cousin, puts in for a dish of meat: a man knows not, till he make a feast, how many varlets he feeds; acquaintances swarm in every corner, like flies at Bartholomew-tide, that come up with drovers; 's foot, I think they smell my kitchen seven mile about.—

Enter HAREBRAIN, MIS. HAREBRAIN, *and* PENITENT BROTHEL.

Master Harebrain,[c] and his sweet bedfellow! you're very copiously welcome.

[a] *Enter Sir Bounteous*, &c.] Old eds. "*Enter* busilie *Sir Bounteous Progresse* for the feast."

[b] *blue coats*] See note, p. 26.

[c] *Harebrain*] Here, and in the next speech of sir Bounteous, also in all the prefixes to Harebrain's speeches in the

HAR. Sir, here's an especial dear friend of ours: we were bold to make his way to your table.

SIR B. Thanks for that boldness ever, good master Harebrain: is this your friend, sir?

HAR. Both my wife's friend and mine, sir.

SIR B. Why, then, compendiously, sir, you're welcome.

PEN. B. In octavo I thank you, sir.

SIR B. Excellently retorted, i'faith! he's welcome for's wit: I have my sorts of salutes, and know how to place 'em courtly. Walk in, sweet gentlemen, walk in; there's a good fire i' th' hall; you shall have my sweet company instantly.

HAR. Ay, good sir Bounteous.

SIR B. You shall indeed, gentlemen. [*Exeunt* HAREBRAIN, MIS. HAREBRAIN, *and* PEN. BROTHEL.]

Enter SEMUS.

—How now? what news brings thee in stumbling now?

SEM. There are certain players come to town, sir, and desire to interlude before your worship.

SIR B. Players? by the mass, they are welcome; they'll grace my entertainment well: but for certain players, there thou liest, boy; they were never more uncertain in their lives; now up, and now down; they know not when to play, where to play, nor what to play: not when to play, for fearful fools; where to play, for puritan fools; nor what to play, for critical fools. Go, call 'em in. [*Exit* SEMUS.]—How fitly the whoresons come upo' th' feast! troth, I was e'en wishing for 'em.

following scene, the old eds. have "Shortrod;" one of the names which Middleton gave to the character, before he finally changed it to *Harebrain:* see note, p. 388.

Re-enter SEMUS *with* FOLLYWIT, MAWWORM, HOBOY, *and others, disguised as players.*

O welcome, welcome, my friends!

FOL. The month of May delights not in her flowers
More than we joy in that sweet sight of yours.

SIR B. Well acted, a' my credit! I perceive he's your best actor.

SEM. He has greatest share,[e] sir, and may live of himself, sir.

SIR B. What, what?—Put on your hat, sir, pray, put on; go to, wealth must be respected: let those that have least feathers stand bare. And whose men are you, I pray?—nay, keep on your hat still.

FOL. We serve my lord Owemuch, sir.

SIR B. My lord Owemuch? by my troth, the welcomest men alive! give me all your hands at once! That honourable gentleman, he lay at my house in a robbery once, and took all quietly, went away cheerfully: I made a very good feast for him: I never saw a man of honour bear things bravelier away. Serve my lord Owemuch? welcome, i'faith!—Some bastard[f] for my lord's players! [*Exit* SEMUS, *and returns with wine.*]—Where be your[g] boys?

FOL. They come along with the waggon, sir.

SIR B. Good, good; and which is your politician amongst you? now, i'faith, he that works out restraints, makes best legs at court, and has a suit made of purpose for the company's business; which is he? come, be not afraid of him.

[e] *share*] See Mr. Collier's remarks "on the payment of actors," *Hist. of Engl. Dram. Poetry*, vol. iii. p. 427: there were whole sharers, three-quarter sharers, half sharers, &c.

[f] *bastard*] See note, p. 347.

[g] *your*] So ed. 1640. First ed. "you."

FOL. I am he, sir.

SIR B. Art thou he? give me thy hand. Hark in thine ear: thou rollest too fast to gather so much moss as thy fellow there; champ upon that. Ah, and what play shall we have, my masters?

FOL. A pleasant, witty comedy, sir.

SIR B. Ay, ay, ay; a comedy in any case, that I and my guests may laugh a little: what's the name on't?

FOL. 'Tis called *The Slip.*

SIR B. *The Slip?* by my troth, a pretty name, and a glib one: go all, and slip into't, as fast as you can. Cover a table for the players! First take heed of a lurcher; he cuts deep, he will eat up all from you.—Some sherry for my lord's players there! Sirrah, why this will be a true feast, a right Mitre[h] supper, a play and all. [*Exeunt* FOLLYWIT, MAWWORM, HOBOY, *and others, with* SEMUS.] More lights!

Enter Mother and Courtesan.

I called for light; here come in two are light enough for a whole house, i'faith. Dare the thief look me i' th' face? O impudent times! Go to, dissemble it!

MOT. Bless you, sir Bounteous!

SIR B. O welcome, welcome, thief, quean, and bawd! welcome all three!

MOT. Nay, here's but two on's, sir.

SIR B. 'A my troth, I took her for a couple; I'd have sworn there had been two faces there.

MOT. Not all under one hood, sir.

SIR B. Yes, faith, would I, to see mine eyes bear double.

[h] *Mitre*] See note, p. 240.—In justice to Reed (see note in the last ed. of Dodsley's *Old Plays*), I must observe, that *my* copy of the first ed. has "Niter."

Mot. I'll make it hold, sir; my daughter is a couple,
She was married yesterday.

Sir B. Buz![i]

Mot. Nay, to no buzzard neither; a right hawk,
Whene'er you know him.

Sir B. Away! he cannot be but a rascal.
Walk in, walk in, bold guests, that come unsent for!
[*Exit Mother.*
Pox,[j] I perceive how my jewels went now,
To grace her marriage. [*Aside.*

Cour. Would you with me, sir?

Sir B. Ay;
How hapt it, wench, you put the slip upon me,
Not three nights since? I name it gently to you;
I term it neither pilfer,[k] cheat, nor shark.

Cour. You're past my reach.

Sir B. I'm old, and past your reach, very good; but you will not deny this, I trust.

Cour. With a safe conscience, sir.

Sir B. Yea? give me thy hand; fare thee[l] well.
—I have done with her.[m]

Cour. Give me your hand, sir; you ne'er yet begun with me. [*Exit.*

Sir B. Whew, whew![n] O audacious age!
She denies me, and all, when on her fingers
I spied the ruby sit, that does betray her,
And blushes for her fact! Well, there's a time for't,
For all's too little now for entertainment,

[i] *Buz*] So ed. 1640. First ed. "Buzy."
[j] *Pox*] Old eds. "post."
[k] *pilfer*] So ed. 1640. First ed. "Gilfer."
[l] *thee*] So ed. 1640. First ed. "him."
[m] *her*] So ed. 1640. First ed. "him."
[n] *Whew, whew*] So ed. 1640. First ed. "When, when," which, after all, may be right, as an exclamation of impatience for the performance of the play: see notes, vol. i. pp. 289, 361.

Feast, mirth, ay, harmony, and the play to boot;
A jovial season.—

Re-enter FOLLYWIT.

How now, are you ready?

FOL. Even upon readiness, sir.

SIR B. Keep you your hat on.

FOL. I have a suit to your worship.

SIR B. O, cry you mercy; then you must stand bare.

FOL. We could do all to the life of action, sir, both for the credit of your worship's house, and the grace of our comedy ——

SIR B. Cuds me, what else, sir?

FOL. And for some defects, as the custom is, we would be bold to require your worship's assistance.

SIR B. Why, with all my heart; what is't you want? speak.

FOL. One's a chain for a justice's hat, sir.

SIR B. Why, here, here, here, here, whoreson; will this serve your turn? [*Giving chain.*

FOL. Excellent well, sir.[n]

SIR B. What else lack you?

FOL. We should use a ring with a stone in't.

SIR B. Nay, whoop, I have given too many rings already; talk no more of rings, I pray you: here, here, here, make this jewel serve for once.

[*Giving jewel.*

FOL. O this will serve, sir.

SIR B. What, have you all now?

FOL. All now, sir; only Time is brought i' th' middle of the play, and I would desire your worship's watch-time.

SIR B. My watch? with all my heart; only give Time a charge, that he be not fiddling with it.

[*Giving watch.*

[n] FOL. *Excellent well, sir*] So ed. 1640. Not in first ed.

FOL. You shall ne'er see that, sir.

SIR B. Well, now you are furnish'd, sir, make haste; away.

FOL. E'en as fast as I can, sir: I'll set my fellows going first;
They must have time and leisure, or they're dull else. [*Exit* SIR BOUNTEOUS.
I'll stay and speak a prologue, yet o'ertake 'em:
I cannot have conscience, i'faith, to go away,
And ne'er[n] a word to 'em. My grandsire has given me
Three shares[o] here; sure I'll do somewhat for 'em. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

A Hall in SIR BOUNTEOUS'S *House.*

Enter SIR BOUNTEOUS, HAREBRAIN, MIS. HAREBRAIN, PENITENT BROTHEL, *and other guests; Courtesan and Mother;* GUMWATER *and Servants.*

SIR B. More lights, more stools! sit, sit: the plays begins.

HAR.[p] Have you players here, sir Bounteous?

SIR B. We have 'em for you, sir; fine nimble comedians, proper actors most of them.

PEN. B. Whose men, I pray you, sir?

SIR B. O, there's their credit, sir! they serve an honourable popular gentleman, ycleped[q] my lord Owemuch.

HAR. My lord Owemuch? he was in Ireland lately.

[n] *and ne'er*] So ed. 1640. First ed. "*and* speake *nere.*"

[o] *shares*] See note, p. 406.

[p] *Har.*] Old eds. in the prefixes to his speeches throughout this scene, "Shortrod:" see note, p. 404.

[q] *ycleped*] i. e. called.

SIR B. O, you ne'er knew any of the name but were great travellers.

HAR. How is the comedy called, sir Bounteous?

SIR B. Marry, sir, *The Slip.*

HAR. *The Slip?*

Enter, for Prologue, FOLLYWIT.

SIR B. Ay, and here the prologue begins to slip in upon's.

HAR. 'Tis so indeed, sir Bounteous.

FOL. *We sing of wandering knights, what them betide,*
Who nor in one place nor one shape abide;
They're here now, and anon no scouts can reach 'em,
Being every man well hors'd like a bold Beacham.[r]
The play which we present no fault shall meet
But one; you'll say 'tis short, we'll say 'tis sweet:
'Tis given much to dumb shews, which some praise;
And, like the term, delights much in delays.
So to conclude, and give the name her due,
The play being call'd THE SLIP, *I vanish too.* [*Exit.*

SIR B. Excellently well acted, and a nimble conceit!

HAR. The prologue's pretty, i'faith.

[r] *like a bold Beacham*] *As bold as Beauchamp* is a proverbial expression, said to have originated in the valour of Thomas, first earl of Warwick of that name, "who (says Ray, after Fuller), in the year 1346, with one squire and six archers, fought in hostile manner with an hundred armed men, at Hogges in Normandy, and overthrew them, slaying sixty Normans, and giving the whole fleet means to land." *Proverbs*, p. 219, ed. 1742.—Follywit, however, seems to allude to one of the characters in a celebrated drama, produced before 1600, called *The bold Beauchamps*, which is frequently mentioned by our early writers: it no longer exists. The author of the false *Second Part of Hudibras*, 1663, canto 1. (in some lines quoted by Collier, *Hist. of Engl. Dram. Poetry*, vol. iii. p. 425), attributes it to Heywood; but his authority is of little weight.

PEN. B. And went off well.

SIR B. Ay, that's the grace of all, when they go away well, ah, hah![r]

COUR. A' my troth, and[s] I were not married, I could find in my heart to fall in love with that player now, and send for him to a supper.[t] I know some i' th' town that have done as much, and there took such a good conceit of their parts into th' two-penny room,[u] that the actors have been found i' th' morning in a less compass than their stage, though 'twere ne'er so full of gentlemen.[v]

SIR B. But, passion of me, where be these knaves? will they not come away? methinks they stay very long.

PEN. B. O, you must bear a little, sir; they have many shifts to run into.

SIR B. Shifts call you 'em? they're horrible long things.

Re-enter FOLLYWIT *in a fury.*

FOL. A pox of such fortune, the plot's betrayed! all will come out! yonder they come, taken upon suspicion, and brought back by a constable. I was

[r] *ah, hah*] So ed. 1640. First ed. "*ah.*"

[s] *and*] i. e. if.

[t] *send for him to a supper*] "The custom for the prostitutes at a theatre afterwards to sup with the players, though not to invite them home to supper, is alluded to in Field's *Amends for Ladies*, 1639 [act iii. sc. 4—first ed. in 1618]: a Drawer says, 'I have been at Bess Turnup's, and she swears all the gentlewomen went to see a play at the Fortune, and are not come in yet; and she believes they *sup with the players.*'" COLLIER.

[u] *two-penny room*] Or two-penny gallery: see Collier's *Hist. of Engl. Dram. Poetry*, vol. iii. p. 343.

[v] *full of gentlemen*] That it was a common practice for youths of fashion to sit on stools upon the stage during the performance, is known from many passages of our old literature.

accursed to hold society with such coxcombs! what's to be done? I shall be shamed for ever! My wife here, and all! ah, pox—by light, happily thought upon! the chain. Invention stick to me this once, and fail me ever hereafter! so, so——

[*Aside.*

SIR B. Life, I say, where be these players?—O, are you come? troth, it's time; I was e'en sending for you.

HAR. How moodily he walks! what plays he trow?[w]

SIR B. A[x] justice, upon my credit; I know by the chain there.

FOL. *Unfortunate justice!*

SIR B. Ah—a—a—

FOL. *In thy kin unfortunate!*
Here comes thy nephew now upon suspicion,
Brought by a constable before thee; his vild[y]
Associates with him;
But so disguis'd, none knows him but myself.
Twice have I set him free from officers' fangs,
And for his sake his fellows: let him look to't;
My conscience will permit but one wink more.

SIR B. Yea, shall we take justice winking?

FOL. *For this time*
I have bethought a means to work thy freedom,
Though hazarding myself. Should the law seize him,
Being kin to me, 'twould blemish much my name:
No; I'd rather lean to danger than to shame.

SIR B. A very explete justice!

CON. [*within*] Thank you, good neighbours; let me alone with 'em now.

[w] *trow*] See note, p. 26.
[x] *A*] So ed. 1640. First ed. "Ha."
[y] *vild*] See note, p. 393.

Enter Constable with MAWWORM, HOBOY, *and the rest of* FOLLYWIT'S *companions.*

MAW. 'S foot, who's yonder?

HOB. Dare he sit there?

THIRD C. Follywit!

FOURTH C. Captain! pooh—

FOL. *How now, constable? what news with thee?*

CON. May it please your worship, sir, here are a company of auspicious fellows.

SIR B. To me? pooh, turn to th' justice, you whoreson hobby-horse!—This is some new player now; they put all their fools to the constable's part still.

FOL. *What's the matter, constable? what's the matter?*

CON. I have nothing to say to your worship.—They were all riding a' horseback, an't please your worship.

SIR B. Yet again? a pox of all asses still! they could not ride a' foot, unless 'twere in a bawdy-house.

CON. The ostler told me they were all unstable fellows, sir.

FOL. *Why, sure the fellow's drunk?*

MAW. We spied that weakness in him long ago, sir;
Your worship must bear with him, the man's much o'erseen;
Only in respect of his office we obey'd him.
Both to appear conformable to law,
And clear of all offence; for I protest, sir,
He found us but a' horseback.

FOL. *What, he did?*

MAW. As I have a soul, that's all, and all he can lay to us.

CON. I'faith, you were not all riding away then?

MAW. 'S foot, being a' horseback, sir, that must needs follow.

FOL. *Why, true, sir.*

SIR B. Well said, justice! he helps his kinsman well.

FOL. *Why, sirrah, do you use to bring gentlemen before us for riding away? what, will you have 'em stand still when they're up, like Smug upo' th' white horse yonder? are your wits steeped? I'll make you an example for all ditch*[x] *constables, how they abuse justice.—Here, bind him to this chair.*

CON. Ha, bind him? ho!

FOL. *If you want cords, use garters.*

[MAWWORM, HOBOY, *&c. bind the Constable.*

CON. Help, help, gentlemen!

MAW. As fast as we can, sir.

CON. Thieves, thieves!

FOL. *A gag will help all this: keep less noise, you knave.*

CON. O help! rescue the constable; O, O!

[*They gag him.*

SIR B. Ho, ho, ho, ho!

FOL. *Why, la, you, who lets you*[y] *now?*
You may ride quietly; I'll see you to
Take horse myself, I have nothing else to do.

[*Exeunt* FOLLYWIT, MAWWORM, HOBOY, *and others.*

CON. O, O, O!

SIR B. Ha, ha, ha! by my troth, the maddest piece of justice, gentlemen, that ever was committed.

HAR. I'll be sworn for the madness on't, sir.

SIR B. I am deceived, if this prove not a merry comedy and a witty.

[x] *ditch*] i. e. worthless, vile. Ed. 1640 has "*an* excellent *example for all* dizzy *constables.*"

[y] *lets you*] "i. e. hinders you." REED.

PEN. B. Alas, poor constable! his mouth's open, and ne'er a wise word.

SIR B. Faith, he speaks now e'en as many as he has done; he seems wisest when he gapes and says nothing. Ha, ha! he turns and tells his tale to me like an ass. What have I to do with their riding away? They may ride for me, thou whoreson coxcomb, thou! nay, thou art well enough served, i'faith.

PEN. B. But what follows all this while, sir? methinks some should pass by before this time, and pity the constable.

SIR B. By th' mass, and you say true, sir.—Go, sirrah, step in; I think they have forgot themselves; call the knaves away; they're in a wood, I believe. [*Exit Servant.*

CON. Ay, ay, ay!

SIR B. Hark, the constable says ay, they're in a wood: ha, ha!

GUM.[2] He thinks long of the time, sir Bounteous.

Re-enter Servant.

SIR B. How now? when come they?

SER. Alas, an't please your worship, there's not one of them to be found, sir!

SIR B. How?

HAR. What says the fellow?

SER. Neither horse nor man, sir.

SIR B. Body of me! thou liest.

SER. Not a hair of either, sir.

HAR. How now, sir Bounteous?

SIR B. Cheated and defeated! Ungag that rascal; I'll hang him for's fellows; I'll make him bring 'em out. [*They ungag Constable.*

CON. Did not I tell your worship this before? Brought 'em before you for suspected persons?

[2] *Gum.*] So ed. 1640. First ed. "Nub."

Stay'd 'em at town's end upon warning given?
Made signs that my very jaw-bone aches?[z]
Your worship would not hear me; call'd me ass,
Saving your worship's presence, laugh'd at me.

SIR B. Ha!

HAR. I begin to taste it.

SIR B. Give me leave, give me leave. Why, art not thou the constable i' th' comedy?

CON. I' th' comedy? why, I am the constable i' th' commonwealth, sir.

SIR B. I'm[a] gull'd, i'faith, I'm gull'd! When wast thou chose?

CON. On Thursday last, sir.

SIR B. A pox go with't! there't goes.

PEN. B. I seldom heard jest match it.

HAR. Nor I, i'faith?

SIR B. Gentlemen, shall I entreat a courtesy?

HAR. What is't, sir?

SIR B. Do not laugh at me seven year hence.

PEN. B. We should betray and laugh at our own folly then,
For, of my troth, none here but was deceiv'd in't.

SIR B. Faith, that's some comfort yet; ha, ha! it was featly carried; troth, I commend their wits; before our faces make us asses, while we sit still and only laugh at ourselves!

PEN. B. Faith, they were some counterfeit rogues, sir.

SIR B. Why, they confess so much themselves; they said they'd play *The Slip;*[b] they should be

[z] *aches*] A dissyllable: see notes, vol. i. pp. 28, 45.

[a] *I'm . . . I'm*] Old eds. "I am . . . I am." This line makes a couplet with what follows.

[b] *Faith, they were some counterfeit rogues . . . . . they said they'd play* The Slip] "We have here a play upon words very common in our ancient writers, and which will be totally unintelligible, unless it is remembered that *a slip* was formerly the name of a piece of *counterfeit* money. . . . . Robert

men of their words. I hope the justice will have more conscience, i'faith, than to carry away a chain of a hundred mark[a] of that fashion.

HAR. What, sir?

SIR B. Ay, by my troth, sir;
Besides a jewel and a jewel's fellow,
A good fair watch, that hung about my neck, sir.

HAR. 'S foot, what did you mean, sir?

SIR B. Methinks my lord Owemuch's players should not scorn me so; i'faith; they will come, and bring all again, I know; push,[b] they will, i'faith; but a jest, certainly.

Re-enter FOLLYWIT *in his own dress, with* MAWWORM, HOBOY, *and others.*

FOL. Pray, grandsire, give me your blessing.

SIR B. Who? son Follywit? [*Kneeling.*

FOL. This shews like kneeling after the play;[c] I praying for my lord Owemuch and his good countess, our honourable lady and mistress. [*Aside.*

SIR B. Rise, richer by a blessing; thou art welcome.

FOL. Thanks, good grandsire; I was bold to bring
Those gentlemen, my friends.

SIR B. They're all welcome!
Salute you that side, and I'll welcome this side.—
Sir, to begin with you.

HAR. Master Follywit!

Greene's *Thieves falling out, True Men come by their own:* 'And therefore he went and got him certain *slips*, which are *counterfeit* pieces of money, being brass, and covered over with silver, which the common people called *slips.*' " REED. See also Gifford's note on Ben Jonson's *Works*, vol. vi. p. 77.

[a] *mark*] See note, p. 226. [b] *push*] See note, vol. i. p. 29.

[c] *kneeling after the play*] It was formerly the custom for the players, at the conclusion of the play, to kneel down and pray for their patrons: the royal companies for the king or queen, those of noblemen for the particular lord to whom they belonged.

FOL. I am glad 'tis our fortune so happily to meet, sir.

SIR B. Nay, then, you know me not, sir.

FOL. Sweet mistress Harebrain!

SIR B. You cannot be too bold, sir.

FOL. Our marriage known?

COUR. Not a word yet.

FOL. The better.

SIR B. Faith, son, would you had come sooner with these gentlemen!

FOL. Why, grandsire?

SIR B. We had a play here.

FOL. A play, sir? no?

SIR B. Yes, faith! a pox a' th' author!

FOL. Bless us all! why, were they such vild[c] ones, sir?

SIR B. I am sure villanous ones, sir.

FOL. Some raw, simple fools!

SIR B. Nay, by th' mass, these were enough for thievish knaves.

FOL. What, sir?

SIR B. Which way came you, gentlemen? you could not choose but meet 'em.

FOL. We met a company with hampers after 'em.

SIR B. O, those were they, those were they! A pox hamper 'em!

FOL. Bless us all again!

SIR B. They have hampered me finely, sirrah.

FOL. How,[d] sir?

SIR B. How, sir? I lent the rascals properties[e] to furnish out their play, a chain, a jewel, and a watch; and they watched their time, and rid quite away with 'em.

FOL. Are they such creatures?

[c] *vild*] See note, p. 393.
[d] *How*] So ed. 1640. First ed. "Home."
[e] *properties*] See note, p. 308.

SIR B. Hark, hark, gentlemen! by this light, the watch rings alarum in his pocket! there's my watch come again, or the very cousin-german to't: whose is't, whose is't? by th' mass, 'tis he! hast thou one, son? prithee, bestow it upon thy grandsire; I now look for mine again, i'faith: nay, come with a good will, or not at all; I'll give thee a better thing.—A prize, a prize,[e] gentlemen!

[*Draws chain, &c. out of* FOLLYWIT'S *pocket.*

HAR. Great or small?

SIR B. At once I've[f] drawn chain, jewel, watch, and all.

PEN. B. By my faith, you have a fortunate hand, sir!

HAR. Nay, all to come at once!

MAW. A vengeance of this foolery!

FOL. Have I 'scaped the constable to be brought in by the watch?

COUR. O destiny! have I married a thief, mother?

MOT. Comfort thyself; thou art beforehand with him, daughter.

SIR B. Why, son, why, gentlemen, how long have you been my lord Owemuch his servants, i'faith?

FOL. Faith, grandsire, shall I be true to you?

SIR B. I think 'tis time; thou'st been a thief already.

FOL. I, knowing the day of your feast, and the natural inclination you have to pleasure and pastime, presumed upon your patience for a jest, as well to prolong your days as ——

SIR B. Whoop! why, then, you took my chain along with you to prolong my days, did you?

[e] *A prize, a prize*] Old eds. "*a* peece, *a* peece," which in Dodsley's *Old Plays* is altered to "a peace, a peace."

[f] *I've*] Old eds. "I haue." This line is meant to form a couplet with the conclusion of Sir Bounteous's speech and Harebrain's question.

FOL. Not so neither, sir;
And that you may be seriously assur'd
Of my hereafter stableness of life,
I have took another course.

SIR B. What?

FOL. Took a wife.

SIR B. A wife! 's foot, what is she for a fool[e] would marry thee, a madman? when was the wedding kept? in Bedlam?

FOL. She's both a gentlewoman and a virgin.

SIR B. Stop there, stop there: would I might see her!

FOL. You have your wish; she's here.

SIR B. Ah, ha, ha, ha! this makes amends for all.

FOL. How now?

MAW. Captain, do you hear? is she your wife in earnest?

FOL. How then?

MAW. Nothing, but pity you, sir.

SIR B. Speak, son; is't true?
Can you gull us, and let a quean gull you?

FOL. Ha!

COUR. What I have been is past; be that forgiven,
And have a soul true both to thee and heaven!

FOL. Is't come about? tricks are repaid, I see.

SIR B. The best is, sirrah, you pledge none but me;
And since I drink the top, take her—and, hark,
I spice the bottom with a thousand mark.[f]

FOL. By my troth, she is as good a cup of nectar as any bachelor needs to sip at.

[e] *what is she for a fool*] i. e. what fool is she: see Gifford's note on B. Jonson's *Works*, vol. iii. p. 397.

[f] *mark*] See note, p. 226.

Tut, give me gold, it makes amends for vice ;
Maids without coin are caudles without spice.

SIR B. Come, gentlemen, to th' feast ; let not time waste ;
We've[f] pleas'd our ear, now let us please our taste.
Who lives by cunning, mark it, his fate's cast ;
When he has gull'd all, then is himself the last.

[*Exeunt omnes.*[g]

The Catch[h] *for the Fifth Act, sung by* SIR BOUNTEOUS PROGRESS *to his guests.*

O for a bowl of fat canary,
Rich Aristippus,[i] sparkling sherry!
Some nectar else from Juno's dairy;
O these draughts would make us merry!

O for a wench! I deal in faces,
And in other daintier things ;
Tickled am I with her embraces ;
Fine dancing in such fairy rings!

O for a plump, fat leg of mutton,
Veal, lamb, capon, pig, and cony!
None is happy but a glutton,
None an ass but who wants money.

Wines, indeed, and girls are good,
But brave victuals feast the blood :
For wenches, wine, and lusty cheer,
Jove would come down to surfeit here.

[f] *We've*] Old eds. "We have."

[g] *Exeunt omnes*] Ed. 1640 has "*Exeunt.*
"*The end of the fifth and last Act : marching over the Stage hand in hand.*"

[h] *The Catch*, &c.] Not found in first ed., is printed on the last leaf of ed. 1640.

[i] *Aristippus*] A sort of wine : see Randolph's drama called *Aristippus, or the Jovial Philosopher*, 1635.

THE ROARING GIRL.

The Roaring Girle. Or Moll Cut-Purse. As it hath lately beene Acted on the Fortune-stage by the Prince his Players. Written by T. Middleton and T. Dekkar. Printed at London for Thomas Archer, and are to be sold at his shop in Popes head-pallace, neere the Royall Exchange. 1611. 4to. On the title-page is the woodcut, a fac-simile of which is now given, representing Moll in her male dress, with these words running along the inner margin,—"*My case is alter'd, I must worke for my liuing.*"

This drama has been reprinted in the sixth vol. of the last two editions of Dodsley's *Old Plays*.

Roaring Boys was a cant term for the riotous, quarrelsome blades of the time, who abounded in London, and took pleasure in annoying its quieter inhabitants. Of *Roaring Girls*, the heroine of the present play was the choicest specimen. Her real name was Mary Frith, though she was most commonly known by that of Moll Cutpurse. According to the author of her *Life*,[a] "she was born A.D. 1589, in Barbican, at the upper end of Aldersgate Street," p. 3; but Malone,[b] more correctly it should seem, has fixed her birth in 1584. "From the first entrance into a competency of age," she assumed the doublet, "and to her dying day she would not leave it off, till the infirmity and weaknesse of nature

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[a] *The Life and Death of Mrs. Mary Frith. Commonly Called Mal Cutpurse. Exactly Collected and now Published for the Delight and Recreation of all Merry disposed Persons. London,* 1662, 12mo. Prefixed to it is her portrait in a male dress (with an eagle, a lion, and an ape beside her), under which are these lines;

"See here the Presidesse o'th pilfring Trade,
Mercuryes second, Venus's onely Mayd,
Doublet and breeches, in a Un'form dresse,
The Female Humurrist, a Kickshaw messe:
Heres no attraction that your fancy greets,
But if her Features please not, read her Feats."

Of this rare and curious volume a portion at least seems to be authentic.

[b] Note on *Twelfth Night*, act i. sc. 3,—*Shakespeare* (by Boswell), vol. xi. p. 357.

speare's *Twelfth Night*, where Sir Toby exclaims, "Wherefore are these things hid? wherefore have these gifts a curtain before them? are they like to take dust, like *mistress Mall's* picture?" Act i. sc. 3.

On the books of the Stationers' Company, August 1610, is entered "A Booke called the Madde Prancks of Merry Mall of the Bankside, with her Walks in Man's Apparel, and to what Purpose. Written by John Day."[g]

In *Rubbe and A great Cast. Epigrams. By Thomas Freeman, Gent.*, 1614, 4to, is

"Epigram 90.

Of Moll Cutpurse disguised going.

"They say Mol's honest, and it may bee so,
But yet it is a shrewd presumption no:
To touch but pitch, 'tis knowne it will defile;
Moll weares the breech, what may she be the while?
Sure shee that doth the shadow so much grace,
What will shee when the substance comes in place?"

She figures in act ii. sc. 1 of Field's *Amends for Ladies*,[h] 1618, where she is thus addressed:

—— "Hence, lewd impudent!
I know not what to term thee, man or woman,
For Nature, shaming to acknowledge thee
For either, hath produc'd thee to the world
Without a sex; some say thou art a woman,
Others, a man; and many, thou art both
Woman and man; but I think rather, neither;
Or man and horse, as the old Centaurs were feign'd."

In *The Water-cormorant his Complaint against a Brood of Land-cormorants* (first printed, I believe, in 1622), Taylor says,

"That if our Grand-fathers and Grand-dams should
Rise from the dead, and these mad times behold,
Amazed they halfe madly would admire
At our fantasticke gestures and attire;
And they would thinke that England in conclusion
Were a meere bable Babell of confusion;

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[g] Note on *Twelfth Night*, act i. sc. 3,—Malone's *Shakespeare* (by Boswell), vol. xi. p. 356.

[h] This excellent comedy has been reprinted by Mr. Collier in a supplementary volume to Dodsley's *Old Plays*.

That Muld-sack[1] for his most vnfashion'd fashions
Is the fit patterne of their transformations;
And *Mary Frith* doth teach them modesty,
For she doth keepe one fashion constantly,
And therefore she deserues a Matrons praise,
In these inconstant Moon-like changing dayes.

p. 6.—*Works*, ed. 1630.

From *The Witch of Edmonton* (by W. Rowley, Dekker, and Ford, acted about 1623), we learn that a certain dog, used in baiting bulls and bears, was called *Moll Cutpurse*, after our heroine: act v. sc. 1. Ford's *Works*, by Gifford, vol. ii. p. 547.

She is thus mentioned in Brome's *Court Beggar*, acted 1632;

"CIT. Sprecious! How now! my fob has been fubd to-day of six pieces, and a dozen shillings at least. . . . . My watch is gone out of my pocket too o' th' right side. . . . . Ile go to honest *Moll* about it presently." Act ii. sc. 1. *Five New Playes*, 1653.

In the following couplet of Butler (the second line of which Swift has transferred, with a slight alteration, into his *Baucis and Philemon*), the allusion is most probably to Moll Cutpurse, and not, as Grey thinks, to Mary Carlton;

"A bold Virago, stout and tall,
As Joan of France, or *English Mall*."

Hudibras, Part i. c. ii. 367.

With a quotation from a play called *The Feigned Astrologer*, 1668, I conclude this notice of Mary Frith;

"We cannot do that neither in quiet,
So many have found his lodging out:
And now, *Moll Cut-purse*, that oracle of felonie
Is dead, there's not a pocket pickt,
But hee's acquainted with it." Act iv. sc. 2, p. 62.

Thomas Dekker, whose name is coupled with Middleton's on the title-page of *The Roaring Girl*, was (as perhaps few readers require to be told) a very prolific and popular dramatist: many of his plays have perished.

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[1] "Mulsack the chimney-sweeper" is mentioned as one of Moll's companions in her *Life*, p. 82.

TO THE COMIC PLAY-READERS, VENERY AND LAUGHTER.

THE fashion of play-making I can properly compare to nothing so naturally as the alteration in apparel; for in the time of the great crop-doublet, your huge bombasted plays, quilted with mighty words to lean purpose, were[j] only then in fashion: and as the doublet fell, neater inventions began to set up. Now, in the time of spruceness, our plays follow the niceness of our garments; single plots, quaint conceits, lecherous jests, drest up in hanging sleeves: and those are fit for the times and the termers.[k] Such a kind of light-colour summer stuff, mingled with divers colours, you shall find this published comedy; good to keep you in an afternoon from dice at home in your chambers: and for venery, you shall find enough for sixpence,[l] but well couched and[m] you mark it; for Venus, being a woman, passes through the play in doublet and breeches; a brave disguise and a safe one, if the statute untie not her codpiece point. The book I make no question but is fit for many of your companies, as well as the person itself, and may be

[j] *were*] Old ed. "was."

[k] *termers*] Here Reed cites a passage from Dekker's *Belman of London*, concerning those rogues that "*are called* TERMERS *and they ply Westminster-hall: Michaelmas Terme is their harvest:*" see also my note, p. 107. I may observe, however, that *termer* did not always mean a person of ill repute: "with a countrey gentleman or *Tearmer*." *Greene's Ghost Haunting Conicatchers*, 1626, sig. D 3.

[l] *for sixpence*] "The price of a play at this time." *Id.*

[m] *and*] i. e. if.

allowed both gallery-room at the playhouse, and chamber-room at your lodging. Worse things, I must needs confess, the world has taxed her for than has been written of her; but 'tis the excellency of a writer to leave things better than he finds 'em; though some obscene fellow, that cares not what he writes against others, yet keeps a mystical bawdyhouse himself, and entertains drunkards, to make use of their pockets and vent his private bottle-ale at midnight,—though such a one would have ript up the most nasty vice that ever hell belched forth, and presented it to a modest assembly, yet we rather wish in such discoveries, where reputation lies bleeding, a slackness of truth than fulness of slander.

THOMAS MIDDLETON.

PROLOGUE.

A PLAY expected long makes the audience look
For wonders; that each scene should be a book,
Compos'd to all perfection: each one comes
And brings a play in's head with him; up he sums
What he would of a roaring girl have writ;
If that he finds not here, he mews at it.
Only we [do] entreat you think our scene
Cannot speak high, the subject being but mean;
A roaring girl, whose notes till now ne'er were,
Shall fill with laughter our vast theatre.[n]
That's all which I dare promise: tragic passion,
And such grave stuff, is this day out of fashion.
I see Attention sets wide ope her gates
Of hearing, and with covetous listening waits,
To know what girl this roaring girl should be,
For of that tribe are many. One is she
That roars at midnight in deep tavern-bowls,
That beats the watch, and constables controls;
Another roars i' th' daytime, swears, stabs, gives braves,
Yet sells her soul to the lust of fools and slaves:
Both these are suburb-roarers. Then there's beside[o]
A civil city-roaring girl, whose pride,
Feasting, and riding, shakes her husband's state,
And leaves him roaring through an iron grate.
None of these roaring girls is ours; she flies
With wings more lofty; thus her character lies —
Yet what need characters, when to give a guess
Is better than the person to express? [name?
But would you know who 'tis? would you hear her
She's call'd mad Moll; her life our acts proclaim.

[n] *vast theatre*] i. e. the Fortune, in Golden or Golding Lane, St. Giles's, Cripplegate. It was built by Henslowe, and Alleyn (the founder of Dulwich College), in 1599-1600. It was eighty feet square on the outside, and fifty-five feet square within. It was destroyed by fire in 1621. See Collier's *Hist. of Engl. Dram. Poetry*, vol. iii. p. 302. [o] *beside*] Old ed. "besides."

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

SIR ALEXANDER WENGRAVE.
SEBASTIAN WENGRAVE, *his son.*
SIR GUY FITZALLARD.
SIR DAVY DAPPER.
JACK DAPPER, *his son.*
SIR ADAM APPLETON.
SIR THOMAS LONG.
SIR BEAUTEOUS GANYMEDE.
LORD NOLAND.
GOSHAWK.
LAXTON.
GREENWIT.
GALLIPOT, *an apothecary.*
TILTYARD, *a feather-seller.*
OPENWORK, *a sempster.*
NEATFOOT, *Sir A. Wengrave's man.*
GULL, *page to Jack Dapper.*
TRAPDOOR.
TEARCAT.
Coachman.
Porter.
Tailor.
CURTLEAX, *a sergeant.*
HANGER, *his yeoman.*
Gentlemen, Cutpurses, &c.

MOLL, *the Roaring Girl.*
MARY FITZALLARD, *daughter to Sir Guy.*
MISTRESS GALLIPOT.
MISTRESS TILTYARD.
MISTRESS OPENWORK.

Scene, LONDON.

THE ROARING GIRL.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Room in Sir Alexander Wengrave's *House.*

Enter Mary Fitzallard *disguised like a sempster, with a case for bands, and* Neatfoot *with her, a napkin on his shoulder, and a trencher*[p] *in his hand, as from table.*

Neat. The young gentleman, our young master, sir Alexander's son, is it into his ears, sweet damsel, emblem of fragility, you desire to have a message transported, or to be transcendent?

Mary. A private word or two, sir; nothing else.

Neat. You shall fructify in that which you come for; your pleasure shall be satisfied to your full contentation. I will, fairest tree of generation, watch when our young master is erected, that is to say, up, and deliver him to this your most white hand.

[p] *a trencher*] "At this time pewter was not introduced into common use. Our ancestors were content with wooden trenchers, and these were even to be found at the tables of our nobility and persons of good fashion. Among the orders for household servants, devised by John Haryngton, 1566, and renewed by his son, 1592, it is directed, 'That no man waite at the table without *a trencher* in his hand, except it be uppon good cause, on paine of 1*d*.' *Nugæ Antiquæ*, vol. ii. p. 267, ed. 1779. See also the *Northumberland Household-Book*, p. 354. *Trenchers* are still used in some colleges and inns-of-court, particularly in Lincoln's-Inn." Reed.

MARY. Thanks, sir.

NEAT. And withal certify him, that I have culled out for him, now his belly is replenished, a daintier bit or modicum than any lay upon his trencher at dinner. Hath he notion of your name, I beseech your chastity?

MARY. One, sir, of whom he bespake falling bands.[q]

NEAT. Falling bands? it shall so be given him. If you please to venture your modesty in the hall amongst a curl-pated company of rude serving-men, and take such as they can set before you, you shall be most seriously and ingeniously[r] welcome.

MARY. I have dined[s] indeed already, sir.

NEAT. Or will you vouchsafe to kiss the lip of a cup of rich Orleans in the buttery amongst our waiting-women?

MARY. Not now, in truth, sir.

NEAT. Our young master shall then have a feeling of your being here; presently it shall so be given him.

MARY. I humbly thank you, sir. [*Exit* NEATFOOT.] But that my bosom
Is full of bitter sorrows, I could smile
To see this formal ape play antic tricks;
But in my breast a poison'd arrow sticks,

[q] *falling bands*] See note, p. 218.—" In Evelyn's *Discourse on Medals*, 1697, p. 108, is the head of Charles I. crowned, in the garter-robes, and wearing *a falling band;* 'which new mode,' says Mr. Evelyn, 'succeeded the cumbersome ruff: but neither did the bishops or judges give it over so soon, the Lord Keeper Finch being, I think, the very first.'" REED.

[r] *ingeniously*] i. e. sincerely: *ingenious* is frequently used for *ingenuous* by our old writers: "reasons . . . which, I must *ingeniously* confesse, were both many and weighty." Brathwait's *Honest Ghost*, 1658, p. 46.

[s] *dined*] Old ed. "dyed."

And smiles cannot become me. Love woven slightly,
Such as thy false heart makes, wears out as lightly;
But love being truly bred i' th' soul, like mine,
Bleeds even to death at the least wound it takes,—
The more we quench this [fire], the less it slakes:
O me!

Enter SEBASTIAN WENGRAVE *with* NEATFOOT.

SEB. A sempster speak with me, sayest thou?

NEAT. Yes, sir; she's there, *viva voce* to deliver her auricular confession.

SEB. With me, sweetheart? what is't?

MARY. I have brought home your bands, sir.

SEB. Bands?—Neatfoot.

NEAT. Sir?

SEB. Prithee, look in; for all the gentlemen are upon rising.

NEAT. Yes, sir; a most methodical attendance shall be given.

SEB. And dost hear? if my father call for me, say I am busy with a sempster.

NEAT. Yes, sir; he shall know it that you are busied with a needle-woman.

SEB. In's ear, good Neatfoot.

NEAT. It shall be so given him. [*Exit.*

SEB. Bands? you're mistaken, sweetheart, I bespake none:
When, where, I prithee? what bands? let me see them.

MARY. Yes, sir; a bond[t] fast seal'd with solemn oaths,
Subscrib'd unto, as I thought, with your soul;
Deliver'd as your deed in sight of heaven:
Is this bond cancellèd? have you forgot me?

[t] *bond*] Was formerly synonymous with *band*. See notes, vol. i. pp. 245, 481.

SEB. Ha! life of my life, sir Guy Fitzallard's daughter?
What has transform'd my love to this strange shape?
Stay; make all sure [*shuts the door*]; so: now speak and be brief,
Because the wolf's at door that lies in wait
To prey upon us both. Albeit mine eyes
Are blest by thine, yet this so strange disguise
Holds me with fear and wonder.
MARY. Mine's a loath'd sight;
Why from it are you banish'd else so long?
SEB. I must cut short my speech: in broken language
Thus much, sweet Moll; I must thy company shun;
I court another Moll: my thoughts must run
As a horse runs that's blind round in a mill,
Out every step, yet keeping one path still.
MARY. Umph! must you shun my company? in one knot
Have both our hands by th' hands of heaven been tied,
Now to be broke? I thought me once your bride;
Our fathers did agree on the time when:
And must another bedfellow fill my room?
SEB. Sweet maid, let's lose no time; 'tis in heaven's book
Set down, that I must have thee; an oath we took
To keep our vows: but when the knight your father
Was from mine parted, storms began to sit
Upon my covetous father's brow[s], which fell
From them on me. He reckon'd up what gold
This marriage would draw from him; at which he swore,
To lose so much blood could not grieve him more:
He then dissuades me from thee, call'd thee not fair,
And ask'd what is she but a beggar's heir?

He scorn'd thy dowry of five thousand marks.[u]
If such a sum of money could be found,
And I would match with that, he'd not undo it,
Provided his bags might add nothing to it;
But vow'd, if I took thee, nay, more, did swear it,
Save birth, from him I nothing should inherit.
MARY. What follows then? my shipwreck?
SEB. Dearest, no:
Though wildly in a labyrinth I go,
My end is to meet thee: with a side-wind
Must I now sail, else I no haven can find,
But both must sink for ever. There's a wench
Call'd Moll, mad Moll, or merry Moll; a creature
So strange in quality, a whole city takes
Note of her name and person: all that affection
I owe to thee, on her in counterfeit passion
I spend, to mad my father: he believes
I doat upon this Roaring Girl, and grieves
As it becomes a father for a son
That could be so bewitch'd: yet I'll go on
This crooked way, sigh still for her, feign dreams
In which I'll talk only of her: these streams
Shall, I hope, force my father to consent
That here I anchor, rather than be rent
Upon a rock so dangerous. Art thou pleas'd,
Because thou seest we're waylaid, that I take
A path that's safe, though it be far about?
MARY. My prayers with heaven guide thee!
SEB. Then I will on:
My father is at hand; kiss, and begone!
Hours shall be watch'd for meetings: I must now,
As men for fear, to a strange idol bow.
MARY. Farewell!

rather than recklessly going ahead Seb. plots to preserve his passion 100

M. u carefully set Moll as unique (Clay)

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[u] *marks*] See note, p. 226.

SEB. I'll guide thee forth: when next we meet,
A story of Moll shall make our mirth more sweet.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter SIR ALEX. WENGRAVE, SIR DAVY DAPPER, SIR ADAM APPLETON, GOSHAWK, LAXTON, *and Gentlemen.*

ALL. Thanks, good sir Alexander, for our bounteous cheer!
S. ALEX. Fie, fie, in giving thanks you pay too dear.
S. DAVY. When bounty spreads the table, faith, 'twere sin,
At going off if thanks should not step in.
S. ALEX. No more of thanks, no more. Ay, marry, sir,
Th' inner room was too close: how do you like
This parlour, gentlemen?
ALL. O, passing well!
S. ADAM. What a sweet breath the air casts here, so cool!
GOS. I like the prospect best.
LAX. See how 'tis furnish'd!
S. DAVY. A very fair sweet room.
S. ALEX. Sir Davy Dapper,
The furniture that doth adorn this room
Cost many a fair grey groat ere it came here;
But good things are most cheap when they're most dear.
Nay, when you look into my galleries,
How bravely they're trimm'd up, you all shall swear
You're highly pleas'd to see what's set down there:
Stories of men and women, mix'd together
Fair ones with foul, like sunshine in wet weather;

Within one square a thousand heads are laid,
So close that all of heads the room seems made;
As many faces there, fill'd with blithe looks,
Shew like the promising titles of new books
Writ merrily, the readers being their own eyes,
Which seem to move and to give plaudities;
And here and there, whilst with obsequious ears
Throng'd heaps do listen, a cut-purse thrusts and leers
With hawk's eyes for his prey; I need not shew him;
By a hanging, villanous look yourselves may know him,
The face is drawn so rarely: then, sir, below,
The very floor, as 'twere, waves to and fro,
And, like a floating island, seems to move
Upon a sea bound in with shores above.

ALL. These sights are excellent!

S. ALEX. I'll shew you all:
Since we are met, make our parting comical.

Re-enter SEBASTIAN WENGRAVE *with* GREENWIT.

SEB. This gentleman, my friend, will take his leave, sir.

S. ALEX. Ha! take his leave, Sebastian, who?

SEB. This gentleman.

S. ALEX. Your love, sir, has already given me some time,
And if you please to trust my age with more,
It shall pay double interest: good sir, stay.

GREEN. I have been too bold.

S. ALEX. Not so, sir: a merry day
'Mongst friends being spent, is better than gold sav'd.—
Some wine, some wine! Where be these knaves I keep?

Re-enter NEATFOOT *with several Servants.*

NEAT. At your worshipful elbow, sir.
S. ALEX. You're kissing my maids, drinking, or fast asleep.
NEAT. Your worship has given it us right.
S. ALEX. You varlets, stir!
Chairs, stools, and cushions!—
[*Servants bring in wine, and place chairs, &c.*
Prithee, sir Davy Dapper,
Make that chair thine.
S. DAVY. 'Tis but an easy gift;
And yet I thank you for it, sir: I'll take it.
S. ALEX. A chair for old sir Adam Appleton!
NEAT. A back friend to your worship.
S. ADAM. Marry, good Neatfoot,
I thank thee for't; back friends sometimes are good.
S. ALEX. Pray, make that stool your perch, good master Goshawk.
GOS. I stoop to your lure, sir.
S. ALEX. Son Sebastian,
Take master Greenwit to you.
SEB. Sit, dear friend.
S. ALEX. Nay, master Laxton—furnish master Laxton
With what he wants, a stone,—a stool, I would say,
A stool.
LAX. I had rather stand, sir.
S. ALEX. I know you had, good master Laxton: so, so. [*Exeunt* NEATFOOT *and Servants.*
Now here's a mess of friends; and, gentlemen,
Because time's glass shall not be running long,
I'll quicken it with a pretty tale.
S. DAVY. Good tales do well
In these bad days, where vice does so excel.

S. ADAM. Begin, sir Alexander.
S. ALEX. Last day I met
An aged man, upon whose head was scor'd
A debt of just so many years as these
Which I owe to my grave: the man you all know.
ALL. His name, I pray you, sir.
S. ALEX. Nay, you shall pardon me:
But when he saw me, with a sigh that brake,
Or seem'd to break, his heart-strings, thus he spake:
O my good knight, says he, (and then his eyes
Were richer even by that which made them poor,
They'd spent so many tears they had no more),
O sir, says he, you know it! for you ha' seen
Blessings to rain upon mine house and me:
Fortune, who slaves men, was my slave; her wheel
Hath spun me golden threads; for, I thank heaven,
I ne'er had but one cause to curse my stars.
I ask'd him then what that one cause might be.
ALL. So, sir.
S. ALEX. He paus'd: and as we often see
A sea so much becalm'd, there can be found
No wrinkle on his brow, his waves being drown'd
In their own rage; but when th' imperious wind[s]
Use strange invisible tyranny to shake
Both heaven's and earth's foundation at their noise,
The seas, swelling with wrath to part that fray,
Rise up, and are more wild, more mad than they;
Even so this good old man was by my question
Stirr'd up to roughness; you might see his gall
Flow even in's eyes; then grew he fantastical.
S. DAVY. Fantastical? ha, ha!
S. ALEX. Yes; and talk['d] oddly.
S. ADAM. Pray, sir, proceed:
How did this old man end?
S. ALEX. Marry, sir, thus:

He left his wild fit to read o'er his cards;
Yet then, though age cast snow on all his hairs,
He joy'd, because, says he, the god of gold
Has been to me no niggard; that disease,
Of which all old men sicken, avarice,
Never infected me ——

LAX. He means not himself, I'm sure. [*Aside.*

S. ALEX. For, like a lamp
Fed with continual oil, I spend and throw
My light to all that need it, yet have still
Enough to serve myself: O but, quoth he,
Though heaven's dew fall thus on this aged tree,
I have a son that,[x] like a wedge, doth cleave
My very heart-root!

S. DAVY. Had he such a son?

SEB. Now I do smell a fox strongly. [*Aside.*

S. ALEX. Let's see: no, master Greenwit is not yet
So mellow in years as he; but as like Sebastian,
Just like my son Sebastian, such another.

SEB. How finely, like a fencer,
My father fetches his by-blows to hit me!
But if I beat you not at your own weapon
Of subtilty —— [*Aside.*

S. ALEX. This son, saith he, that should be
The column and main arch unto my house,
The crutch unto my age, becomes a whirlwind
Shaking the firm foundation.

S. ADAM. 'Tis some prodigal.

SEB. Well shot, old Adam Bell![y] [*Aside.*

[x] *that*] Old ed. "that's."

[y] *Adam Bell*] An outlaw, famous for his archery: see the beautiful ballad of *Adam Bel, Clym of the Clough and Wyllyam of Cloudesle*, of which the most correct text is in Ritson's *Pieces of An. Pop. Poetry*.

S. ALEX. No city-monster neither, no prodigal,
But sparing, wary, civil, and, though wifeless,
An excellent husband; and such a traveller,
He has more tongues in his head than some have teeth.
S. DAVY. I have but two in mine.
GOS. So sparing and so wary?
What, then, could vex his father so?
S. ALEX. O, a woman!
SEB. A flesh-fly, that can vex any man.
S. ALEX. A scurvy woman,
On whom the passionate old man swore he doated;
A creature, saith he, nature hath brought forth
To mock the sex of woman. It is a thing
One knows not how to name: her birth began
Ere she was all made: 'tis woman more than man,
Man more than woman; and, which to none can hap,
The sun gives her two shadows to one shape;
Nay, more, let this strange thing walk, stand, or sit,
No blazing star draws more eyes after it.
S. DAVY. A monster! 'tis some monster!
S. ALEX. She's a varlet.
SEB. Now is my cue to bristle. [*Aside.*
S. ALEX. A naughty pack.[z]
SEB. 'Tis false!
S. ALEX. Ha, boy?
SEB. 'Tis false!
S. ALEX. What's false? I say she's naught.
SEB. I say, that tongue
That dares speak so, but yours, sticks in the throat
Of a rank villain: set yourself aside ——

[z] *naughty pack*] In a note on this passage Reed says, "a *pack* was formerly a name given to a lewd woman," and that "it was also sometimes applied to the male sex." The fact is, *naughty pack* was a term of reproach applied commonly both to men and women.

S. ALEX. So, sir, what then?
SEB. Any here else had lied.—
I think I shall fit you. [*Aside.*
S. ALEX. Lie?
SEB. Yes.
S. DAVY. Doth this concern him?
S. ALEX. Ah, sirrah-boy,
Is your blood heated? boils it? are you stung?
I'll pierce you deeper yet.—O my dear friends,
I am that wretched father! this that son,
That sees his ruin, yet headlong on doth run.
S. ADAM. Will you love such a poison?
S. DAVY. Fie, fie.
SEB. You're all mad.
S. ALEX. Thou'rt sick at heart, yet feel'st it not: of all these,
What gentleman but thou, knowing his disease
Mortal, would shun the cure!—O master Greenwit,
Would you to such an idol bow?
GREEN. Not I, sir.
S. ALEX. Here's master Laxton; has he mind to a woman
As thou hast?
LAX. No, not I, sir.
S. ALEX. Sir, I know it.
LAX. Their good parts are so rare, their bad so common,
I will have nought to do with any woman.
S. DAVY. 'Tis well done, master Laxton.
S. ALEX. O thou cruel boy,
Thou wouldst with lust an old man's life destroy!
Because thou see'st I'm half-way in my grave,
Thou shovel'st dust upon me: would thou might'st have
Thy wish, most wicked, most unnatural!

S. Davy. Why, sir, 'tis thought sir Guy Fitz-
allard's daughter
Shall wed your son Sebastian.
S. Alex. Sir Davy Dapper,
I have upon my knees woo'd this fond[z] boy
To take that virtuous maiden.
Seb. Hark you; a word, sir.
You on your knees have curs'd that virtuous
maiden,
And me for loving her; yet do you now
Thus baffle[a] me to my face: wear not your knees
In such entreats; give me Fitzallard's daughter.
S. Alex. I'll give thee rats-bane rather.
Seb. Well, then, you know
What dish I mean to feed upon.
S. Alex. Hark, gentlemen! he swears
To have this cut-purse drab, to spite my gall.
All. Master Sebastian ——
Seb. I am deaf to you all.
I'm so bewitch'd, so bound to my desires,
Tears, prayers, threats, nothing can quench out
those fires
That burn within me. [*Exit.*
S. Alex. Her blood shall quench it, then.—
[*Aside.*
Lose him not; O dissuade him, gentlemen!
S. Davy. He shall be wean'd, I warrant you.

[z] *fond*] i. e. foolish.

[a] *baffle*] Meant formerly to treat with insult, or mockery, or contempt. "Our names should be *baffuld* on euery bookesellers stall." Nash's *Pierce Pennilesse*, sig. D 4, ed. 1595. "When he had *baffuld* mee in print throughout England." Nash's *Haue with you to Saffron-walden*, sig T 2, 1596.

"Prithee, good Fido, goe and *baffull* him:
Put an affront vpon him."

Marmyon's *Fine Companion*, sig. F, 1633.

S. ALEX. Before his eyes
Lay down his shame, my grief, his miseries.
ALL. No more, no more; away!
[*Exeunt all but* SIR ALEX. WENGRAVE.
S. ALEX. I wash a negro,
Losing both pains and cost: but take thy flight,
I'll be most near thee when I'm least in sight.
Wild buck, I'll hunt thee breathless: thou shalt run on,
But I will turn thee when I'm not thought upon.—

Enter TRAPDOOR *with a letter.*

Now, sirrah, what are you? leave your ape's tricks, and speak.

TRAP. A letter from my captain to your worship.

S. ALEX. O, O, now I remember; 'tis to prefer thee into my service.

TRAP. To be a shifter under your worship's nose of a clean trencher, when there's a good bit upon't.

S. ALEX. Troth, honest fellow—Hum—ha—let me see—
This knave shall be the axe to hew that down
At which I stumble; has a face that promiseth
Much of a villain: I will grind his wit,
And, if the edge prove fine, make use of it. [*Aside.*
Come hither, sirrah: canst thou be secret, ha?

TRAP. As two crafty attorneys plotting the undoing of their clients.

S. ALEX. Didst never, as thou'st walk'd about this town,
Hear of a wench call'd Moll, mad, merry Moll?

TRAP. Moll Cutpurse, sir?

S. ALEX. The same; dost thou know her, then?

TRAP. As well as I know 'twill rain upon Simon and Jude's day next: I will sift all the taverns i' th' city, and drink half pots with all the water-

men[b] a' th' Bank-side, but, if you will, sir, I'll find her out.

S. ALEX. That task is easy; do't then: hold thy hand up.
What's this? is't burnt?

TRAP. No, sir, no; a little singed with making fireworks.

S. ALEX. There's money, spend it; that being spent, fetch more. [*Gives money.*

TRAP. O sir, that all the poor soldiers in England had such a leader! For fetching, no water-spaniel is like me.

S. ALEX. This wench we speak of strays so from her kind,
Nature repents she made her: 'tis a mermaid
Has tol'd my son to shipwreck.

TRAP. I'll cut her comb for you.

S. ALEX. I'll tell out gold for thee, then. Hunt her forth,
Cast out a line hung full of silver hooks
To catch her to thy company: deep spendings
May draw her that's most chaste to a man's bosom.

TRAP. The gingling of golden bells, and a good fool with a hobbyhorse, will draw all the whores i' th' town to dance in a morris.

S. ALEX. Or rather, for that's best (they say sometimes
She goes in breeches), follow her as her man.

TRAP. And when her breeches are off, she shall follow me.

S. ALEX. Beat all thy brains to serve her.

TRAP. Zounds, sir, as country wenches beat cream till butter comes.

[b] *watermen*] "Taylor the water-poet asserts, that at this time, between Windsor and Gravesend, there were not fewer than forty thousand watermen." REED.

S. ALEX. Play thou the subtle spider; weave fine nets
To ensnare her very life.
TRAP. Her life?
S. ALEX. Yes; suck
Her heart-blood, if thou canst: twist thou but cords
To catch her, I'll find law to hang her up.
TRAP. Spoke like a worshipful bencher!
S. ALEX. Trace all her steps: at this she-fox's den
Watch what lambs enter; let me play the shepherd
To save their throats from bleeding, and cut hers.
TRAP. This is the goll[c] shall do't.
S. ALEX. Be firm, and gain me
Ever thine own: this done, I entertain thee.
How is thy name?
TRAP. My name, sir, is Ralph Trapdoor, honest Ralph.
S. ALEX. Trapdoor, be like thy name, a dangerous step
For her to venture on; but unto me ——
TRAP. As fast as your sole to your boot or shoe, sir.
S. ALEX. Hence, then; be little seen here as thou canst;
I'll still be at thine elbow.
TRAP. The trapdoor's set.
Moll, if you budge, you're gone: this me shall crown;
A roaring boy[d] the roaring girl puts down.
S. ALEX. God-a-mercy, lose no time. [*Exeunt.*

[c] *goll*] A cant term for hand—fist, paw.
[d] *roaring boy*] See prefatory matter, p. 427.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Three shops open in a rank: the first an apothecary's shop, the next a feather-shop, the third a sempster's shop; MISTRESS GALLIPOT *in the first,* MISTRESS TILTYARD *in the next,* OPENWORK *and* MISTRESS OPENWORK *in the third.*

Enter LAXTON, GOSHAWK, *and* GREENWIT.

MIS. OPEN. Gentlemen, what is't you lack?[d] what is't you buy? see fine bands and ruffs, fine lawns, fine cambrics: what is't you lack, gentlemen? what is't you buy?

LAX. Yonder's the shop.

GOS. Is that she?

LAX. Peace.

GREEN. She that minces tobacco?[e]

LAX. Ay; she's a gentlewoman born, I can tell you, though it be her hard fortune now to shred Indian pot-herbs.

GOS. O sir, 'tis many a good woman's fortune, when her husband turns bankrout,[f] to begin with pipes and set up again.

LAX. And, indeed, the raising of the woman is the lifting up of the man's head at all times; if one flourish, t'other will bud as fast, I warrant ye.

GOS. Come, thou'rt familiarly acquainted there, I grope that.

[d] *what is't you lack*] See note, vol. i. p. 447.

[e] *minces tobacco*] When this play was written tobacco was sold by apothecaries:

> "Or in th' Apothicaryes shop bee seene
> To wrap Druggs, or to dry Tobacco in."
>
> *Certain Elegies, with* [*Fitz Geffrey's*] *Satyrs and Epigrams*, 1620, sig. G 4.

[f] *bankrout*] i. e. bankrupt.

LAX. And[g] you grope no better i' th' dark, you may chance lie i' th' ditch when you're drunk.

GOS. Go, thou'rt a mystical lecher!

LAX. I will not deny but my credit may take up an ounce of pure smoke.

GOS. May take up an ell of pure smock! away, go! 'Tis the closest striker![h] life, I think he commits venery forty foot deep; no man's aware on't. I, like a palpable smockster, go to work so openly with the tricks of art, that I'm as apparently seen as a naked boy in a phial;[i] and were it not for a gift of treachery that I have in me, to betray my friend when he puts most trust in me—mass, yonder he is too!—and by his injury to make good my access to her, I should appear as defective in courting as a farmer's son the first day of his feather, that doth nothing at court but woo the hangings and glass windows for a month together, and some broken waiting-woman for ever after. I find those imperfections in my venery, that were't not for flattery and falsehood, I should want discourse and impudence; and he that wants impudence among women is worthy to be kicked out at bed's feet. He shall not see me yet. [*Aside.*

GREEN. Troth, this is finely shred.

LAX. O, women are the best mincers.

MIS. G. 'Thad been a good phrase for a cook's wife, sir.

LAX. But 'twill serve generally, like the front of a new almanac, as thus:—calculated for the meridian of cooks' wives, but generally for all Englishwomen.

[g] *and*] i. e. if.

[h] *striker*] i. e. wencher.

[i] *as a naked boy in a phial*] "I suppose he means an abortion preserved in spirits." STEEVENS.

MIS. G. Nay, you shall ha't, sir; I have filled it for you. [*She puts it to the fire.*

LAX. The pipe's in a good hand, and I wish mine always so.

GREEN. But not to be used a' that fashion.

LAX. O, pardon me, sir, I understand no French. I pray, be covered. Jack, a pipe of rich smoke!

GOS. Rich smoke? that's sixpence a pipe, is't?

GREEN. To me, sweet lady.

MIS. G. Be not forgetful; respect my credit; seem strange: art and wit make[j] a fool of suspicion; pray, be wary.

LAX. Push![k] I warrant you.—Come, how is't, gallants?

GREEN. Pure and excellent.

LAX. I thought 'twas good, you were grown so silent: you are like those that love not to talk at victuals, though they make a worse noise i' th' nose than a common fiddler's 'prentice, and discourse a whole supper with snuffling.—I must speak a word with you anon.

MIS. G. Make your way wisely, then.

GOS. O, what else, sir? he's perfection itself; full of manners, but not an acre of ground belonging to 'em.

GREEN. Ay, and full of form; has ne'er a good stool in's chamber.

GOS. But above all, religious; he preyeth daily upon elder brothers.

GREEN. And valiant above measure; has run three streets from a sergeant.

LAX. Puh, puh. [*He blows tobacco in their faces.*

GREEN. O, puh!

GOS. Ho, ho!

LAX. So, so.

[j] *make*] Old ed. "makes." [k] *Push*] See note, vol. i. p. 29.

MIS. G. What's the matter now, sir?

LAX. I protest I'm in extreme want of money; if you can supply me now with any means, you do me the greatest pleasure, next to the bounty of your love, as ever poor gentleman tasted.

MIS. G. What's the sum would pleasure ye, sir? though you deserve nothing less at my hands.

LAX. Why, 'tis but for want of opportunity, thou knowest.—I put her off with opportunity still: by this light, I hate her, but for means to keep me in fashion with gallants; for what I take from her, I spend upon other wenches; bear her in hand[k] still: she has wit enough to rob her husband, and I ways enough to consume the money. [*Aside.*]—Why, how now? what, the chincough?

GOS. Thou hast the cowardliest trick to come before a man's face, and strangle him ere he be aware! I could find in my heart to make a quarrel in earnest.

LAX. Pox, and[l] thou dost—thou knowest I never use to fight with my friends—thou'll but lose thy labour in't.—Jack Dapper!

Enter JACK DAPPER *and* GULL.

GREEN. Monsieur Dapper, I dive down to your ancles.

J. DAP. Save ye, gentlemen, all three in a peculiar salute.

GOS. He were ill to make a lawyer; he despatches three at once.

LAX. So, well said.—But is this[m] of the same tobacco, mistress Gallipot?

[k] *bear her in hand*] i. e. keep her in expectation.

[l] *and*] i. e. if.

[m] *But is this, &c.*] "She gives him money, and he pretends that he receives only tobacco from Mrs. Gallipot." COLLIER.

MIS. G. The same you had at first, sir.

LAX. I wish it no better: this will serve to drink[n] at my chamber.

Gos. Shall we taste a pipe on't?

LAX. Not of this, by my troth, gentlemen, I have sworn before you.

Gos. What, not Jack Dapper?

LAX. Pardon me, sweet Jack; I'm sorry I made such a rash oath, but foolish oaths must stand: where art going, Jack?

J. DAP. Faith, to buy one feather.

LAX. One feather? the fool's peculiar still.

[*Aside.*

J. DAP. Gull.

GULL. Master?

J. DAP. Here's three halfpence for your ordinary, boy; meet me an hour hence in Paul's.[o]

GULL. How? three single halfpence? life, this will scarce serve a man in sauce, a halp'orth of mustard, a halp'orth of oil, and a halp'orth of vinegar,—what's left then for the pickle herring? This shews like small beer i' th' morning after a great surfeit of wine o'ernight: he could spend his three pound last night in a supper amongst girls and brave bawdyhouse boys: I thought his pockets cackled not for nothing: these are the eggs of three pound, I'll go sup 'em up presently.

[*Aside, and exit.*

LAX. Eight, nine, ten angels:[p] good wench, i'faith, and one that loves darkness well; she puts out a candle with the best tricks of any drugster's wife in England: but that which mads her, I rail

[n] *drink*] To *drink* (i. e. smoke) tobacco was a very common expression.

[o] *Paul's*] See note, vol. i. p. 418.

[p] *angels*] See note, vol. i. p. 250.

upon opportunity still, and take no notice on't. The other night she would needs lead me into a room with a candle in her hand to shew me a naked picture, where no sooner entered, but the candle was sent of an errand: now, I not intending to understand her, but, like a puny at the inns of venery, called for another light innocently; thus reward I all her cunning with simple mistaking. I know she cozens her husband to keep me, and I'll keep her honest as long as I can, to make the poor man some part of amends. An honest mind of a whoremaster! how think you amongst you? What, a fresh pipe? draw in a third man?

Gos. No, you're a hoarder, you engross by th' ounces. [*At the feather-shop.*

J. Dap. Pooh, I like it not.

Mrs. T. What feather is't you'd have, sir?
These are most worn and most in fashion:
Amongst the beaver gallants, the stone riders,
The private stage's audience, the twelvepenny-stool gentlemen,[q]
I can inform you 'tis the general feather.

J. Dap. And therefore I mislike it: tell me of general!
Now, a continual Simon and Jude's rain
Beat all your feathers as flat down as pancakes!
Shew me—a—spangled feather.

[q] *the twelvepenny-stool gentlemen*] i. e. gentlemen who pay twelvepence for a stool to sit upon the stage during the performance: see note, p. 412. This is one of the passages which led Malone to think that "persons were suffered to sit on the stage only in the private playhouses (such as Blackfriars, &c.)" *Hist. Acc. of Engl. Stage*, p. 78—*Shakespeare* (by Boswell), vol. iii.: but Mr. Collier has shewn that the practice was not confined to private theatres: *Hist. of Engl. Dr. Poetry*, vol. iii. p. 352.

MIS. T. O, to go a-feasting with;
You'd have it for a hench-boy,[r] you shall.
[*At the sempster's shop.*
OPEN. Mass, I had quite forgot!
His honour's footman was here last night, wife;
Ha' you done with my lord's shirt?
MIS. O. What's that to you, sir?
I was this morning at his honour's lodging,
Ere such a snake as you crept out of your shell.
OPEN. O, 'twas well done, good wife!
MIS. O. I hold it better, sir,
Than if you had done't yourself.
OPEN. Nay, so say I:
But is the countess's smock almost done, mouse?[s]
MIS. O. Here lies the cambric, sir; but wants, I fear me.
OPEN. I'll resolve[t] you of that presently.
MIS. O. Heyday! O audacious groom!
Dare you presume to noble women's linen?
Keep you your yard to measure shepherds' holland:
I must confine you, I see that.
[*At the tobacco-shop.*
GOS. What say you to this gear?[u]
LAX. I dare the arrant'st critic in tobacco
To lay one fault upon't.

Enter MOLL *in a frieze jerkin and a black saveguard.*[v]

GOS. Life, yonder's Moll!
LAX. Moll! which Moll?
GOS. Honest Moll.
LAX. Prithee, let's call her.—Moll!

[r] *hench-boy*] i. e. page.
[s] *mouse*] See note, p. 137.
[t] *resolve*] i. e. satisfy.
[u] *gear*] i. e. stuff.
[v] *saveguard*] i. e., properly, a sort of large petticoat, worn by women over the other clothes, to protect them from soiling.

Gos. Moll, Moll!

Green. Pist, Moll![w]

Moll. How now? what's the matter?

Gos. A pipe of good tobacco, Moll?

Moll. I cannot stay.

Gos. Nay, Moll, pooh, prithee, hark; but one word, i'faith.

Moll. Well, what is't?

Green. Prithee, come hither, sirrah.

Lax. Heart, I would give but too much money to be nibbling with that wench! life, sh'as the spirit of four great parishes, and a voice that will drown all the city! Methinks a brave captain might get all his soldiers upon her, and ne'er be beholding[x] to a company of Mile-end milksops, if he could come on and come off quick enough: such a Moll were a marrow-bone before an Italian; he would cry *buona roba*[y] till his ribs were nothing but bone. I'll lay hard siege to her: money is that aquafortis that eats into many a maidenhead; where the walls are flesh and blood, I'll ever pierce through with a golden augre. [*Aside.*

Gos. Now, thy judgment, Moll? is't not good?

Moll. Yes, faith, 'tis very good tobacco.—How do you sell an ounce?—Farewell.—God b'i' you, mistress Gallipot.

Gos. Why, Moll, Moll!

Moll. I cannot stay now, i'faith: I am going to buy a shag-ruff; the shop will be shut in presently.

Gos. 'Tis the maddest fantasticalest girl! I never knew so much flesh and so much nimbleness put together.

[w] Gos. *Moll, Moll!*] Green. *Pist, Moll!*] One speech in old ed., with the prefix "*All.*"—The exclamation "pist" again occurs at p. 468. I unnecessarily altered it into "hist" at p. 268. [x] *beholding*] See note, vol. i. p. 441.
[y] *buona roba*] See note, vol. i. p. 258.

LAX. She slips from one company to another, like a fat eel between a Dutchman's fingers.—I'll watch my time for her. [*Aside.*

MIS. G. Some will not stick to say she is a man, And some, both man and woman.

LAX. That were excellent: she might first cuckold the husband, and then make him do as much for the wife. [*At the feather-shop.*

MOLL. Save you; how does mistress Tiltyard?

J. DAP. Moll!

MOLL. Jack Dapper!

J. DAP. How dost, Moll?

MOLL. I'll tell thee by and by; I go but to th' next shop.

J. DAP. Thou shalt find me here this hour about a feather.

MOLL. Nay, and[z] a feather hold you in play a whole hour, a goose will last you all the days of your life.—Let me see a good shag-ruff.

[*At the sempster's shop.*

OPEN. Mistress Mary, that shalt thou, i'faith, and the best in the shop.

MIS. O. How now? greetings! love-terms, with a pox, between you! have I found out one of your haunts? I send you for hollands, and you're i' th' low countries, with a mischief. I'm served with good ware by th' shift; that makes it lie dead so long upon my hands: I were as good shut up shop, for when I open it I take nothing.

OPEN. Nay, and you fall a-ringing once, the devil cannot stop you.—I'll out of the belfry as fast as I can, Moll. [*Retires.*

MIS. O. Get you from my shop!

MOLL. I come to buy.

[z] *and*] i. e. if.

MIS. O. I'll sell ye nothing; I warn ye my house and shop.

MOLL. You, goody Openwork, you that prick out
a poor living,
And sew[x] many a bawdy skin-coat together;
Thou private pandress between shirt and smock;
I wish thee for a minute but a man,
Thou shouldst ne'er use more shapes; but as thou
art,
I pity my revenge. Now my spleen's up,
I would not mock it willingly.—

Enter a Fellow, with a long rapier by his side.

Ha! be thankful;
Now I forgive thee.

MIS. O. Marry, hang thee, I never asked forgiveness in my life.

MOLL. You, goodman swine's face!

FEL. What, will you murder me?

MOLL. You remember, slave, how you abused me t'other night in a tavern.

FEL. Not I, by this light!

MOLL. No, but by candle-light you did: you have tricks to save your oaths; reservations have you? and I have reserved somewhat for you [*strikes him*]. As you like that, call for more; you know the sign again.

FEL. Pox on't, had I brought any company along with me to have borne witness on't, 'twould ne'er have grieved me; but to be struck and nobody by, 'tis my ill fortune still. Why, tread upon a worm, they say 'twill turn tail; but indeed a gentleman should have more manners. [*Aside, and exit.*

LAX. Gallantly performed, i'faith, Moll, and manfully! I love thee for ever for't: base rogue, had

[x] *sew*] Old ed. "sowes."

he offered but the least counter-buff, by this hand, I was prepared for him!

MOLL. You prepared for him? why should you be prepared for him? was he any more than a man?

LAX. No, nor so much by a yard and a handful, London measure.

MOLL. Why do you speak this then? do you think I cannot ride a stone-horse, unless one lead him by th' snaffle?

LAX. Yes, and sit him bravely; I know thou canst, Moll: 'twas but an honest mistake through love, and I'll make amends for't any way. Prithee, sweet, plump Moll, when shall thou and I go out a' town together?

MOLL. Whither? to Tyburn, prithee?

LAX. Mass, that's out a' town indeed: thou hangest so many jests upon thy friends still! I mean honestly to Brainford,[y] Staines, or Ware.

MOLL. What to do there?

LAX. Nothing but be merry and lie together: I'll hire a coach with four horses.

MOLL. I thought 'twould be a beastly journey. You may leave out one well; three horses will serve, if I play the jade myself.

LAX. Nay, push,[z] thou'rt such another kicking wench! Prithee, be kind, and let's meet.

MOLL. 'Tis hard but we shall meet, sir.

LAX. Nay, but appoint the place then; there's ten angels[a] in fair gold, Moll: you see I do not trifle with you; do but say thou wilt meet me, and I'll have a coach ready for thee.

MOLL. Why, here's my hand, I'll meet you, sir.

LAX. O good gold! [*Aside.*]—The place, sweet Moll?

[y] *Brainford*] The old form of *Brentford*.
[z] *push*] See note, vol. i. p. 29.
[a] *angels*] See note, vol. i. p. 250.

MOLL. It shall be your appointment.

LAX. Somewhat near Holborn, Moll.

MOLL. In Gray's-Inn-Fields then.

LAX. A match.

MOLL. I'll meet you there.

LAX. The hour?

MOLL. Three.

LAX. That will be time enough to sup at Brainford.

OPEN. I am of such a nature, sir, I cannot endure the house when she scolds: sh'as a tongue will be heard further in a still morning than Saint Antling's bell.[b] She rails upon me for foreign wenching, that I being a freeman must needs keep a whore i' th' suburbs, and seek to impoverish the liberties. When we fall out, I trouble you still to make all whole with my wife.

GOS. No trouble at all; 'tis a pleasure to me to join things together.

OPEN. Go thy ways, I do this but to try thy honesty, Goshawk. [*Aside.*] [*At the feather-shop.*

J. DAP. How likest thou this, Moll?

MOLL. O, singularly; you're fitted now for a bunch.—He looks for all the world, with those spangled feathers, like a nobleman's bed-post. The purity of your wench would I fain try; she seems like Kent unconquered, and, I believe, as many wiles are in her. O, the gallants of these times are shallow lechers! they put not their courtship home enough to a wench: 'tis impossible to know what woman is throughly honest, because she's ne'er thoroughly tried; I am of that certain belief, there

[b] *Saint Antling's bell*] See note, vol. i. p. 503.—"At St. Antholin's church there used to be a lecture early in the morning, which was much frequented by the puritans of the times." REED.

are more queans in this town of their own making than of any man's provoking: where lies the slackness then? many a poor soul would down, and there's nobody will push 'em:

Women are courted, but ne'er soundly tried,
As many walk in spurs that never ride. [*Aside.*

[*At the sempster's shop.*

MIS. O. O, abominable!

GOS. Nay, more, I tell you in private, he keeps a whore i' th' suburbs.

MIS. O. O spittle[c] dealing! I came to him a gentlewoman born: I'll shew you mine arms when you please, sir.

GOS. I had rather see your legs, and begin that way. [*Aside.*

MIS. O. 'Tis well known he took me from a lady's service, where I was well beloved of the steward: I had my Latin tongue, and a spice of the French, before I came to him; and now doth he keep a suburbian whore under my nostrils?

GOS. There's ways enough to cry quit with him: hark in thine ear. [*Whispers her.*

MIS. O. There's a friend worth a million!

MOLL. I'll try one spear against your chastity, mistress Tiltyard, though it prove too short by the burgh.[d] [*Aside.*

[c] *spittle*] i. e. hospital. "The reuenge was common as the Law, or as the blowes of a *Spittle* whore." *The Owles Almanacke* (by Dekker), 1618, p. 18.—Gifford wished to make a distinction between *spittle* and *spital* (note on Massinger's *City Madam*, act iii. sc. 1); but see Todd's Johnson's *Dict.*, and Nares's *Gloss.* in v.

[d] *burgh*] Or *burre* is "a broad ring of iron behind the handle [of a tilting lance], which burre is brought into the sufflue or rest, when the tilter is ready to run against his enimy, or prepareth himself to combate or encounter his adverse party." R. Holme's *Acad. of Armoury*, cited by Nares, *Gloss.* in v.

Enter TRAPDOOR.

TRAP. Mass, here she is: I'm bound already to serve her, though it be but a sluttish trick. [*Aside.*] —Bless my hopeful young mistress with long life and great limbs; send her the upper hand of all bailiffs and their hungry adherents!

MOLL. How now? what art thou?

TRAP. A poor ebbing gentleman, that would gladly wait for the young flood of your service.

MOLL. My service? what should move you to offer your service to me, sir?

TRAP. The love I bear to your heroic spirit and masculine womanhood.

MOLL. So, sir! put case we should retain you to us, what parts are there in you for a gentlewoman's service?

TRAP. Of two kinds, right worshipful; moveable and immoveable—moveable to run of errands, and immoveable to stand when you have occasion to use me.

MOLL. What strength have you?

TRAP. Strength, mistress Moll? I have gone up into a steeple, and stayed the great bell as't has been ringing; stopt a windmill going ——

MOLL. And never struck down yourself?

TRAP. Stood as upright as I do at this present.

[MOLL *trips up his heels.*

MOLL. Come, I pardon you for this; it shall be no disgrace to you: I have struck up the heels of the high German's size[e] ere now. What, not stand?

[e] *the high German's size*] So afterwards, in act iii. sc. 1, Moll exclaims,

"a name which I'd tear out
From *the high German's* throat, &c.,

where Reed remarks, "He seems to have been noted for his extraordinary strength, and is probably the same person men-

TRAP. I am of that nature, where I love, I'll be at my mistress' foot to do her service.

MOLL. Why, well said; but say your mistress should receive injury, have you the spirit of fighting in you? durst you second her?

TRAP. Life, I have kept a bridge myself, and drove seven at a time before me!

MOLL. Ay?

TRAP. But they were all Lincolnshire bullocks, by my troth. [*Aside.*

MOLL. Well, meet me in Gray's Inn Fields between three and four this afternoon, and, upon better consideration, we'll retain you.

TRAP. I humbly thank your good mistresship.—I'll crack your neck for this kindness. [*Aside, & exit.*

LAX. Remember three. [MOLL *meets* LAXTON, *and*

MOLL. Nay, if I fail you, hang me.

LAX. Good wench, i'faith! [*then* OPENWORK.

MOLL. Who's this?

tioned in *The Curtaine Drawer of the World*, 1612, 4to. p. 27. 'Aske but this Curtaine Drawer and he will tell you, that few there are, and those escape very hardly like the bird out of the snare, like *the German* out of Woodstreet, or those that commit murder, or like him that escapes the hangman from the tree of execution.'" Nares (*Gloss.* in *German, High,*) says, he was "probably a tall German, shown for a sight . . . I do not agree with the editor [Reed], that the same person is meant by the German 'who escaped out of Woodstreet.' The *high German* must have been some man generally known for strength or size; that the same person should also have had a very narrow escape from Wood Street, is possible to be sure, but very improbable. Perhaps the *high German* was the famous fencer, whose feats are thus recorded: 'Since the *German fencer* cudgelled most of our English fencers, now about 5 moneths past.' ["a moneth past"—in my copy, p. 7.] *Owle's Almanacke* [by Dekker], publ. 1618, p. 6. High German may, however, be only in opposition to low German, or Dutch; as, for a long time, *high German* quack doctors were in repute."

OPEN. 'Tis I, Moll.

MOLL. Prithee, tend thy shop and prevent bastards.

OPEN. We'll have a pint of the same wine,[e] i'faith, Moll. [*Exit with* MOLL.] [*Bell rings.*

GOS. Hark, the bell rings! come, gentlemen. Jack Dapper, where shall's all munch?

J. DAP. I am for Parker's ordinary.

LAX. He's a good guest to'm, he deserves his board; he draws all the gentlemen in a term-time thither. We'll be your followers, Jack; lead the way.—Look you, by my faith, the fool has feathered his nest well.

[*Exeunt* JACK DAPPER, LAXTON, GOSHAWK, *and* GREENWIT.

Enter GALLIPOT, TILTYARD, *and Servants, with water-spaniels and a duck.*

TILT. Come, shut up your shops. Where's master Openwork?

MIS. G. Nay, ask not me, master Tiltyard.

TILT. Where's his water-dog? puh—pist[f]—hur—hur—pist!

GAL. Come, wenches, come; we're going all to Hogsdon.

MIS. G. To Hogsdon, husband?

GAL. Ay, to Hogsdon, pigsnie.[g]

MIS. G. I'm not ready, husband.

GAL. Faith, that's well—hum—pist—pist.— [*Spits in the dog's mouth.*
Come, mistress Openwork, you are so long!

MIS. O. I have no joy of my life, master Gallipot.

[e] *same wine*] i. e. bastard: see note, p. 347.
[f] *pist*] See note, p. 460.
[g] *pigsnie*] i. e. little pig—a term of endearment.

GAL. Push,[i] let your boy lead his water-spaniel
along, and we'll shew you the bravest sport at
Parlous Pond.[j]—Hey, trug, hey, trug, hey, trug![k]
here's the best duck in England, except my wife;
hey, hey, hey! fetch, fetch, fetch!—
Come, let's away:[l]
Of all the year this is the sportful'st day. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Street.

Enter SEBASTIAN WENGRAVE.

SEB. If a man have a free will, where should the use
More perfect shine than in his will to love?
All creatures have their liberty in that,

Enter behind SIR ALEX. WENGRAVE *listening.*

Though else kept under servile yoke and fear;
The very bond-slave has his freedom there.
Amongst a world of creatures voic'd and silent,
Must my desires wear fetters?—Yea, are you

[i] *Push*] See note, vol. i. p. 29.

[j] *at Parlous Pond*] "This, I imagine, is the same place now called *Peerless Pool.* It is situated near Old-street Road, and was formerly a spring that, overflowing its banks, caused a very dangerous pond, which, from the number of persons who lost their lives there, obtained the name of *Perilous Pool.* To prevent these accidents, it was in a manner filled up until the year 1743, when it was enclosed, and converted into a bathing-place." REED. *Parlous* is a corruption of *perilous.*

[k] *Hey, trug,* &c.] "I suppose *Trug* is the name of the spaniel whom he is sending into the water to hunt ducks; or else that he means to say *trudge, trudge.*" STEEVENS. Perhaps *trug* is equivalent to bitch: see note, p. 222.

[l] *Come, let's away,* &c.] An imperfect couplet: see notes, p. 7 of this vol. and p. 424 of vol. i.

So near? then I must break with my heart's truth,
Meet grief at a back way.—Well: why, suppose
The two-leav'd[1] tongues of slander or of truth
Pronounce Moll loathsome; if before my love
She appear fair, what injury have I?
I have the thing I like: in all things else
Mine own eye guides me, and I find 'em prosper.
Life! what should ail it now? I know that man
Ne'er truly loves,—if he gainsay't he lies,—
That winks and marries with his father's eyes:
I'll keep mine own wide open.

Enter Moll, *and a Porter with a viol on his back.*

S. Alex. Here's brave wilfulness!
A made match! here she comes; they met a' purpose. [*Aside.*

Por. Must I carry this great fiddle to your chamber, mistress Mary?

Moll. Fiddle, goodman hog-rubber? Some of these porters bear so much for others, they have no time to carry wit for themselves.

Por. To your own chamber, mistress Mary?

Moll. Who'll hear an ass speak? whither else, goodman pageant-bearer? They're people of the worst memories! [*Exit Porter.*

Seb. Why, 'twere too great a burden, love, to have them
Carry things in their minds and a' their backs together.

Moll. Pardon me, sir, I thought not you so near.

S. Alex. So, so, so! [*Aside.*

[1] *two-leav'd tongues*] Old ed. "*two leaud tongues.*" The last editor of Dodsley's *Old Plays* printed "two lewd tongues," —*leaud* being, as he thinks, the old spelling of *lewd.* Qy. "*two* loud?"

SEB. I would be nearer to thee, and in that fashion
That makes the best part of all creatures honest:
No otherwise I wish it.

MOLL. Sir, I am so poor to requite you, you must look for nothing but thanks of me: I have no humour to marry; I love to lie a' both sides a' th' bed myself: and again, a' th' other side, a wife, you know, ought to be obedient, but I fear me I am too headstrong to obey; therefore I'll ne'er go about it. I love you so well, sir, for your good will, I'd be loath you should repent your bargain after; and therefore we'll ne'er come together at first. I have the head now of myself, and am man enough for a woman: marriage is but a chopping and changing, where a maiden loses one head, and has a worse i' th' place.

S. ALEX. The most comfortablest answer from a roaring girl
That ever mine ears drunk in! [*Aside.*

SEB. This were enough
Now to affright a fool for ever from thee,
When 'tis the music that I love thee for.

S. ALEX. There's a boy spoils all again! [*Aside.*

MOLL. Believe it, sir, I am not of that disdainful temper but I could love you faithfully.

S. ALEX. A pox on you for that word! I like you not now,
You're a cunning roarer, I see that already. [*Aside.*

MOLL. But sleep upon this once more, sir; you may chance shift a mind to-morrow: be not too hasty to wrong yourself; never while you live, sir, take a wife running; many have run out at heels that have done't. You see, sir, I speak against myself; and if every woman would deal with their suitor so honestly, poor younger brothers would not

be so often gulled with old cozening widows, that turn o'er all their wealth in trust to some kinsman, and make the poor gentleman work hard for a pension. Fare you well, sir.

SEB. Nay, prithee, one word more.

S. ALEX. How do I wrong this girl! she puts him off still. [*Aside.*

MOLL. Think upon this in cold blood, sir: you make as much haste as if you were a-going upon a sturgeon voyage. Take deliberation, sir; never choose a wife as if you were going to Virginia.[m]

SEB. And so[n] we parted: my too-cursed fate!

S. ALEX. She is but cunning, gives him longer time in't. [*Aside.*

Enter Tailor.

TAI. Mistress Moll, mistress Moll! so ho, ho, so ho!

MOLL. There, boy, there, boy! what dost thou go a-hawking after me with a red clout on thy finger?

TAI. I forgot to take measure on you for your new breeches.

S. ALEX. Hoyda, breeches? what, will he marry a monster with two trinkets? what age is this! if the wife go in breeches, the man must wear long coats[o] like a fool. [*Aside.*

MOLL. What fiddling's here! would not the old pattern have served your turn?

TAI. You change the fashion: you say you'll have the great Dutch slop,[p] mistress Mary.

[m] *Virginia*] "Great efforts were used about this time to settle Virginia." REED.

[n] *And so*, &c.] A quotation, probably.

[o] *long coats*, &c.] i. e. petticoats: in some parts of Scotland they are still worn by male idiots of the lowest class.

[p] *great Dutch slop*] i. e. large wide breeches.

MOLL. Why, sir, I say so still.

TAI. Your breeches, then, will take up a yard more.

MOLL. Well, pray, look it be put in then.

TAI. It shall stand round and full, I warrant you.

MOLL. Pray, make 'em easy enough.

TAI. I know my fault now, t'other was somewhat stiff between the legs; I'll make these open enough, I warrant you.

S. ALEX. Here's good gear towards![q] I have brought up my son to marry a Dutch slop and a French doublet; a codpiece daughter! [*Aside.*

TAI. So, I have gone as far as I can go.

MOLL. Why, then, farewell.

TAI. If you go presently to your chamber, mistress Mary, pray, send me the measure of your thigh by some honest body.

MOLL. Well, sir, I'll send it by a porter presently. [*Exit.*

TAI. So you had need, it is a lusty one; both of them would make any porter's back ache in England. [*Exit.*

SEB. I have examin'd the best part of man,
Reason and judgment; and in love, they tell me,
They leave me uncontroll'd: he that is sway'd
By an unfeeling blood, past heat of love,
His spring-time must needs err; his watch ne'er goes right
That sets his dial by a rusty clock.

S. ALEX. [*coming forward*] So; and which is that rusty clock, sir, you?

SEB. The clock at Ludgate, sir; it ne'er goes true.

S. ALEX. But thou go'st falser; not thy father's cares

[q] *towards*] i. e. in preparation.

Can keep thee right: when that insensible work
Obeys the workman's art, lets off the hour,
And stops again when time is satisfied:
But thou runn'st on; and judgment, thy main wheel,
Beats by all stops, as if the work would break,
Begun with long pains for a minute's ruin:
Much like a suffering man brought up with care,
At last bequeath'd to shame and a short prayer.

SEB. I taste you bitterer than I can deserve, sir.

S. ALEX. Who has bewitch['d] thee, son? what devil or drug
Hath wrought upon the weakness of thy blood,
And betray'd all her hopes to ruinous folly?
O, wake from drowsy and enchanted shame,
Wherein thy soul sits, with a golden dream
Flatter'd and poison'd! I am old, my son;
O, let me prevail quickly!
For I have weightier business of mine own
Than to chide thee: I must not to my grave
As a drunkard to his bed, whereon he lies
Only to sleep, and never cares to rise:
Let me despatch in time; come no more near her.

SEB. Not honestly? not in the way of marriage?

S. ALEX. What sayst thou? marriage? in what place? the Sessions-house?
And who shall give the bride, prithee? an indictment?

SEB. Sir, now ye take part with the world to wrong her.

S. ALEX. Why, wouldst thou fain marry to be pointed at?
Alas, the number's great! do not o'erburden't.
Why, as good marry a beacon on a hill,
Which all the country fix their eyes upon,
As her thy folly doats on. If thou long'st
To have the story of thy infamous fortunes

Serve for discourse in ordinaries and taverns,
Thou'rt in the way; or to confound thy name,
Keep on, thou canst not miss it; or to strike
Thy wretched father to untimely coldness,
Keep the left hand still, it will bring thee to't.
Yet, if no tears wrung from thy father's eyes,
Nor sighs that fly in sparkles from his sorrows,
Had power to alter what is wilful in thee,
Methinks her very name should fright thee from her,
And never trouble me.

SEB. Why, is the name of Moll so fatal, sir?

S. ALEX. Many one,[s] sir, where suspect is enter'd;
For, seek all London from one end to t'other,
More whores of that name than of any ten other.

SEB. What's that to her? let those blush for themselves:
Can any guilt in others condemn her?
I've vow'd to love her: let all storms oppose me
That ever beat against the breast of man,
Nothing but death's black tempest shall divide us.

S. ALEX. O, folly that can doat on nought but shame!

SEB. Put case, a wanton itch runs through one name
More than another; is that name the worse,
Where honesty sits possest in't? it should rather
Appear more excellent, and deserve more praise,
When through foul mists a brightness it can raise.
Why, there are of the devils honest gentlemen
And well descended, keep an open house,
And some a' th' good man's[t] that are arrant knaves.

[s] *Many one*, &c.] A word, perhaps a line, wanting here.

[t] *good man's*] This seems to be an allusion to the proverbial saying, "God's a good man:" see *Much ado about Nothing*, act iii. sc. 5, Malone's *Shakespeare* (by Boswell), vol. vii. p. 104, and Steevens's note.

He hates unworthily that by rote contemns,
For the name neither saves nor yet condemns;
And for her honesty, I've made such proof on't
In several forms, so nearly watch'd her ways,
I will maintain that strict against an army,
Excepting you, my father. Here's her worst,
Sh'as a bold spirit that mingles with mankind,
But nothing else comes near it: and oftentimes
Through her apparel somewhat shames her birth;
But she is loose in nothing but in mirth:
Would all Molls were no worse!

S. Alex. This way I toil in vain, and give but aim[r]
To infamy and ruin: he will fall;
My blessing cannot stay him: all my joys
Stand at the brink of a devouring flood,
And will be wilfully swallow'd, wilfully.
But why so vain let all these tears be lost?
I'll pursue her to shame, and so all's crost.
[*Aside, and exit.*

Seb. He's gone with some strange purpose, whose effect
Will hurt me little if he shoot so wide,
To think I love so blindly: I but feed
His heart to this match, to draw on the other,
Wherein my joy sits with a full wish crown'd,
Only his mood excepted, which must change
By opposite policies, courses indirect;
Plain dealing in this world takes no effect.
This mad girl I'll acquaint with my intent,
Get her assistance, make my fortunes known:
'Twixt lovers' hearts she's a fit instrument,
And has the art to help them to their own.
By her advice, for in that craft she's wise,
My love and I may meet, spite of all spies. [*Exit.*

[r] *give but aim*] See note, p. 335.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Gray's Inn Fields.

Enter LAXTON *and Coachman.*

LAX. Coachman.

COACH. Here, sir.

LAX. There's a tester[s] more; prithee drive thy coach to the hither end of Marybone-park, a fit place for Moll to get in.

COACH. Marybone-park, sir?

LAX. Ay, it's in our way, thou knowest.

COACH. It shall be done, sir.

LAX. Coachman.

COACH. Anon, sir.

LAX. Are we fitted with good phrampel[t] jades?

COACH. The best in Smithfield, I warrant you, sir.

LAX. May we safely take the upper hand of any coached velvet cap, or tuftaffety jacket? for they keep a vild[u] swaggering in coaches now-a-days; the highways are stopt with them.

COACH. My life for yours, and baffle[v] 'em too, sir: why, they are the same jades believe it, sir, that have drawn all your famous whores to Ware.

LAX. Nay, then they know their business; they need no more instructions.

COACH. They're so used to such journeys, sir, I

[s] *tester*] i. e. a sixpence: see note, vol. i. p. 258.

[t] *phrampel*] "*Phrampel* here appears to signify *fiery* or *mettlesome*." REED. It is written also *frampold*, *frampul*, &c., and generally signifies vexatious, saucy, peevish, &c.

[u] *vild*] See note, p. 393.

[v] *baffle*] See note, p. 449. In *The Devil is an Ass*, act iv. sc. 3, is a stage-direction, "*Baffles* him [i. e. passes him with some act of contempt] and exit." B. Jonson's *Works*, by Gifford, vol. v. p. 127.

never use whip to 'em; for if they catch but the scent of a wench once, they run like devils. [*Exit.*[w]

LAX. Fine Cerberus! that rogue will have the start of a thousand ones; for whilst others trot a' foot, he'll ride prancing to hell upon a coach-horse. Stay, 'tis now about the hour of her appointment, but yet I see her not. [*The clock strikes three.*] Hark! what's this? one, two, three: three by the clock at Savoy; this is the hour, and Gray's Inn Fields the place, she swore she'd meet me. Ha! yonder's two Inns-a'-court men with one wench, but that's not she; they walk toward Islington out of my way. I see none yet drest like her; I must look for a shag ruff, a freize jerken, a short sword, and a safeguard,[x] or I get none. Why, Moll, prithee, make haste, or the coachman will curse us anon.

Enter MOLL, *dressed as a man.*

MOLL. O, here's my gentleman! If they would keep their days as well with their mercers as their hours with their harlots, no bankrout[y] would give seven score pound for a sergeant's place; for would you know a catchpoll rightly derived, the corruption of a citizen is the generation of a sergeant. How his eye hawks for venery! [*Aside.*]—Come, are you ready, sir?

LAX. Ready? for what, sir?

MOLL. Do you ask that now, sir?
Why was this meeting 'pointed?

LAX. I thought you mistook me, sir: you seem to be some young barrister;
I have no suit in law, all my land's sold;
I praise heaven for't, 't has rid me of much trouble.

[w] *Exit*] Old ed. "*Exit* Coachman with his whip."
[x] *safeguard*] See note, p. 459.
[y] *bankrout*] i. e. bankrupt.

MOLL. Then I must wake you, sir; where stands the coach?

LAX. Who's this? Moll, honest Moll?

MOLL. So young, and purblind?
You're an old wanton in your eyes, I see that.

LAX. Thou'rt admirably suited for the Three Pigeons at Brainford.[z] I'll swear I knew thee not.

MOLL. I'll swear you did not; but you shall know me now.

LAX. No, not here; we shall be spied, i'faith; the coach is better: come.

MOLL. Stay. [*Puts off her cloak.*

LAX. What, wilt thou untruss a point,[a] Moll?

MOLL. Yes; here's the point [*Draws her sword.*
That I untruss; 't has but one tag, 't will serve though
To tie up a rogue's tongue.

LAX. How!

MOLL. There's the gold
With which you hir'd your hackney, here's her pace;
She racks hard, and perhaps your bones will feel it:
Ten angels[b] of mine own I've put to thine;
Win 'em, and wear 'em.

LAX. Hold, Moll! mistress Mary——

MOLL. Draw, or I'll serve an execution on thee,
Shall lay thee up till doomsday.

LAX. Draw upon a woman! why, what dost mean, Moll?

[z] *Brainford*] See note, p. 463. The inn called *The Three Pigeons* was resorted to by company of an inferior rank. At a later period, when puritanism had silenced the stage, it was kept by the celebrated actor, Lowin.

[a] *untruss a point*] See note, vol. i. p. 367.

angels] See note, vol. i. p. 250.

MOLL. To teach thy base thoughts manners:
thou'rt one of those
That thinks each woman thy fond flexible whore;
If she but cast a liberal[c] eye upon thee,
Turn back her head, she's thine; or amongst company
By chance drink first to thee, then she's quite gone,
There is no means to help her: nay, for a need,
Wilt swear unto thy credulous fellow-lechers,
That thou art more in favour with a lady
At first sight than her monkey all her lifetime.
How many of our sex, by such as thou,
Have their good thoughts paid with a blasted name
That never deserv'd loosely, or did trip
In path of whoredom beyond cup and lip!
But for the stain of conscience and of soul,
Better had women fall into the hands
Of an act silent than a bragging nothing;
There is no mercy in't. What durst move you, sir,
To think me whorish? a name which I'd tear out
From the high German's throat,[d] if it lay leiger[e] there
To despatch privy slanders against me.
In thee I defy all men, their worst hates
And their best flatteries, all their golden witchcrafts,
With which they entangle the poor spirits of fools,
Distressed needle-women and trade-fallen wives;
Fish that must needs bite, or themselves be bitten:
Such hungry things as these may soon be took

[c] *liberal*] i. e. too free.

[d] *high German's throat*] See note, p. 466.

[e] *leiger*] See note, p. 316. That the last editor of this play should have had any doubts about the meaning of the word, is somewhat strange.

With a worm fasten'd on a golden hook:
Those are the lecher's food, his prey; he watches
For quarrelling wedlocks[f] and poor shifting sisters;
'Tis the best fish he takes. But why, good fisher-
man,
Am I thought meat for you, that never yet
Had angling rod cast towards me? 'cause, you'll say,
I'm given to sport, I'm often merry, jest:
Had mirth no kindred in the world but lust,
O shame take all her friends then! but howe'er
Thou and the baser world censure my life,
I'll send 'em word by thee, and write so much
Upon thy breast, 'cause thou shalt bear't in mind,
Tell them 'twere base to yield where I have con-
quer'd;
I scorn to prostitute myself to a man,
I that can prostitute a man to me;
And so I greet thee.

LAX. Hear me ——

MOLL. Would the spirits
Of all my sland[er]ers were clasp'd in thine,
That I might vex an army at one time! [*They fight.*

LAX. I do repent me; hold!

MOLL. You'll die the better Christian then.

LAX. I do confess I have wronged thee, Moll.

MOLL. Confession is but poor amends for wrong,
Unless a rope would follow.

LAX. I ask thee pardon.

MOLL. I'm your hir'd whore, sir!

LAX. I yield both purse and body.

MOLL. Both are mine,
And now at my disposing.

LAX. Spare my life!

[f] *wedlocks*] "i. e. wives. So in *The Poetaster* [by B. Jonson], act iv. sc. 3, 'Which of these is thy *wedlock*, Menelaus?'" REED.

MOLL. I scorn to strike thee basely.

LAX. Spoke like a noble girl, i'faith!—Heart, I think I fight with a familiar,[f] or the ghost of a fencer. Sh'as wounded me gallantly. Call you this a lecherous viage?[g] here's blood would have served me this seven year in broken heads and cut fingers; and it now runs all out together. Pox a' the Three Pigeons![h] I would the coach were here now to carry me to the chirurgeon's. [*Aside, and exit.*

MOLL. If I could meet my enemies one by one thus,
I might make pretty shift with 'em in time,
And make 'em know she that has wit and spirit,
May scorn
To live beholding[i] to her body for meat;
Or for apparel, like your common dame,
That makes shame get her clothes to cover shame.
Base is that mind that kneels unto her body,
As if a husband stood in awe on's wife:
My spirit shall be mistress of this house
As long as I have time in't.—O,

Enter TRAPDOOR.

Here comes my man that would be: 'tis his hour.
Faith, a good well-set fellow, if his spirit
Be answerable to his umbles:[j] he walks stiff,
But whether he'll stand to't stiffly, there's the point:
Has a good calf for't; and ye shall have many a woman

[f] *familiar*] i. e. a demon—properly, such as attends on a sorcerer or witch.

[g] *viage*] i. e. voyage (see Todd's Johnson's *Dict.* in v.), excursion.

[h] *Three Pigeons*] See note, p. 479. I suspect that this speech was intended to close with a hobbling couplet.

[i] *beholding*] See note, vol. i. p. 441.

[j] *to his umbles*] "i. e. his inside. *Umbles* are the entrails of a deer." STEEVENS.

Choose him she means to make her head by his calf:
I do not know their tricks in't. Faith, he seems
A man without; I'll try what he's within.

TRAP. She told me Gray's Inn Fields, 'twixt three and four;
I'll fit her mistress-ship with a piece of service:
I'm hir'd to rid the town of one mad girl.
[MOLL *jostles him.*
What a pox ails you, sir?

MOLL. He begins like a gentleman.

TRAP. Heart, is the field so narrow, or your eye-sight ——
Life, he comes back again!

MOLL. Was this spoke to me, sir?

TRAP. I cannot tell, sir.

MOLL. Go, you're a coxcomb!

TRAP. Coxcomb?

MOLL. You're a slave!

TRAP. I hope there's law for you, sir.

MOLL. Yea, do you see, sir? [*Turns his hat.*

TRAP. Heart, this is no good dealing! pray, let me know what house you're of.

MOLL. One of the Temple, sir. [*Fillips him.*

TRAP. Mass, so methinks.

MOLL. And yet sometime I lie about Chick Lane.

TRAP. I like you the worse because you shift your lodging so often: I'll not meddle with you for that trick, sir.

MOLL. A good shift; but it shall not serve your turn.

TRAP. You'll give me leave to pass about my business, sir?

MOLL. Your business? I'll make you wait on me
Before I ha' done, and glad to serve me too.

TRAP. How, sir? serve you? not if there were no more men in England.

MOLL. But if there were no more women in England,
I hope you'd wait upon your mistress then?

TRAP. Mistress?

MOLL. O, you're a tried spirit at a push, sir!

TRAP. What would your worship have me do?

MOLL. You a fighter!

TRAP. No, I praise heaven, I had better grace and more manners.

MOLL. As how, I pray, sir?

TRAP. Life, 'thad been a beastly part of me to have drawn my weapons upon my mistress; all the world would 'a cried shame of me for that.

MOLL. Why, but you knew me not.

TRAP. Do not say so, mistress; I knew you by your wide straddle, as well as if I had been in your belly.

MOLL. Well, we shall try you further; i' th' mean time
We give you entertainment.

TRAP. Thank your good mistress-ship.

MOLL. How many suits have you?

TRAP. No more suits than backs, mistress.

MOLL. Well, if you deserve, I cast off this, next week,
And you may creep into't.

TRAP. Thank your good worship.

MOLL. Come, follow me to St. Thomas Apostle's:
I'll put a livery cloak upon your back
The first thing I do.

TRAP. I follow, my dear mistress. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

GALLIPOT'S *Shop.*

Enter MISTRESS GALLIPOT *as from supper*, GALLIPOT *following her.*

GAL. What, Pru! nay, sweet Prudence!

MIS. G. What a pruing keep you! I think the baby would have a teat, it kyes[k] so. Pray, be not so fond of me, leave your city humours; I'm vexed at you, to see how like a calf you come bleating after me.

GAL. Nay, honey Pru, how does your rising up before all the table shew, and flinging from my friends so uncivilly! fie, Pru, fie! come.

MIS. G. Then up and ride, i'faith!

GAL. Up and ride? nay, my pretty Pru, that's far from my thought, duck: why, mouse,[l] thy mind is nibbling at something; what is't? what lies upon thy stomach?

MIS. G. Such an ass as you: hoyda, you're best turn midwife, or physician! you're a 'pothecary already, but I'm none of your drugs.

GAL. Thou art a sweet drug, sweetest Pru, and the more thou art pounded, the more precious.

MIS. G. Must you be prying into a woman's secrets, say ye?

GAL. Woman's secrets?

MIS. G. What! I cannot have a qualm come upon me, but your teeth water[m] till your nose hang over it!

GAL. It is my love, dear wife.

[k] *kyes*] "i. e. cries. She imitates the jargon talked by nurses to infants." STEEVENS.

[l] *mouse*] See note, p. 137.

[m] *water*] Old ed. "waters."

MIS. G. Your love? your love is all words; give me deeds: I cannot abide a man that's too fond over me,—so cookish! Thou dost not know how to handle a woman in her kind.

GAL. No, Pru? why, I hope I have handled —

MIS. G. Handle a fool's head of your own,—fie, fie!

GAL. Ha, ha, 'tis such a wasp! it does me good now to have her s[t]ing me, little rogue!

MIS. G. Now, fie, how you vex me! I cannot abide these apron husbands;[m] such cotqueans![n] you overdo your things, they become you scurvily.

GAL. Upon my life she breeds: heaven knows how I have strained myself to please her night and day. I wonder why we citizens should get children so fretful and untoward in the breeding, their fathers being for the most part as gentle as milch kine. [*Aside.*]—Shall I leave thee, my Pru?

MIS. G. Fie, fie, fie!

GAL. Thou shalt not be vexed no more, pretty, kind rogue; take no cold, sweet Pru. [*Exit.*

MIS. G. As your wit has done. Now, master Laxton, shew your head; what news from you? would any husband suspect that a woman crying, *Buy any scurvy-grass*, should bring love-letters amongst her herbs to his wife? pretty trick! fine conveyance! had jealousy a thousand eyes, a silly woman with scurvy-grass blinds them all.

Laxton, with bays[o]
Crown I thy wit for this, it deserves praise:

[m] *apron husbands*] "i. e. husbands who follow their wives as if tied to their *apron*-strings." STEEVENS.

[n] *cotqueans*] i. e. men who meddle with female affairs.

[o] *Laxton, with bays*, &c.] An imperfect couplet: see notes, p. 7 of this vol. and p. 424 of vol. i.

This makes me affect thee more, this proves thee wise:
'Lack, what poor shift is love forc'd to devise!—
To th' point. [*Reads letter.*] *O sweet creature*—a sweet beginning!—*pardon my long absence, for thou shalt shortly be possessed with my presence: though Demophoon was false to Phyllis, I will be to thee as Pan-da-rus was to Cres-sida;*[p] *though Æneas made an ass of Dido, I will die to thee ere I do so. O sweetest creature, make much of me! for no man beneath the silver moon shall make more of a woman than I do of thee: furnish me therefore with thirty pounds; you must do it of necessity for me; I languish till I see some comfort come from thee. Protesting not to die in thy debt, but rather to live, so as hitherto I have and will,*

Thy true Laxton ever.

Alas, poor gentleman! troth, I pity him.
How shall I raise this money? thirty pound!
'Tis thirty sure, a 3 before an 0;
I know his threes too well. My childbed linen,
Shall I pawn that for him? then if my mark
Be known, I am undone; it may be thought
My husband's bankrout.[q] Which way shall I turn?
Laxton, what with my own fears and thy wants,
I'm like a needle 'twixt two adamants.

Re-enter GALLIPOT *hastily.*

GAL. Nay, nay, wife, the women are all up—Ha! how? reading a' letters? I smell a goose, a couple of capons, and a gammon of bacon, from her

[p] *Pan-da-rus . . . Cres-sida*] So in old ed., to mark the difficulty with which such hard names were read by mistress Gallipot.

[q] *bankrout*] i. e. bankrupt.

mother out of the country. I hold my life—steal, steal[r] —— [*Aside.*

MIS. G. O, beshrew your heart!

GAL. What letter's that? I'll see't.

[MIS. G. *tears the letter.*

MIS. G. O, would thou hadst no eyes to see the downfal
Of me and thyself! I am for ever,
For ever I'm undone!

GAL. What ails my Pru?
What paper's that thou tear'st?

MIS. G. Would I could tear
My very heart in pieces! for my soul
Lies on the rack of shame, that tortures me
Beyond a woman's suffering.

GAL. What means this?

MIS. G. Had you no other vengeance to throw down,
But even in height of all my joys ——

GAL. Dear woman ——

MIS. G. When the full sea of pleasure and content
Seem'd to flow over me?

GAL. As thou desir'st
To keep me out of Bedlam, tell what troubles thee!
Is not thy child at nurse fallen sick, or dead?

MIS. G. O, no!

GAL. Heavens bless me! are my barns and houses
Yonder at Hockley-hole consum'd with fire?
I can build more, sweet Pru.

MIS. G. 'Tis worse, 'tis worse!

GAL. My factor broke? or is the Jonas sunk?

MIS. G. Would all we had were swallow'd in the waves,
Rather than both should be the scorn of slaves!

[r] *steal, steal*] Qy. ought these words to be considered as a stage-direction?

GAL. I'm at my wit's end.
MIS. G. O my dear husband!
Where[s] once I thought myself a fixed star,
Plac'd only in the heaven of thine arms,
I fear now I shall prove a wanderer.
O Laxton, Laxton! is it then my fate
To be by thee o'erthrown?
GAL. Defend me, wisdom,
From falling into frenzy! On my knees,
Sweet Pru, speak; what's that Laxton, who so heavy
Lies on thy bosom?
MIS. G. I shall sure run mad!
GAL. I shall run mad for company then. Speak to me;
I'm Gallipot thy husband—Pru—why, Pru!
Art sick in conscience for some villanous deed
Thou wert about to act? didst mean to rob me?
Tush, I forgive thee: hast thou on my bed
Thrust my soft pillow under another's head?
I'll wink at all faults, Pru: 'las, that's no more,
Than what some neighbours near thee have done before!
Sweet honey Pru, what's that Laxton?
MIS. G. O!
GAL. Out with him!
MIS. G. O, he's born to be my undoer!
This hand, which thou call'st thine, to him was given,
To him was I made sure[t] i' th' sight of heaven.
GAL. I never heard this thunder.
MIS. G. Yes, yes, before
I was to thee contracted, to him I swore:

[s] *Where*] i. e. whereas.
[t] *made sure*] i. e. affianced: compare vol. ii. p. 39.

Since last I saw him,[u] twelve months three times told
The moon hath drawn through her light silver bow;
For o'er the seas he went, and it was said,
But rumour lies, that he in France was dead:
But he's alive, O he's alive! he sent
That letter to me, which in rage I rent;
Swearing with oaths most damnably to have me,
Or tear me from this bosom: O heavens, save me!

GAL. My heart will break; sham'd and undone for ever!

MIS. G. So black a day, poor wretch, went o'er thee never!

GAL. If thou should'st wrestle with him at the law,
Thou'rt sure to fall. No odd slight?[v] no prevention?
I'll tell him thou'rt with child.

MIS. G. Umh!

GAL. Or give out
One of my men was ta'en a-bed with thee.

MIS. G. Umh, umh!

GAL. Before I lose thee, my dear Pru,
I'll drive it to that push.

MIS. G. Worse and worse still;
You embrace a mischief, to prevent an ill.

GAL. I'll buy thee of him, stop his mouth with gold:
Think'st thou 'twill do?

MIS. G. O me! heavens grant it would!
Yet now my senses are set more in tune,
He writ, as I remember, in his letter,

[u] *Since last I saw him*, &c.] Perhaps this scene is by Dekker: in his *Whore of Babylon*, 1607, we find

"Fiue summers haue scarce *drawn* their glimmering nights
Through the Moons siluer bowe." Sig. A 4.

[v] *slight*] See note, p. 250.

That he in riding up and down had spent,
Ere he could find me, thirty pounds: send that;
Stand not on thirty with him.

GAL. Forty, Pru!
Say thou the word, 'tis done: we venture lives
For wealth, but must do more to keep our wives.
Thirty or forty, Pru?

MIS. G. Thirty, good sweet;
Of an ill bargain let's save what we can:
I'll pay it him with my tears; he was a man,
When first I knew him, of a meek spirit,
All goodness is not yet dried up, I hope.

GAL. He shall have thirty pound, let that stop all:
Love's sweets taste best when we have drunk down gall.

Enter TILTYARD, MISTRESS TILTYARD, GOSHAWK, *and* MISTRESS OPENWORK.

God's-so, our friends! come, come, smooth your cheek:
After a storm the face of heaven looks sleek.

TILT. Did I not tell you these turtles were together?

MIS. T. How dost thou, sirrah?[w] why, sister Gallipot——

MIS. O. Lord, how she's chang'd!

GOS. Is your wife ill, sir?

GAL. Yes, indeed, la, sir, very ill, very ill, never worse.

MIS. T. How her head burns! feel how her pulses work!

MIS. O. Sister, lie down a little; that always does me good.

[w] *sirrah*] When this play was written, and long after, a female was frequently so addressed: see my note on Webster's *Works*, vol. iii. p. 23.

Since last I saw him,[u] twelve months three times told
The moon hath drawn through her light silver bow;
For o'er the seas he went, and it was said,
But rumour lies, that he in France was dead:
But he's alive, O he's alive! he sent
That letter to me, which in rage I rent;
Swearing with oaths most damnably to have me,
Or tear me from this bosom: O heavens, save me!

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I'll drive it to that push.

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You embrace a mischief, to prevent an ill.

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Think'st thou 'twill do?

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"Fiue summers haue scarce *drawn* their glimmering nights
Through the Moons siluer bowe." Sig. A 4.

[v] *slight*] See note, p. 250.

Shall not outreach me, nor walk by my door
With my wife arm in arm, as 'twere his whore,
I'll give him a golden coxcomb, thirty pound.
Tush, Pru, what's thirty pound? sweet duck, look cheerly.

MIS. G. Thou'rt worthy of my heart, thou buy'st it dearly.

Enter LAXTON *muffled.*

LAX. Uds light, the tide's against me; a pox of your 'pothecaryship! O for some glister to set him going! 'Tis one of Hercules' labours to tread one of these city hens, because their cocks are still crowing over them. There's no turning tail here, I must on. [*Aside.*

MIS. G. O husband, see he comes!

GAL. Let me deal with him.

LAX. Bless you, sir.

GAL. Be you blest too, sir, if you come in peace.

LAX. Have you any good pudding tobacco, sir?

MIS. G. O, pick no quarrels, gentle sir! my husband
Is not a man of weapon, as you are;
He knows all, I have open'd all before him,
Concerning you.

LAX. Zounds, has she shewn my letters? [*Aside.*

MIS. G. Suppose my case were yours, what would you do?
At such a pinch, such batteries, such assaults
Of father, mother, kindred, to dissolve
The knot you tied, and to be bound to him;
How could you shift this storm off?

LAX. If I know, hang me!

MIS. G. Besides a story of your death was read
Each minute to me.

LAX. What a pox means this riddling? [*Aside.*

GAL. Be wise, sir; let not you and I be tost
On lawyers' pens; they have sharp nibs, and draw
Men's very heart-blood from them. What need you, sir,
To beat the drum of my wife's infamy,
And call your friends together, sir, to prove
Your precontract, when sh'as confest it?
LAX. Umh, sir,
Has she confest it?
GAL. Sh'as, 'faith, to me, sir,
Upon your letter sending.
MIS. G. I have, I have.
LAX. If I let this iron cool, call me slave. [*Aside.*
Do you hear, you dame Prudence? think'st thou, vile woman,
I'll take these blows and wink?
MIS. GAL. Upon my knees. [*Kneeling.*
LAX. Out, impudence!
GAL. Good sir ——
LAX. You goatish slaves!
No wild fowl to cut up but mine?
GAL. Alas, sir,
You make her flesh to tremble; fright her not:
She shall do reason, and what's fit.
LAX. I'll have thee,
Wert thou more common than an hospital,
And more diseas'd.
GAL. But one word, good sir!
LAX. So, sir.
GAL. I married her, have lien with her, and got
Two children on her body; think but on that:
Have you so beggarly an appetite,
When I upon a dainty dish have fed
To dine upon my scraps, my leavings? ha, sir?
Do I come near you now, sir?

Shall not outreach me, nor walk by my door
With my wife arm in arm, as 'twere his whore,
I'll give him a golden coxcomb, thirty pound.
Tush, Pru, what's thirty pound? sweet duck, look cheerly.

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SCENE III.

Holborn.

Enter SIR ALEX. WENGRAVE, SIR DAVY DAPPER, *and* SIR ADAM APPLETON *on one side, and* TRAPDOOR *on the other.*

S. ALEX. Out with your tale, sir Davy, to sir Adam:
A knave is in mine eye deep in my debt.

S. DAVY. Nay, if he be a knave, sir, hold him fast.

[SIR D. DAPPER *and* SIR A. APPLETON *talk apart.*

S. ALEX. Speak softly; what egg is there hatching now?

TRAP. A duck's egg, sir, a duck that has eaten a frog; I have cracked the shell, and some villany or other will peep out presently: the duck that sits is the bouncing ramp,[z] that roaring girl my mistress; the drake that must tread is your son Sebastian.

S. ALEX. Be quick.

TRAP. As the tongue of an oyster-wench.

S. ALEX. And see thy news be true.

TRAP. As a barber's every Saturday night. Mad Moll——

S. ALEX. Ah——

TRAP. Must be let in, without knocking, at your back gate.

S. ALEX. So.

TRAP. Your chamber will be made bawdy.

S. ALEX. Good.

TRAP. She comes in a shirt of mail.

[z] *ramp*] i. e. ramping, rampant creature: "although she were a lustie *bounsing rampe*, somewhat like Gallemella," &c. G. Harvey's *Pierces Supererogation*, 1593, p. 145.

S. ALEX. How? shirt of mail?

TRAP. Yes, sir, or a male shirt; that's to say, in man's apparel.

S. ALEX. To my son?

TRAP. Close to your son: your son and her moon will be in conjunction, if all almanacs lie not; her black saveguard[a] is turned into a deep slop, the holes of her upper body to button-holes, her waistcoat to a doublet, her placket[b] to the ancient seat of a cod-piece, and you shall take 'em both with standing collars.

S. ALEX. Art sure of this?

TRAP. As every throng is sure of a pick-pocket; as sure as a whore is of the clients all Michaelmas term, and of the pox after the term.

S. ALEX. The time of their tilting?

TRAP. Three.

S. ALEX. The day?

TRAP. This.

S. ALEX. Away; ply it, watch her.

TRAP. As the devil doth for the death of a bawd; I'll watch her, do you catch her.

S. ALEX. She's fast: here weave thou the nets. Hark.

TRAP. They are made.

S. ALEX. I told them thou didst owe me money: hold it up; maintain't.

TRAP. Stiffly, as a puritan does contention.—Pox, I owe thee not the value of a halfpenny halter.

S. ALEX. Thou shalt be hang'd in it ere thou 'scape so:
Varlet, I'll make thee look th[o]rough a grate!

[a] *saveguard . . . slop*] See notes, pp. 459, 472.

[b] *placket*] Has been variously explained—the opening of the petticoat—the forepart of the shift or petticoat: Nares (*Gloss.* in v.) insists that it meant only a petticoat, generally an under one.

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[2] *ramp*] i. e. ramping, rampant creature: "although she were a lustie *bounsing rampe*, somewhat like Gallemella," &c. G. Harvey's *Pierces Supererogation*, 1593, p. 145.

Enter CURTLEAX *and* HANGER.

S. ALEX. I know 'em,
They are officers; sir, we'll leave you.

S. DAVY. My good knights,
Leave me; you see I'm haunted now with sprites.[k]

S. ALEX. } Fare you well, sir. [*Exeunt.*
S. ADAM. }

CUR. This old muzzle-chops should be he by the fellow's description.—Save you, sir.

S. DAVY. Come hither, you mad varlets; did not my man tell you I watched here for you?

CUR. One in a blue coat,[l] sir, told us, that in this place an old gentleman would watch for us; a thing contrary to our oath, for we are to watch for every wicked member in a city.

S. DAVY. You'll watch then for ten thousand: what's thy name, honesty?

CUR. Sergeant Curtleax I, sir.

S. DAVY. An excellent name for a sergeant, Curtleax:
Sergeants indeed are weapons of the law;
When prodigal ruffians far in debt are grown,
Should not you cut them, citizens were o'erthrown.
Thou dwell'st hereby in Holborn, Curtleax?

CUR. That's my circuit, sir; I conjure most in that circle.

S. DAVY. And what young toward whelp is this?

HAN. Of the same litter; his yeoman, sir; my name's Hanger.

S. DAVY. Yeoman Hanger:
One pair of shears sure cut out both your coats;
You have two names most dangerous to men's throats;

[k] *sprites*] Old ed. "spirits."
[l] *blue coat*] See note, p. 26.

TRAP. I'll do't presently, through a tavern grate: drawer! pish. [*Exit.*

S. ADAM. Has the knave vex'd you, sir?

S. ALEX. Ask'd him my money,
He swears my son receiv'd it. O, that boy
Will ne'er leave heaping sorrows on my heart,
Till he has broke it quite!

S. ADAM. Is he still wild?

S. ALEX. As is a Russian bear.

S. ADAM. But he has left
His old haunt with that baggage?

S. ALEX. Worse still and worse;
He lays on me his shame, I on him my curse.

S. DAVY. My son, Jack Dapper, then shall run with him
All in one pasture.

S. ADAM. Proves your son bad too, sir?

S. DAVY. As villany can make him: your Sebastian
Doats but on one drab, mine on a thousand;
A noise of fiddlers,[c] tobacco, wine, and a whore,
A mercer that will let him take up more,
Dice, and a water-spaniel with a duck,—O
Bring him a-bed with these: when his purse gingles,
Roaring boys[d] follow at's tail, fencers and ningles,[e]
Beasts Adam ne'er gave name to; these horse-leeches suck

[c] *a noise of fiddlers*] i. e. a company of musicians,—an expression frequently occurring: "those terrible *noyses*, with thredbare cloakes, that liue by red lattises and Iuy-bushes, hauing authority to thrust into any mans roome, onely speaking but this, Will you haue any musicke?" Dekker's *Belman of London*, 1608, sig. B 4.

[d] *roaring boys*] See p. 427.

[e] *ningles*] Or *ingles* (the former being an abbreviation of *mine ingles*), i. e. favourites. The word was used (and perhaps originally) in a worse sense: see vol. i. p. 301.

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S. DAVY. My good knights,
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S. DAVY. Yeoman Hanger:
One pair of shears sure cut out both your coats;
You have two names most dangerous to men's throats;

[k] *sprites*] Old ed. "spirits."
[l] *blue coat*] See note, p. 26.

You two are villanous loads on gentlemen's backs; Dear ware this Hanger and this Curtleax!

CUR. We are as other men are, sir; I cannot see but he who makes a shew of honesty and religion, if his claws can fasten to his liking, he draws blood: all that live in the world are but great fish and little fish, and feed upon one another; some eat up whole men, a sergeant cares but for the shoulder of a man. They call us knaves and curs; but many times he that sets us on worries more lambs one year than we do in seven.

S. DAVY. Spoke like a noble Cerberus! is the action entered?

HAN. His name is entered in the book of unbelievers.

S. DAVY. What book's that?

CUR. The book where all prisoners' names stand; and not one amongst forty, when he comes in, believes to come out in haste.

S. DAVY. Be as dogged to him as your office allows you to be.

BOTH. O sir!

S. DAVY. You know the unthrift, Jack Dapper?

CUR. Ay, ay, sir, that gull, as well as I know my yeoman.

S. DAVY. And you know his father too, sir Davy Dapper?

CUR. As damned a usurer as ever was among Jews: if he were sure his father's skin would yield him any money, he would, when he dies, flay it off, and sell it to cover drums for children at Bartholomew fair.

S. DAVY. What toads are these to spit poison on a man to his face! [*Aside.*]—Do you see, my honest rascals? yonder Greyhound is the dog he hunts with; out of that tavern Jack Dapper

will sally: sa, sa; give the counter; on, set upon him!

BOTH. We'll charge him upo' th' back, sir.

S. DAVY. Take no bail; put mace[m] enough into his caudle; double your files, traverse your ground.

BOTH. Brave, sir.

S. DAVY. Cry arm, arm, arm!

BOTH. Thus, sir.

S. DAVY. There, boy, there, boy! away: look to your prey, my true English wolves; and so I vanish. [*Exit.*

CUR. Some warden of the sergeants begat this old fellow, upon my life: stand close.

HAN. Shall the ambuscado lie in one place?

CUR. No; nook thou yonder. [*They retire.*

Enter MOLL *and* TRAPDOOR.

MOLL. Ralph.

TRAP. What says my brave captain male and female?

MOLL. This Holborn is such a wrangling street!

TRAP. That's because lawyers walk[n] to and fro in't.

MOLL. Here's such jostling, as if every one we met were drunk and reeled.

TRAP. Stand, mistress! do you not smell carrion?

MOLL. Carrion? no; yet I spy ravens.

TRAP. Some poor, wind-shaken gallant will anon fall into sore labour, and these men-midwives[o] must bring him to bed i' the counter: there all those that are great with child with debts lie in.

[m] *mace*] See note, p. 372. [n] *walk*] Old ed. "walkes."

[o] *these men-widwives*, &c.] So in *The Whore of Babylon*, 1607, by Dekker (see note, p. 490): "Doe not you know, mistresse, what Serieants are? . . . why they are certaine *men-midwiues, that neuer bring people to bed*, but when they are sore in labour, that no body els can deliuer them." Sig. D.

MOLL. Stand up.

TRAP. Like your new Maypole.

HAN. Whist, whew!

CUR. Hump, no.

MOLL. Peeping? it shall go hard, huntsmen, but I'll spoil your game. They look for all the world like two infected malt-men coming muffled up in their cloaks in a frosty morning to London.

TRAP. A course, captain; a bear comes to the stake.

Enter JACK DAPPER *and* GULL.

MOLL. It should be so, for the dogs struggle to be let loose.

HAN. Whew!

CUR. Hemp.

MOLL. Hark, Trapdoor, follow your leader.

J. DAP. Gull.

GULL. Master?

J. DAP. Didst ever see such an ass as I am, boy?

GULL. No, by my troth, sir; to lose all your money, yet have false dice of your own; why, 'tis as I saw a great fellow used t'other day; he had a fair sword and buckler, and yet a butcher dry beat him with a cudgel.

TRAP.° Honest servant, fly!

MOLL. Fly, master Dapper! you'll be arrested else.

J. DAP. Run, Gull, and draw.

GULL. Run, master; Gull follows you.

[*Exeunt* DAPPER *and* GULL.

CUR. [MOLL *holding him*] I know you well enough; you're but a whore to hang upon any man!

MOLL. Whores, then, are like sergeants; so now

° *Trap. Honest servant*, &c.] Old ed. "BOTH. *Honest* Serieant *fly, flie Maister Dapper*," &c.

not. A watch and a musician are cousin-germans
in one thing, they must both keep time well, or
there's no goodness in 'em; the one else deserves
to be dashed against a wall, and t'other to have his
brains knocked out with a fiddle-case.
What! a loose chain and a dangling diamond?
Here were a brave booty for an evening thief now:
There's many a younger brother would be glad
To look twice in at a window for't,
And wriggle in and out, like an eel in a sand-bag.
O, if men's secret youthful faults should judge 'em,
'Twould be the general'st execution
That e'er was seen in England!
There would be but few left to sing the ballads,
There would be so much work: most of our brokers
Would be chosen for hangmen; a good day for them;
They might renew their wardrobes of free cost then.

SEB. This is the roaring wench must do us good.

MARY. No poison, sir, but serves us for some use;
Which is confirm'd in her.

SEB. Peace, peace—
'Foot, I did hear him sure, where'er he be.

MOLL. Who did you hear?

SEB. My father;
'Twas like a sigh[f] of his: I must be wary.

S. ALEX. No? wilt not be? am I alone so wretched
That nothing takes? I'll put him to his plunge[g] for't.
[*Aside.*

prose, partly as verse. I have done what I could to arrange the lines.

[f] *sigh*] Old ed. "sight,"—which, perhaps, Middleton wrote; for I think I have seen that form of the word. The preterite of the verb *sigh* was often written *sight*.

[g] *plunge*] i. e. difficulty, straits.

S. Alex. Good Trapdoor, sayst thou so? thou cheer'st my heart
After a storm of sorrow. My gold chain too;
Here, take a hundred marks[r] in yellow links.
Trap. That will do well to bring the watch to light, sir;
And worth a thousand of your headborough's lanterns.
S. Alex. Place that a' the court-cupboard;[s] let it lie
Full in the view of her thief-whorish eye.
Trap. She cannot miss it, sir; I see't so plain,
That I could steal't myself. [*Places the chain.*
S. Alex. Perhaps thou shalt too,
That or something as weighty: what she leaves
Thou shalt come closely in and filch away,
And all the weight upon her back I'll lay.
Trap. You cannot assure that, sir.
S. Alex. No? what lets[t] it?
Trap. Being a stout girl, perhaps she'll desire pressing;
Then all the weight must lie upon her belly.
S. Alex. Belly or back I care not, so I've one.
Trap. You're of my mind for that, sir.
S. Alex. Hang up my ruff-band with the diamond at it;
It may be she'll like that best.
Trap. It's well for her, that she must have her choice; he thinks nothing too good for her. [*Aside.*]—If you hold on this mind a little longer, it shall be the first work I do to turn thief myself;

[r] *marks*] See note, p. 226.
[s] *court-cupboard*] i. e. a moveable sideboard, or buffet, for displaying plate or other valuables: it was also called "*cupboard of plate*," see p. 91.
[t] *lets*] i. e. hinders.

['t]would do a man good to be hanged when he is so well provided for. [*Hangs up the ruff-band.*

S. ALEX. So, well said; all hangs well: would she hung so too!
The sight would please me more than all their glisterings.
O that my mysteries[u] to such straits should run,
That I must rob myself to bless my son! [*Exeunt.*

Enter SEBASTIAN WENGRAVE, MARY FITZALLARD *disguised as a Page, and* MOLL *in her male dress.*

SEB. Thou'st done me a kind office, without touch
Either of sin or shame; our loves are honest.

MOLL. I'd scorn to make such shift to bring you together else.

SEB. Now have I time and opportunity
Without all fear to bid thee welcome, love!
[*Kisses* MARY.

MARY. Never with more desire and harder venture!

MOLL. How strange this shews, one man to kiss another!

SEB. I'd kiss such men to choose, Moll;
Methinks a woman's lip tastes well in a doublet.

MOLL. Many an old madam has the better fortune then,
Whose breaths grew stale before the fashion came:
If that will help 'em, as you think 'twill do,
They'll learn in time to pluck on the hose[v] too.

SEB. The older they wax, Moll, troth I speak seriously,
As some have a conceit their drink tastes better

[u] *mysteries*] i. e. arts: but qy. "miseries?"
[v] *hose*] i. e. breeches.

In an outlandish cup than in our own,
So methinks every kiss she gives me now
In this strange form is worth a pair of two
Here we are safe, and furthest from the eye
Of all suspicion; this is my father's chamber,
Upon which floor he never steps till night:
Here he mistrusts me not, nor I his coming;
At mine own chamber he still pries unto me,
My freedom is not there at mine own finding,
Still check'd and curb'd; here he shall miss his purpose.

MOLL. And what's your business, now you have your mind, sir?
At your great suit I promis'd you to come:
I pitied her for name's sake, that a Moll
Should be so crost in love, when there's so many
That owe[v] nine lays[w] a-piece, and not so little.
My tailor fitted her; how like you his work?

SEB. So well, no art can mend it, for this purpose:
But to thy wit and help we're chief in debt,
And must live still beholding.[x]

MOLL. Any honest pity
I'm willing to bestow upon poor ring-doves.

SEB. I'll offer no worse play.

MOLL. Nay, and[y] you should, sir,
I should draw first, and prove the quicker man.

SEB. Hold, there shall need no weapon at this meeting;
But 'cause thou shalt not loose thy fury idle,
Here take this viol, run upon the guts,
And end thy quarrel singing.

[*Takes down, and gives her, a viol.*

[v] *owe*] Old ed. "owes." [w] *lays*] i. e. wagers.
[x] *beholding*] See note, vol. i. p. 441.
[y] *and*] i. e. if.

MOLL. Like a swan above bridge;[z]
For look you here's the bridge, and here am I.
SEB. Hold on, sweet Moll!
MARY. I've heard her much commended, sir, for one
That was ne'er taught.
MOLL. I'm much beholding to 'em.
Well, since you'll needs put us together, sir,
I'll play my part as well as I can: it shall ne'er
Be said I came into a gentleman's chamber,
And let his instrument hang by the walls.
SEB. Why, well said, Moll, i' faith; it had been a shame for that gentleman then that would have let it hung still, and ne'er offered thee it.
MOLL. There it should have been still then for Moll;
For though the world judge impudently of me,
I never came into that chamber yet
Where I took down the instrument myself.
SEB. Pish, let 'em prate abroad; thou'rt here where thou art known and loved; there be a thousand close dames that will call the viol[a] an unmannerly instrument for a woman, and therefore talk broadly of thee, when you shall have them sit wider to a worse quality.
MOLL. Push,[b]
I ever fall asleep and think not of 'em, sir;
And thus I dream.
SEB. Prithee, let's hear thy dream, Moll.
MOLL [*sings*].
I dream there is a mistress,
And she lays out the money;

[z] *swan above bridge*] When this play was written, the Thames abounded with swans.
[a] *the viol*, &c.] See note, p. 11.
[b] *Push*] See note, vol. i. p. 29.

She goes unto her sisters,
She never comes at any.

Re-enter SIR ALEXANDER *behind.*

She says she went to th' Burse[c] *for patterns;*
You shall find her at Saint Kathern's,
And comes home with never a penny.

SEB. That's a free mistress, faith!

S. ALEX. Ay, ay, ay,
Like her that sings it; one of thine own choosing.
[*Aside.*

MOLL. But shall I dream again?
[*Sings.*] *Here comes a wench will brave ye;*
Her courage was so great,
She lay with one o' the navy,
Her husband lying i' the Fleet.
Yet oft with him she cavell'd;[d]
I wonder what she ails:
Her husband's ship lay gravell'd,
When her's could hoise up sails:
Yet she began, like all my foes,
To call whore first; for so do those—
A pox of all false tails!

SEB. Marry, amen, say I!

S. ALEX. So say I too. [*Aside.*

MOLL. Hang up the viol now, sir: all this while
I was in a dream; one shall lie rudely then;
But being awake, I keep my legs together.
A watch? what's a' clock here?

S. ALEX. Now, now she's trapt! [*Aside.*

MOLL. Between[e] one and two; nay, then I care

[c] *th' Burse*] i. e. the New Exchange in the Strand. "Over this building, in the time of Middleton, were many shops where women's finery was sold." STEEVENS.

[d] *cavell'd*] So spelt in old ed. for the sake of the rhyme.

[e] *Between*, &c.] The old ed. gives this speech partly as

not. A watch and a musician are cousin-germans in one thing, they must both keep time well, or there's no goodness in 'em; the one else deserves to be dashed against a wall, and t'other to have his brains knocked out with a fiddle-case.

What! a loose chain and a dangling diamond?
Here were a brave booty for an evening thief now:
There's many a younger brother would be glad
To look twice in at a window for't,
And wriggle in and out, like an eel in a sand-bag.
O, if men's secret youthful faults should judge 'em,
'Twould be the general'st execution
That e'er was seen in England!
There would be but few left to sing the ballads,
There would be so much work: most of our brokers
Would be chosen for hangmen; a good day for them;
They might renew their wardrobes of free cost then.

SEB. This is the roaring wench must do us good.

MARY. No poison, sir, but serves us for some use;
Which is confirm'd in her.

SEB. Peace, peace—
'Foot, I did hear him sure, where'er he be.

MOLL. Who did you hear?

SEB. My father;
'Twas like a sigh[f] of his: I must be wary.

S. ALEX. No? wilt not be? am I alone so wretched
That nothing takes? I'll put him to his plunge[g] for't.
[*Aside.*

prose, partly as verse. I have done what I could to arrange the lines.

[f] *sigh*] Old ed. "sight,"—which, perhaps, Middleton wrote; for I think I have seen that form of the word. The preterite of the verb *sigh* was often written *sight*.

[g] *plunge*] i. e. difficulty, straits.

SEB. Life! here he comes.—Sir, I beseech you take it;
Your way of teaching does so much content me,
I'll make it four pound; here's forty shillings, sir—
I think I name it right—help me, good Moll—
Forty in hand. [*Offering money.*

MOLL. Sir, you shall pardon me:
I've more of the meanest scholar I can teach;
This pays me more than you have offer'd yet.

SEB. At the next quarter,
When I receive the means my father 'lows me,
You shall have t'other forty.

S. ALEX. This were well now,
Were't to a man whose sorrows had blind eyes;
But mine behold his follies and untruths
With two clear glasses. [*Aside—then coming forward.*] How now?

SEB. Sir?

S. ALEX. What's he there?

SEB. You're come in good time, sir; I've a suit to you;
I'd crave your present kindness.

S. ALEX. What's he there?

SEB. A gentleman, a musician, sir; one of excellent fingering.

S. ALEX. Ay, I think so;—I wonder how they 'scap'd her. [*Aside.*

SEB. Has the most delicate stroke, sir.

S. ALEX. A stroke indeed!—I feel it at my heart. [*Aside.*

SEB. Puts down all your famous musicians.

S. ALEX. Ay,—a whore may put down a hundred of 'em. [*Aside.*

SEB. Forty shillings is the agreement, sir, between us:

Now, sir, my present means mounts but to half on't.

S. ALEX. And he stands upon the whole?

SEB. Ay, indeed does he, sir.

S. ALEX. And will do still; he'll ne'er be in other tale.

SEB. Therefore I'd stop his mouth, sir, and[g] I could.

S. ALEX. Hum, true; there is no other way indeed; —

His folly hardens, shame must needs succeed.—

[*Aside.*

Now, sir, I understand you profess music.

MOLL. I'm a poor servant to that liberal science, sir.

S. ALEX. Where is't you teach?

MOLL. Right against Clifford's Inn.

S. ALEX. Hum, that's a fit place for't: you've many scholars?

MOLL. And some of worth, whom I may call my masters.

S. ALEX. Ay, true, a company of whoremasters.

[*Aside.*

You teach to sing too?

MOLL. Marry, do I, sir.

S. ALEX. I think you'll find an apt scholar of my son,

Especially for prick-song.

MOLL. I've much hope of him.

S. ALEX. I'm sorry for't, I have the less for that.

[*Aside.*

You can play any lesson?

MOLL. At first sight, sir.

S. ALEX. There's a thing call'd the Witch; can you play that?

[g] *and*] i. e. if.

MOLL. I would be sorry any one should mend me in't.

S. ALEX. Ay, I believe thee; thou'st so bewitch'd my son,
No care will mend the work that thou hast done.
I have bethought myself, since my art fails,
I'll make her policy the art to trap her.
Here are four angels[h] mark'd with holes in them
Fit for his crack'd companions: gold he'll give her;
These will I make induction to her ruin,
And rid shame from my house, grief from my heart.
[*Aside.*
Here, son, in what you take content and pleasure,
Want shall not curb you; pay the gentleman
His latter half in gold. [*Gives money.*

SEB. I thank you, sir.

S. ALEX. O may the operation on't end three;
In her, life, shame in him, and grief in me!
[*Aside, and exit.*

SEB. Faith, thou shalt have 'em; 'tis my father's gift:
Never was man beguil'd with better shift.

MOLL. He that can take me for a male musician,
I can't choose but make him my instrument,
And play upon him. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Before GALLIPOT'S *Shop.*

Enter MISTRESS GALLIPOT *and* MISTRESS OPENWORK.

MIS. G. Is, then, that bird of yours, master Goshawk, so wild?

[h] *angels*] See note, vol. i. p. 250.

MIS. O. A Goshawk? a puttock;[i] all for prey: he angles for fish, but he loves flesh better.

MIS. G. Is't possible his smooth face should have wrinkles in't, and we not see them?

MIS. O. Possible? why, have not many handsome legs in silk stockings villanous splay feet, for all their great roses?[j]

MIS. G. Troth, sirrah,[k] thou sayst true.

MIS. O. Didst never see an archer, as thou'st walked by Bunhill, look a-squint when he drew his bow?

MIS. G. Yes, when his arrows have fline[l] toward Islington, his eyes have shot clean contrary towards Pimlico.

MIS. O. For all the world so does master Goshawk double with me.

MIS. G. O, fie upon him! if he double once, he's not for me.

MIS. O. Because Goshawk goes in a shag-ruff band, with a face sticking up in't which shews like an agate set in a cramp ring,[m] he thinks I'm in love with him.

MIS. G. 'Las, I think he takes his mark amiss in thee!

MIS. O. He has, by often beating into me, made me believe that my husband kept a whore.

[i] *puttock*] i. e. a kite.

[j] *roses*] "i. e. roses anciently worn in shoes." STEEVENS. They were made of ribbons gathered into a knot, and were sometimes of a preposterous size.

[k] *sirrah*] See note, p. 491.

[l] *fline*] i. e. flown.

[m] *a cramp ring*] i. e. a ring, which having been solemnly consecrated on Good Friday, was supposed to have the power of preventing the cramp. See in Waldron's *Literary Museum*, 1792, a reprint of *The Ceremonies of Blessing Cramp-Rings on Good Friday, used by the Catholick Kings of England.*

Mis. G. Very good.

Mis. O. Swore to me that my husband this very morning went in a boat, with a tilt over it, to the Three Pigeons[n] at Brainford, and his punk with him under his tilt.

Mis. G. That were wholesome.

Mis. O. I believed it; fell a-swearing at him, cursing of harlots; made me ready to hoise up sail and be there as soon as he.

Mis. G. So, so.

Mis. O. And for that voyage Goshawk comes hither incontinently:[o] but, sirrah, this water-spaniel dives after no duck but me; his hope is having me at Brainford, to make me cry quack.

Mis. G. Art sure of it?

Mis. O. Sure of it? my poor innocent Openwork came in as I was poking my ruff:[p] presently hit I him i' the teeth with the Three Pigeons; he forswore all, I up and opened all; and now stands he in a shop hard by, like a musket on a rest,[q] to hit Goshawk i' the eye, when he comes to fetch me to the boat.

Mis. G. Such another lame gelding offered to carry me through thick and thin,—Laxton, sirrah,—but I am rid of him now.

Mis. O. Happy is the woman can be rid of 'em all! 'las, what are your whisking gallants to our husbands, weigh 'em rightly, man for man?

Mis. G. Troth, mere shallow things.

Mis. O. Idle, simple things, running heads; and

[n] *Three Pigeons*] See note, p. 479.

[o] *incontinently*] i. e. immediately.

[p] *poking my ruff*] See note, vol. i. p. 279.

[q] *rest*] i. e. a support,—without it the soldiers could not manage to fire the old muskets, which were very heavy and unwieldy.

yet let 'em run over us never so fast, we shopkeepers, when all's done, are sure to have 'em in our pursenets[r] at length; and when they are in, lord, what simple animals they are! then they hang the head ——

MIS. G. Then they droop ——

MIS. O. Then they write letters ——

MIS. G. Then they cog[s] ——

MIS. O. Then deal they underhand with us, and we must ingle[t] with our husbands a-bed; and we must swear they are our cousins, and able to do us a pleasure at court.

MIS. G. And yet, when we have done our best, all's but put into a riven dish;[u] we are but frumped[v] at and libelled upon.

MIS. O. O, if it were the good Lord's will there were a law made, no citizen should trust any of 'em all!

Enter GOSHAWK.

MIS. G. Hush, sirrah! Goshawk flutters.

GOS. How now? are you ready?

MIS. O. Nay, are you ready? a little thing, you see, makes us ready.

GOS. Us? why, must she make one i' the voyage?

MIS. O. O, by any means! do I know how my husband will handle me?

GOS. 'Foot, how shall I find water to keep these two mills going? [*Aside.*]—Well, since you'll needs be clapped under hatches, if I sail not with you both

[r] *pursenets*] i. e. nets, the mouths of which were drawn together by a string.

[s] *cog*] i. e. lie, wheedle.

[t] *ingle*] i. e. coax.

[u] *a riven dish*] "i. e. a broken dish." REED.

[v] *frumped*] i. e. mocked.

till all split,[w] hang me up at the mainyard and duck me.—It's but liquoring them both soundly, and then you shall see their cork-heels fly up high, like two swans when their tails are above water, and their long necks under water diving to catch gudgeons. [*Aside.*]—Come, come, oars stand ready; the tide's with us; on with those false faces; blow winds, and thou shalt take thy husband casting out his net to catch fresh salmon at Brainford.[x]

MIS. G. I believe you'll eat of a cod's head of your own dressing before you reach half way thither.

[*Aside—She and* MISTRESS O. *mask themselves.*

GOS. So, so, follow close; pin as you go.

Enter LAXTON *muffled.*

LAX. Do you hear?

MIS. G. Yes, I thank my ears.

LAX. I must have a bout with your 'pothecaryship.

MIS. G. At what weapon?

LAX. I must speak with you.

MIS. G. No.

LAX. No? you shall.

MIS. G. Shall? away, souced sturgeon! half fish, half flesh.

LAX. Faith, gib,[y] are you spitting? I'll cut your tail, puss-cat, for this.

[w] *till all split*] "This expression occurs in many old plays. See the notes of Dr. Farmer, Mr. Steevens, and Mr. Malone, on *Midsummer Night's Dream*, act i. sc. 2." REED. It occurs in several old plays at least; and (as Nares observes in *Gloss.*) denotes violence of action.

[x] *Brainford*] See note, p. 463.

[y] *gib*] Is, properly, a male cat—but sometimes applied, as a term of reproach, to a woman: "She is a tonnysh *gyb*," says old Skelton, in *Elynour Rummyng*, v. 99.

MIS. G. 'Las, poor Laxton, I think thy tail's cut already! your worst.

LAX. If I do not —— [*Exit.*

GOS. Come, ha' you done?

Enter OPENWORK.

'S foot, Rosamond, your husband! 100

OPEN. How now? sweet master Goshawk! none more welcome;
I've wanted your embracements: when friends meet,
The music of the spheres sounds not more sweet
Than does their conference. Who's this? Rosamond?
Wife? how now, sister?

GOS. Silence, if you love me!

OPEN. Why mask'd?

MIS. O. Does a mask grieve you, sir?

OPEN. It does.

MIS. O. Then you're best get you a mumming.[z]

GOS. 'Sfoot, you'll spoil all!

MIS. G. May not we cover our bare faces with masks,
As well as you cover your bald heads with hats?

OPEN. No masks; why they're thieves to beauty, that rob eyes
Of admiration in which true love lies.
Why are masks worn? why good? or why desir'd?
Unless by their gay covers wits are fir'd
To read the vildest[a] looks: many bad faces,
Because rich gems are treasur'd up in cases,
Pass by their privilege current; but as caves
Damn misers' gold, so masks are beauties' graves.

[z] *a mumming*] i. e. a masquing, in which originally the performers used gesticulation only, without speaking: mistress Openwork puns on the different meanings of *mask* and *masque.*

[a] *vildest*] i. e. vilest: see note, p. 393.

Men ne'er meet women with such muffled eyes,
But they curse her that first did masks devise,
And swear it was some beldam. Come, off with't.
MIS. O. I will not.
OPEN. Good faces mask'd are jewels kept by sprites;[b]
Hide none but bad ones, for they poison men's sights;
Shew, then, as shopkeepers do their broider'd stuff,
By owl-light; fine wares can't be open enough.
Prithee, sweet Rose, come, strike this sail.
MIS. O. Sail?
OPEN. Ha!
Yes, wife, strike sail, for storms are in thine eyes.
MIS. O. They're here, sir, in my brows, if any rise.
OPEN. Ha, brows? — What says she, friend? pray, tell me why
Your two flags[c] were advanc'd; the comedy,
Come, what's the comedy?
MIS. G.[d] *Westward ho.*[e]
OPEN. How?
MIS. O. 'Tis *Westward ho*, she says.
GOS. Are you both mad?
MIS. O. Is't market-day at Brainford, and your ware
Not sent up yet?

[b] *sprites*] Old ed. "spirits."
[c] *Your two flags*] "Alluding to the flags which were placed formerly on the tops of playhouses." REED.
[d] *Mis. G.*] Old ed. "Mist. Open."
[e] *Westward ho*] A comedy, by Dekker and Webster, which was first printed in 1607, and which may be found in my edition of Webster's *Works*, vol. iii. The scene lies partly in London and partly in Brentford; and a "western voyage" from the former to the latter place gives the title to the play —*westward ho!* being one of the exclamations used by the watermen who plied on the Thames.

Shall not outreach me, nor walk by my door
With my wife arm in arm, as 'twere his whore,
I'll give him a golden coxcomb, thirty pound.
Tush, Pru, what's thirty pound? sweet duck, look cheerly.

MIS. G. Thou'rt worthy of my heart, thou buy'st it dearly.

Enter LAXTON *muffled.*

LAX. Uds light, the tide's against me; a pox of your 'pothecaryship! O for some glister to set him going! 'Tis one of Hercules' labours to tread one of these city hens, because their cocks are still crowing over them. There's no turning tail here, I must on. [*Aside.*

MIS. G. O husband, see he comes!

GAL. Let me deal with him.

LAX. Bless you, sir.

GAL. Be you blest too, sir, if you come in peace.

LAX. Have you any good pudding tobacco, sir?

MIS. G. O, pick no quarrels, gentle sir! my husband
Is not a man of weapon, as you are;
He knows all, I have open'd all before him,
Concerning you.

LAX. Zounds, has she shewn my letters? [*Aside.*

MIS. G. Suppose my case were yours, what would you do?
At such a pinch, such batteries, such assaults
Of father, mother, kindred, to dissolve
The knot you tied, and to be bound to him;
How could you shift this storm off?

LAX. If I know, hang me!

MIS. G. Besides a story of your death was read
Each minute to me.

LAX. What a pox means this riddling? [*Aside.*

GAL. Be wise, sir; let not you and I be tost
On lawyers' pens; they have sharp nibs, and draw
Men's very heart-blood from them. What need you, sir,
To beat the drum of my wife's infamy,
And call your friends together, sir, to prove
Your precontract, when sh'as confest it?
LAX. Umh, sir,
Has she confest it?
GAL. Sh'as, 'faith, to me, sir,
Upon your letter sending.
MIS. G. I have, I have.
LAX. If I let this iron cool, call me slave. [*Aside.*
Do you hear, you dame Prudence? think'st thou, vile woman,
I'll take these blows and wink?
MIS. GAL. Upon my knees. [*Kneeling.*
LAX. Out, impudence!
GAL. Good sir ——
LAX. You goatish slaves!
No wild fowl to cut up but mine?
GAL. Alas, sir,
You make her flesh to tremble; fright her not:
She shall do reason, and what's fit.
LAX. I'll have thee,
Wert thou more common than an hospital,
And more diseas'd.
GAL. But one word, good sir!
LAX. So, sir.
GAL. I married her, have lien with her, and got
Two children on her body; think but on that:
Have you so beggarly an appetite,
When I upon a dainty dish have fed
To dine upon my scraps, my leavings? ha, sir?
Do I come near you now, sir?

LAX. Byrlady,[y] you touch me!
GAL. Would not you scorn to wear my clothes, sir?
LAX. Right, sir.
GAL. Then, pray, sir, wear not her; for she's a garment
So fitting for my body, I am loath
Another should put it on: you'll undo both.
Your letter, as she said, complain'd you had spent,
In quest of her, some thirty pound; I'll pay it:
Shall that, sir, stop this gap up 'twixt you two?
LAX. Well, if I swallow this wrong, let her thank you:
The money being paid, sir, I am gone:
Farewell. O women, happy's he trusts none!
MIS. G. Despatch him hence, sweet husband.
GAL. Yes, dear wife:
Pray, sir, come in: ere master Laxton part,
Thou shalt in wine drink to him.
MIS. G. With all my heart.— [*Exit* GALLIPOT.
How dost thou like my wit?
LAX. Rarely: that wile,
By which the serpent did the first woman beguile,
Did ever since all women's bosoms fill;
You're apple-eaters all, deceivers still. [*Exeunt.*

[y] *Byrlady*] Old ed. "Be lady:" see note, vol. i. p. 365.

SCENE III.

Holborn.

Enter SIR ALEX. WENGRAVE, SIR DAVY DAPPER, *and* SIR ADAM APPLETON *on one side, and* TRAPDOOR *on the other.*

S. ALEX. Out with your tale, sir Davy, to sir Adam:
A knave is in mine eye deep in my debt.

S. DAVY. Nay, if he be a knave, sir, hold him fast.

[SIR D. DAPPER *and* SIR A. APPLETON *talk apart.*

S. ALEX. Speak softly; what egg is there hatching now?

TRAP. A duck's egg, sir, a duck that has eaten a frog; I have cracked the shell, and some villany or other will peep out presently: the duck that sits is the bouncing ramp,[z] that roaring girl my mistress; the drake that must tread is your son Sebastian.

S. ALEX. Be quick.

TRAP. As the tongue of an oyster-wench.

S. ALEX. And see thy news be true.

TRAP. As a barber's every Saturday night. Mad Moll——

S. ALEX. Ah——

TRAP. Must be let in, without knocking, at your back gate.

S. ALEX. So.

TRAP. Your chamber will be made bawdy.

S. ALEX. Good.

TRAP. She comes in a shirt of mail.

[z] *ramp*] i. e. ramping, rampant creature: "although she were a lustie *bounsing rampe*, somewhat like Gallemella," &c. G. Harvey's *Pierces Supererogation*, 1593, p. 145.

S. ALEX. How? shirt of mail?

TRAP. Yes, sir, or a male shirt; that's to say, in man's apparel.

S. ALEX. To my son?

TRAP. Close to your son: your son and her moon will be in conjunction, if all almanacs lie not; her black saveguard[a] is turned into a deep slop, the holes of her upper body to button-holes, her waistcoat to a doublet, her placket[b] to the ancient seat of a cod-piece, and you shall take 'em both with standing collars.

S. ALEX. Art sure of this?

TRAP. As every throng is sure of a pick-pocket; as sure as a whore is of the clients all Michaelmas term, and of the pox after the term.

S. ALEX. The time of their tilting?

TRAP. Three.

S. ALEX. The day?

TRAP. This.

S. ALEX. Away; ply it, watch her.

TRAP. As the devil doth for the death of a bawd; I'll watch her, do you catch her.

S. ALEX. She's fast: here weave thou the nets. Hark.

TRAP. They are made.

S. ALEX. I told them thou didst owe me money: hold it up; maintain't.

TRAP. Stiffly, as a puritan does contention.—Pox, I owe thee not the value of a halfpenny halter.

S. ALEX. Thou shalt be hang'd in it ere thou 'scape so:
Varlet, I'll make thee look th[o]rough a grate!

[a] *saveguard . . . slop*] See notes, pp. 459, 472.

[b] *placket*] Has been variously explained—the opening of the petticoat—the forepart of the shift or petticoat: Nares (*Gloss.* in v.) insists that it meant only a petticoat, generally an under one.

TRAP. I'll do't presently, through a tavern grate: drawer! pish. [*Exit.*

S. ADAM. Has the knave vex'd you, sir?

S. ALEX. Ask'd him my money,
He swears my son receiv'd it. O, that boy
Will ne'er leave heaping sorrows on my heart,
Till he has broke it quite!

S. ADAM. Is he still wild?

S. ALEX. As is a Russian bear.

S. ADAM. But he has left
His old haunt with that baggage?

S. ALEX. Worse still and worse;
He lays on me his shame, I on him my curse.

S. DAVY. My son, Jack Dapper, then shall run with him
All in one pasture.

S. ADAM. Proves your son bad too, sir?

S. DAVY. As villany can make him: your Sebastian
Doats but on one drab, mine on a thousand;
A noise of fiddlers,[c] tobacco, wine, and a whore,
A mercer that will let him take up more,
Dice, and a water-spaniel with a duck,—O
Bring him a-bed with these: when his purse gingles,
Roaring boys[d] follow at's tail, fencers and ningles,[e]
Beasts Adam ne'er gave name to; these horse-leeches suck

[c] *a noise of fiddlers*] i. e. a company of musicians,—an expression frequently occurring: "those terrible *noyses*, with thredbare cloakes, that liue by red lattises and Iuy-bushes, hauing authority to thrust into any mans roome, onely speaking but this, Will you haue any musicke?" Dekker's *Belman of London*, 1608, sig. B 4.

[d] *roaring boys*] See p. 427.

[e] *ningles*] Or *ingles* (the former being an abbreviation of *mine ingles*), i. e. favourites. The word was used (and perhaps originally) in a worse sense: see vol. i. p. 301.

MIS. G. Do thy worst.—
Will fourscore stop thy mouth?
LAX. No.
MIS. G. You're a slave;
Thou cheat, I'll now tear money from thy throat.—
Husband, lay hold on yonder tawny-coat.[s]
GREEN. Nay, gentlemen, seeing your women are so hot, I must lose my hair[t] in their company, I see.
[*Takes off his false hair.*
MIS. O. His hair sheds off, and yet he speaks not so much in the nose as he did before.
GOS. He has had the better chirurgeon.—Master Greenwit, is your wit so raw as to play no better a part than a sumner's?
GAL. I pray, who plays *A knack to know an honest man*,[u] in this company?
MIS. G. Dear husband, pardon me, I did dissemble,
Told thee I was his precontracted wife,
When letters came from him for thirty pound:
I had no shift but that.
GAL. A very clean shift,
But able to make me lousy: on.
MIS. G. Husband, I pluck'd,
When he had tempted me to think well of him,
Gelt feathers[v] from thy wings, to make him fly
More lofty.

[s] *tawny-coat*] "*Tawny* was the usual dress of a summoner or apparitor." REED.

[t] *I must lose my hair*, &c.] "Alluding to the consequences of lewdness, one of which, in the first appearance of the disease in Europe, was the loss of hair." REED.

[u] *A knack to know an honest man*] *A Pleasant Conceited Comedie, called, A knacke to know an honest Man, As it hath beene sundrie times plaied about the Citie of London*, was printed in 1596, the author unknown.

[v] *gelt feathers*] i. e. golden feathers. But I am by no

So does a prisoner: with fine honey'd speech
At's first coming in he doth persuade, beseech
He may be lodg'd with one that is not itchy,
To lie in a clean chamber, in sheets not lousy;
But when he has no money, then does he try,
By subtle logic and quaint sophistry,
To make the keepers trust him.

S. ADAM. Say they do.

S. ALEX. Then he's a graduate.

S. DAVY. Say they trust him not.

S. ALEX. Then is he held a freshman and a sot,
And never shall commence;[g] but being still barr'd,
Be expuls'd from the Master's side[h] to th' Twopenny ward,
Or else i' th' Hole beg plac'd.[i]

S. ADAM. When then, I pray,
Proceeds a prisoner?

S. ALEX. When, money being the theme,
He can dispute with his hard creditors' hearts,
And get out clear, he's then a master of arts.
Sir Davy, send your son to Wood Street college,
A gentleman can no where get more knowledge.

S. DAVY. There gallants study hard.

S. ALEX. True, to get money.

S. DAVY. Lies[j] by th' heels, i'faith: thanks, thanks; I ha' sent
For a couple of bears shall paw him.

S. ADAM. Who comes yonder?

S. DAVY. They look like puttocks;[k] these should be they.

[g] *Then is he held a freshman and a sot,*
And never shall commence] "The speaker is here employing terms in use only at the university." STEEVENS.

[h] *Master's side*, &c.] See note, vol. i. p. 392.

[i] *beg plac'd*] i. e. beg to be plac'd: but qy. "be *plac'd?*"

[j] *Lies*] i. e. He lies, he shall lie.

[k] *puttocks*] i. e. kites.

Enter CURTLEAX *and* HANGER.

S. ALEX. I know 'em,
They are officers; sir, we'll leave you.

S. DAVY. My good knights,
Leave me; you see I'm haunted now with sprites.[k]

S. ALEX. } Fare you well, sir. [*Exeunt.*
S. ADAM. }

CUR. This old muzzle-chops should be he by the fellow's description.—Save you, sir.

S. DAVY. Come hither, you mad varlets; did not my man tell you I watched here for you?

CUR. One in a blue coat,[l] sir, told us, that in this place an old gentleman would watch for us; a thing contrary to our oath, for we are to watch for every wicked member in a city.

S. DAVY. You'll watch then for ten thousand: what's thy name, honesty?

CUR. Sergeant Curtleax I, sir.

S. DAVY. An excellent name for a sergeant, Curtleax:
Sergeants indeed are weapons of the law;
When prodigal ruffians far in debt are grown,
Should not you cut them, citizens were o'erthrown.
Thou dwell'st hereby in Holborn, Curtleax?

CUR. That's my circuit, sir; I conjure most in that circle.

S. DAVY. And what young toward whelp is this?

HAN. Of the same litter; his yeoman, sir; my name's Hanger.

S. DAVY. Yeoman Hanger:
One pair of shears sure cut out both your coats;
You have two names most dangerous to men's throats;

[k] *sprites*] Old ed. "spirits."
[l] *blue coat*] See note, p. 26.

MOLL. Stand up.

TRAP. Like your new Maypole.

HAN. Whist, whew!

CUR. Hump, no.

MOLL. Peeping? it shall go hard, huntsmen, but I'll spoil your game. They look for all the world like two infected malt-men coming muffled up in their cloaks in a frosty morning to London.

TRAP. A course, captain; a bear comes to the stake.

Enter JACK DAPPER *and* GULL.

MOLL. It should be so, for the dogs struggle to be let loose.

HAN. Whew!

CUR. Hemp.

MOLL. Hark, Trapdoor, follow your leader.

J. DAP. Gull.

GULL. Master?

J. DAP. Didst ever see such an ass as I am, boy?

GULL. No, by my troth, sir; to lose all your money, yet have false dice of your own; why, 'tis as I saw a great fellow used t'other day; he had a fair sword and buckler, and yet a butcher dry beat him with a cudgel.

TRAP.° Honest servant, fly!

MOLL. Fly, master Dapper! you'll be arrested else.

J. DAP. Run, Gull, and draw.

GULL. Run, master; Gull follows you.

[*Exeunt* DAPPER *and* GULL.

CUR. [MOLL *holding him*] I know you well enough; you're but a whore to hang upon any man!

MOLL. Whores, then, are like sergeants; so now

° *Trap. Honest servant*, &c.] Old ed. "BOTH. *Honest* Serieant *fly*, *flie Maister Dapper*," &c.

will sally: sa, sa; give the counter; on, set upon him!

BOTH. We'll charge him upo' th' back, sir.

S. DAVY. Take no bail; put mace[m] enough into his caudle; double your files, traverse your ground.

BOTH. Brave, sir.

S. DAVY. Cry arm, arm, arm!

BOTH. Thus, sir.

S. DAVY. There, boy, there, boy! away: look to your prey, my true English wolves; and so I vanish. [*Exit.*

CUR. Some warden of the sergeants begat this old fellow, upon my life: stand close.

HAN. Shall the ambuscado lie in one place?

CUR. No; nook thou yonder. [*They retire.*

Enter MOLL *and* TRAPDOOR.

MOLL. Ralph.

TRAP. What says my brave captain male and female?

MOLL. This Holborn is such a wrangling street!

TRAP. That's because lawyers walk[n] to and fro in't.

MOLL. Here's such jostling, as if every one we met were drunk and reeled.

TRAP. Stand, mistress! do you not smell carrion?

MOLL. Carrion? no; yet I spy ravens.

TRAP. Some poor, wind-shaken gallant will anon fall into sore labour, and these men-midwives[o] must bring him to bed i' the counter: there all those that are great with child with debts lie in.

[m] *mace*] See note, p. 372. [n] *walk*] Old ed. "walkes."

[o] *these men-widwives*, &c.] So in *The Whore of Babylon*, 1607, by Dekker (see note, p. 490): "Doe not you know, mistresse, what Serieants are? . . . why they are certaine *men-midwiues, that neuer bring people to bed*, but when they are sore in labour, that no body els can deliuer them." Sig. D.

S. Alex. Good Trapdoor, sayst thou so? thou cheer'st my heart
After a storm of sorrow. My gold chain too;
Here, take a hundred marks[r] in yellow links.
Trap. That will do well to bring the watch to light, sir;
And worth a thousand of your headborough's lanterns.
S. Alex. Place that a' the court-cupboard;[s] let it lie
Full in the view of her thief-whorish eye.
Trap. She cannot miss it, sir; I see't so plain,
That I could steal't myself. [*Places the chain.*
S. Alex. Perhaps thou shalt too,
That or something as weighty: what she leaves
Thou shalt come closely in and filch away,
And all the weight upon her back I'll lay.
Trap. You cannot assure that, sir.
S. Alex. No? what lets[t] it?
Trap. Being a stout girl, perhaps she'll desire pressing;
Then all the weight must lie upon her belly.
S. Alex. Belly or back I care not, so I've one.
Trap. You're of my mind for that, sir.
S. Alex. Hang up my ruff-band with the diamond at it;
It may be she'll like that best.
Trap. It's well for her, that she must have her choice; he thinks nothing too good for her. [*Aside.*]—If you hold on this mind a little longer, it shall be the first work I do to turn thief myself;

[r] *marks*] See note, p. 226.
[s] *court-cupboard*] i. e. a moveable sideboard, or buffet, for displaying plate or other valuables: it was also called "*cupboard of plate*," see p. 91.
[t] *lets*] i. e. hinders.

hang you.—Draw, rogue, but strike not: for a broken pate they'll keep their beds, and recover twenty marks[p] damages.

CUR. You shall pay for this rescue.—Run down Shoe Lane and meet him.

TRAP. Shu! is this a rescue, gentlemen, or no?

MOLL. Rescue? a pox on 'em! Trapdoor, let's away; [*Exeunt* CURTLEAX *and* HANGER.

I'm glad I've done perfect one good work to-day.
If any gentleman be in scrivener's bands,
Send but for Moll, she'll bail him by these hands.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Room in SIR ALEX. WENGRAVE'S *House.*

Enter SIR ALEX. WENGRAVE.

S. ALEX. Unhappy in the follies of a son,
Led against judgment, sense, obedience,
And all the powers of nobleness and wit!

Enter TRAPDOOR.

O wretched father!—Now, Trapdoor, will she come?

TRAP. In man's apparel, sir; I'm in her heart now,
And share in all her secrets.

S. ALEX. Peace, peace, peace!
Here, take my German watch,[q] hang't up in sight,
That I may see her hang in English for't.

TRAP. I warrant you for that now, next sessions rids her, sir. This watch will bring her in better than a hundred constables. [*Hangs up the watch.*

[p] *marks*] See note, p. 226.
[q] *my German watch*] See note, p. 385.

In an outlandish cup than in our own,
So methinks every kiss she gives me now
In this strange form is worth a pair of two
Here we are safe, and furthest from the eye
Of all suspicion; this is my father's chamber,
Upon which floor he never steps till night:
Here he mistrusts me not, nor I his coming;
At mine own chamber he still pries unto me,
My freedom is not there at mine own finding,
Still check'd and curb'd; here he shall miss his purpose.

MOLL. And what's your business, now you have your mind, sir?
At your great suit I promis'd you to come:
I pitied her for name's sake, that a Moll
Should be so crost in love, when there's so many
That owe[v] nine lays[w] a-piece, and not so little.
My tailor fitted her; how like you his work?

SEB. So well, no art can mend it, for this purpose:
But to thy wit and help we're chief in debt,
And must live still beholding.[x]

MOLL. Any honest pity
I'm willing to bestow upon poor ring-doves.

SEB. I'll offer no worse play.

MOLL. Nay, and[y] you should, sir,
I should draw first, and prove the quicker man.

SEB. Hold, there shall need no weapon at this meeting;
But 'cause thou shalt not loose thy fury idle,
Here take this viol, run upon the guts,
And end thy quarrel singing.

[*Takes down, and gives her, a viol.*

[v] *owe*] Old ed. "owes." [w] *lays*] i. e. wagers.
[x] *beholding*] See note, vol. i. p. 441.
[y] *and*] i. e. if.

fession: soldier? you skeldering[j] varlet! hold, stand; there should be a trapdoor here abouts.

[*Pulls off his patch.*

TRAP. The balls of these glasiers[k] of mine, mine eyes, shall be shot up and down in any hot piece of service for my invincible mistress.

J. DAP. I did not think there had been such knavery in black patches[l] as now I see.

MOLL. O sir, he hath been brought up in the Isle of Dogs,[m] and can both fawn like a spaniel, and bite like a mastiff, as he finds occasion.

L. NOL. What are you, sirrah? a bird of this feather too?

TEAR. A man beaten from the wars, sir.

S. THO. I think so, for you never stood to fight.

J. DAP. What's thy name, fellow soldier?

TEAR. I am called by those that have seen my valour, Tearcat.

ALL. Tearcat?

MOLL. A mere whip-jack,[n] and that is, in the

[j] *skeldering*] "A cant term, generally applied to a vagrant, and often used by our ancient poets. It appears to have been particularly appropriated to those vagabonds who wander about under the name of soldiers, borrowing or begging money." REED. See also Gifford's note on B. Jonson's *Works*, vol. ii. p. 8: "*Skeldring* was a cant term for impudent begging," &c.:—and Dekker's *Gull's Horn-book*, p. 129, reprint; "whom he may *skelder* [i. e. cheat, defraud], after the genteel fashion, of money."

[k] *glasiers*] i. e. "eyes." Dekker's *Lanthorne and Candlelight*, 1612, sig. c 2.

[l] *black patches*] Were used as an ornament, not only by ladies, but also by some effeminate gallants of those days.

[m] *Isle of Dogs*] Opposite Greenwich. It seems to have been a place where persons took refuge from their creditors and the officers of justice.

[n] *whip-jack*] In Dekker's *Belman of London*, 1608, sig. D 2, the description of "A Whipiacke" is much the same as that which Moll gives here.

commonwealth of rogues, a slave that can talk of sea-fight, name all your chief pirates, discover more countries to you than either the Dutch, Spanish, French, or English ever found out; yet indeed all his service is by land, and that is to rob a fair, or some such venturous exploit. Tearcat? 'foot, sirrah, I have your name, now I remember me, in my book of horners; horns for the thumb,[o] you know how.

TEAR. No indeed, captain Moll, for I know you by sight, I am no such nipping Christian,[p] but a maunderer upon the pad,[q] I confess; and meeting with honest Trapdoor here, whom you had cashiered from bearing arms, out at elbows, under your colours, I instructed him in the rudiments of roguery, and by my map made him sail over any country you can name, so that now he can maunder better than myself.

J. DAP. So, then, Trapdoor, thou art turned soldier now?

TRAP. Alas, sir, now there's no wars, 'tis the safest course of life I could take!

MOLL. I hope, then, you can cant, for by your cudgels, you, sirrah, are an upright man.[r]

[o] *horns for the thumb*] Pickpockets were said to place a case, or thimble, of horn on their thumbs, to support the edge of the knife in the act of cutting purses: see Gifford's note on B. Jonson's *Works*, vol. iv. p. 413.

[p] *nipping Christian*] i. e. cutpurse.

[q] *maunderer upon the pad*] "*Mawnding*, asking (begging)." "*Pad*, a way." Dekker's *Lanthorne and Candlelight*, 1612, sig c 2.

[r] *an upright man*] "Is a sturdy big-bonde knaue, that neuer walkes but (like a Commander) with a short truncheon in his hand, which hee cals his Filchman. At Markets, Fayres, and other meetings his voice amongst Beggars is of the same sound that a Constables is of, it is not to be controld. He is free of all the shiers in England, but neuer stayes in any place long, &c. &c. . . . These [upright men] cary the shapes of soldiers,

MOLL. Then I must wake you, sir; where stands the coach?

LAX. Who's this? Moll, honest Moll?

MOLL. So young, and purblind?
You're an old wanton in your eyes, I see that.

LAX. Thou'rt admirably suited for the Three Pigeons at Brainford.[z] I'll swear I knew thee not.

MOLL. I'll swear you did not; but you shall know me now.

LAX. No, not here; we shall be spied, i'faith; the coach is better: come.

MOLL. Stay. [*Puts off her cloak.*

LAX. What, wilt thou untruss a point,[a] Moll?

MOLL. Yes; here's the point [*Draws her sword.*
That I untruss; 't has but one tag, 't will serve though
To tie up a rogue's tongue.

LAX. How!

MOLL. There's the gold
With which you hir'd your hackney, here's her pace;
She racks hard, and perhaps your bones will feel it:
Ten angels[b] of mine own I've put to thine;
Win 'em, and wear 'em.

LAX. Hold, Moll! mistress Mary——

MOLL. Draw, or I'll serve an execution on thee,
Shall lay thee up till doomsday.

LAX. Draw upon a woman! why, what dost mean, Moll?

[z] *Brainford*] See note, p. 463. The inn called *The Three Pigeons* was resorted to by company of an inferior rank. At a later period, when puritanism had silenced the stage, it was kept by the celebrated actor, Lowin.

[a] *untruss a point*] See note, vol. i. p. 367.

angels] See note, vol. i. p. 250.

MOLL. To teach thy base thoughts manners: thou'rt one of those
That thinks each woman thy fond flexible whore;
If she but cast a liberal[c] eye upon thee,
Turn back her head, she's thine; or amongst company
By chance drink first to thee, then she's quite gone,
There is no means to help her: nay, for a need,
Wilt swear unto thy credulous fellow-lechers,
That thou art more in favour with a lady
At first sight than her monkey all her lifetime.
How many of our sex, by such as thou,
Have their good thoughts paid with a blasted name
That never deserv'd loosely, or did trip
In path of whoredom beyond cup and lip!
But for the stain of conscience and of soul,
Better had women fall into the hands
Of an act silent than a bragging nothing;
There is no mercy in't. What durst move you, sir,
To think me whorish? a name which I'd tear out
From the high German's throat,[d] if it lay leiger[e] there
To despatch privy slanders against me.
In thee I defy all men, their worst hates
And their best flatteries, all their golden witchcrafts,
With which they entangle the poor spirits of fools,
Distressed needle-women and trade-fallen wives;
Fish that must needs bite, or themselves be bitten:
Such hungry things as these may soon be took

[c] *liberal*] i. e. too free.
[d] *high German's throat*] See note, p. 466.
[e] *leiger*] See note, p. 316. That the last editor of this play should have had any doubts about the meaning of the word, is somewhat strange.

With a worm fasten'd on a golden hook :
Those are the lecher's food, his prey; he watches
For quarrelling wedlocks[f] and poor shifting sisters ;
'Tis the best fish he takes. But why, good fisher-
man,
Am I thought meat for you, that never yet
Had angling rod cast towards me? 'cause, you'll say,
I'm given to sport, I'm often merry, jest :
Had mirth no kindred in the world but lust,
O shame take all her friends then ! but howe'er
Thou and the baser world censure my life,
I'll send 'em word by thee, and write so much
Upon thy breast, 'cause thou shalt bear't in mind,
Tell them 'twere base to yield where I have con-
quer'd ;
I scorn to prostitute myself to a man,
I that can prostitute a man to me ;
And so I greet thee.

LAX. Hear me ——

MOLL. Would the spirits
Of all my sland[er]ers were clasp'd in thine,
That I might vex an army at one time ! [*They fight.*

LAX. I do repent me ; hold !

MOLL. You'll die the better Christian then.

LAX. I do confess I have wronged thee, Moll.

MOLL. Confession is but poor amends for wrong,
Unless a rope would follow.

LAX. I ask thee pardon.

MOLL. I'm your hir'd whore, sir ! 125

LAX. I yield both purse and body.

MOLL. Both are mine,
And now at my disposing.

LAX. Spare my life !

[f] *wedlocks*] "i. e. wives. So in *The Poetaster* [by B. Jonson], act iv. sc. 3, 'Which of these is thy *wedlock*, Menelaus?'" REED.

MOLL. I scorn to strike thee basely.

LAX. Spoke like a noble girl, i'faith!—Heart, I think I fight with a familiar,[f] or the ghost of a fencer. Sh'as wounded me gallantly. Call you this a lecherous viage?[g] here's blood would have served me this seven year in broken heads and cut fingers; and it now runs all out together. Pox a' the Three Pigeons![h] I would the coach were here now to carry me to the chirurgeon's. [*Aside, and exit.*

MOLL. If I could meet my enemies one by one thus,
I might make pretty shift with 'em in time,
And make 'em know she that has wit and spirit,
May scorn
To live beholding[i] to her body for meat;
Or for apparel, like your common dame,
That makes shame get her clothes to cover shame.
Base is that mind that kneels unto her body,
As if a husband stood in awe on's wife:
My spirit shall be mistress of this house
As long as I have time in't.—O,

Enter TRAPDOOR.

Here comes my man that would be: 'tis his hour.
Faith, a good well-set fellow, if his spirit
Be answerable to his umbles:[j] he walks stiff,
But whether he'll stand to't stiffly, there's the point:
Has a good calf for't; and ye shall have many a woman

[f] *familiar*] i. e. a demon—properly, such as attends on a sorcerer or witch.

[g] *viage*] i. e. voyage (see Todd's Johnson's *Dict.* in v.), excursion.

[h] *Three Pigeons*] See note, p. 479. I suspect that this speech was intended to close with a hobbling couplet.

[i] *beholding*] See note, vol. i. p. 441.

[j] *to his umbles*] "i. e. his inside. *Umbles* are the entrails of a deer." STEEVENS.

Choose him she means to make her head by his calf:
I do not know their tricks in't. Faith, he seems
A man without; I'll try what he's within.

TRAP. She told me Gray's Inn Fields, 'twixt three and four;
I'll fit her mistress-ship with a piece of service:
I'm hir'd to rid the town of one mad girl.
[MOLL *jostles him.*
What a pox ails you, sir?

MOLL. He begins like a gentleman.

TRAP. Heart, is the field so narrow, or your eye-sight ——
Life, he comes back again!

MOLL. Was this spoke to me, sir?

TRAP. I cannot tell, sir.

MOLL. Go, you're a coxcomb!

TRAP. Coxcomb?

MOLL. You're a slave!

TRAP. I hope there's law for you, sir.

MOLL. Yea, do you see, sir? [*Turns his hat.*

TRAP. Heart, this is no good dealing! pray, let me know what house you're of.

MOLL. One of the Temple, sir. [*Fillips him.*

TRAP. Mass, so methinks.

MOLL. And yet sometime I lie about Chick Lane.

TRAP. I like you the worse because you shift your lodging so often: I'll not meddle with you for that trick, sir.

MOLL. A good shift; but it shall not serve your turn.

TRAP. You'll give me leave to pass about my business, sir?

MOLL. Your business? I'll make you wait on me
Before I ha' done, and glad to serve me too.

TRAP. How, sir? serve you? not if there were no more men in England.

MOLL. But if there were no more women in England,
I hope you'd wait upon your mistress then?

TRAP. Mistress?

MOLL. O, you're a tried spirit at a push, sir!

TRAP. What would your worship have me do?

MOLL. You a fighter!

TRAP. No, I praise heaven, I had better grace and more manners.

MOLL. As how, I pray, sir?

TRAP. Life, 'thad been a beastly part of me to have drawn my weapons upon my mistress; all the world would 'a cried shame of me for that.

MOLL. Why, but you knew me not.

TRAP. Do not say so, mistress; I knew you by your wide straddle, as well as if I had been in your belly.

MOLL. Well, we shall try you further; i' th' mean time
We give you entertainment.

TRAP. Thank your good mistress-ship.

MOLL. How many suits have you?

TRAP. No more suits than backs, mistress.

MOLL. Well, if you deserve, I cast off this, next week,
And you may creep into't.

TRAP. Thank your good worship.

MOLL. Come, follow me to St. Thomas Apostle's:
I'll put a livery cloak upon your back
The first thing I do.

TRAP. I follow, my dear mistress. [*Exeunt.*

MIS. O. A Goshawk? a puttock;[i] all for prey: he angles for fish, but he loves flesh better.

MIS. G. Is't possible his smooth face should have wrinkles in't, and we not see them?

MIS. O. Possible? why, have not many handsome legs in silk stockings villanous splay feet, for all their great roses?[j]

MIS. G. Troth, sirrah,[k] thou sayst true.

MIS. O. Didst never see an archer, as thou'st walked by Bunhill, look a-squint when he drew his bow?

MIS. G. Yes, when his arrows have fline[l] toward Islington, his eyes have shot clean contrary towards Pimlico.

MIS. O. For all the world so does master Goshawk double with me.

MIS. G. O, fie upon him! if he double once, he's not for me.

MIS. O. Because Goshawk goes in a shag-ruff band, with a face sticking up in't which shews like an agate set in a cramp ring,[m] he thinks I'm in love with him.

MIS. G. 'Las, I think he takes his mark amiss in thee!

MIS. O. He has, by often beating into me, made me believe that my husband kept a whore.

[i] *puttock*] i. e. a kite.

[j] *roses*] "i. e. roses anciently worn in shoes." STEEVENS. They were made of ribbons gathered into a knot, and were sometimes of a preposterous size.

[k] *sirrah*] See note, p. 491.

[l] *fline*] i. e. flown.

[m] *a cramp ring*] i. e. a ring, which having been solemnly consecrated on Good Friday, was supposed to have the power of preventing the cramp. See in Waldron's *Literary Museum*, 1792, a reprint of *The Ceremonies of Blessing Cramp-Rings on Good Friday, used by the Catholick Kings of England.*

Mis. G. Your love? your love is all words; give me deeds: I cannot abide a man that's too fond over me,—so cookish! Thou dost not know how to handle a woman in her kind.

Gal. No, Pru? why, I hope I have handled —

Mis. G. Handle a fool's head of your own,—fie, fie!

Gal. Ha, ha, 'tis such a wasp! it does me good now to have her s[t]ing me, little rogue!

Mis. G. Now, fie, how you vex me! I cannot abide these apron husbands;[m] such cotqueans![n] you overdo your things, they become you scurvily.

Gal. Upon my life she breeds: heaven knows how I have strained myself to please her night and day. I wonder why we citizens should get children so fretful and untoward in the breeding, their fathers being for the most part as gentle as milch kine. [*Aside.*]—Shall I leave thee, my Pru?

Mis. G. Fie, fie, fie!

Gal. Thou shalt not be vexed no more, pretty, kind rogue; take no cold, sweet Pru. [*Exit.*

Mis. G. As your wit has done. Now, master Laxton, shew your head; what news from you? would any husband suspect that a woman crying, *Buy any scurvy-grass*, should bring love-letters amongst her herbs to his wife? pretty trick! fine conveyance! had jealousy a thousand eyes, a silly woman with scurvy-grass blinds them all.

Laxton, with bays[o]
Crown I thy wit for this, it deserves praise:

[m] *apron husbands*] "i. e. husbands who follow their wives as if tied to their *apron*-strings." Steevens.

[n] *cotqueans*] i. e. men who meddle with female affairs.

[o] *Laxton, with bays*, &c.] An imperfect couplet: see notes, p. 7 of this vol. and p. 424 of vol. i.

This makes me affect thee more, this proves thee wise:
'Lack, what poor shift is love forc'd to devise!—
To th' point. [*Reads letter.*] *O sweet creature*—a sweet beginning!—*pardon my long absence, for thou shalt shortly be possessed with my presence: though Demophoon was false to Phyllis, I will be to thee as Pan-da-rus was to Cres-sida;*[p] *though Æneas made an ass of Dido, I will die to thee ere I do so. O sweetest creature, make much of me! for no man beneath the silver moon shall make more of a woman than I do of thee: furnish me therefore with thirty pounds; you must do it of necessity for me; I languish till I see some comfort come from thee. Protesting not to die in thy debt, but rather to live, so as hitherto I have and will,*

Thy true Laxton ever.

Alas, poor gentleman! troth, I pity him.
How shall I raise this money? thirty pound!
'Tis thirty sure, a 3 before an 0;
I know his threes too well. My childbed linen,
Shall I pawn that for him? then if my mark
Be known, I am undone; it may be thought
My husband's bankrout.[q] Which way shall I turn?
Laxton, what with my own fears and thy wants,
I'm like a needle 'twixt two adamants.

Re-enter GALLIPOT *hastily.*

GAL. Nay, nay, wife, the women are all up—Ha! how? reading a' letters? I smell a goose, a couple of capons, and a gammon of bacon, from her

[p] *Pan-da-rus . . . Cres-sida*] So in old ed., to mark the difficulty with which such hard names were read by mistress Gallipot.

[q] *bankrout*] i. e. bankrupt.

mother out of the country. I hold my life—steal, steal[r] —— [*Aside.*

MIS. G. O, beshrew your heart!

GAL. What letter's that? I'll see't.

[MIS. G. *tears the letter.*

MIS. G. O, would thou hadst no eyes to see the downfal
Of me and thyself! I am for ever,
For ever I'm undone!

GAL. What ails my Pru?
What paper's that thou tear'st?

MIS. G. Would I could tear
My very heart in pieces! for my soul
Lies on the rack of shame, that tortures me
Beyond a woman's suffering.

GAL. What means this?

MIS. G. Had you no other vengeance to throw down,
But even in height of all my joys ——

GAL. Dear woman ——

MIS. G. When the full sea of pleasure and content
Seem'd to flow over me?

GAL. As thou desir'st
To keep me out of Bedlam, tell what troubles thee!
Is not thy child at nurse fallen sick, or dead?

MIS. G. O, no!

GAL. Heavens bless me! are my barns and houses
Yonder at Hockley-hole consum'd with fire?
I can build more, sweet Pru.

MIS. G. 'Tis worse, 'tis worse!

GAL. My factor broke? or is the Jonas sunk?

MIS. G. Would all we had were swallow'd in the waves,
Rather than both should be the scorn of slaves!

[r] *steal, steal*] Qy. ought these words to be considered as a stage-direction?

GAL. I'm at my wit's end.
MIS. G. O my dear husband!
Where[s] once I thought myself a fixed star,
Plac'd only in the heaven of thine arms,
I fear now I shall prove a wanderer.
O Laxton, Laxton! is it then my fate
To be by thee o'erthrown?
GAL. Defend me, wisdom,
From falling into frenzy! On my knees,
Sweet Pru, speak; what's that Laxton, who so heavy
Lies on thy bosom?
MIS. G. I shall sure run mad!
GAL. I shall run mad for company then. Speak to me;
I'm Gallipot thy husband—Pru—why, Pru!
Art sick in conscience for some villanous deed
Thou wert about to act? didst mean to rob me?
Tush, I forgive thee: hast thou on my bed
Thrust my soft pillow under another's head?
I'll wink at all faults, Pru: 'las, that's no more,
Than what some neighbours near thee have done before!
Sweet honey Pru, what's that Laxton?
MIS. G. O!
GAL. Out with him!
MIS. G. O, he's born to be my undoer!
This hand, which thou call'st thine, to him was given,
To him was I made sure[t] i' th' sight of heaven.
GAL. I never heard this thunder.
MIS. G. Yes, yes, before
I was to thee contracted, to him I swore:

[s] *Where*] i. e. whereas.
[t] *made sure*] i. e. affianced: compare vol. ii. p. 39.

Since last I saw him,[u] twelve months three times told
The moon hath drawn through her light silver bow;
For o'er the seas he went, and it was said,
But rumour lies, that he in France was dead:
But he's alive, O he's alive! he sent
That letter to me, which in rage I rent;
Swearing with oaths most damnably to have me,
Or tear me from this bosom: O heavens, save me!

GAL. My heart will break; sham'd and undone for ever!

MIS. G. So black a day, poor wretch, went o'er thee never!

GAL. If thou should'st wrestle with him at the law,
Thou'rt sure to fall. No odd slight?[v] no prevention?
I'll tell him thou'rt with child.

MIS. G. Umh!

GAL. Or give out
One of my men was ta'en a-bed with thee.

MIS. G. Umh, umh!

GAL. Before I lose thee, my dear Pru,
I'll drive it to that push.

MIS. G. Worse and worse still;
You embrace a mischief, to prevent an ill.

GAL. I'll buy thee of him, stop his mouth with gold:
Think'st thou 'twill do?

MIS. G. O me! heavens grant it would!
Yet now my senses are set more in tune,
He writ, as I remember, in his letter,

[u] *Since last I saw him*, &c.] Perhaps this scene is by Dekker: in his *Whore of Babylon*, 1607, we find

"Fiue summers haue scarce *drawn* their glimmering nights
Through the Moons siluer bowe." Sig. A 4.

[v] *slight*] See note, p. 250.

That he in riding up and down had spent,
Ere he could find me, thirty pounds: send that;
Stand not on thirty with him.

GAL. Forty, Pru!
Say thou the word, 'tis done: we venture lives
For wealth, but must do more to keep our wives.
Thirty or forty, Pru?

MIS. G. Thirty, good sweet;
Of an ill bargain let's save what we can:
I'll pay it him with my tears; he was a man,
When first I knew him, of a meek spirit,
All goodness is not yet dried up, I hope.

GAL. He shall have thirty pound, let that stop all:
Love's sweets taste best when we have drunk down gall.

Enter TILTYARD, MISTRESS TILTYARD, GOSHAWK, *and* MISTRESS OPENWORK.

God's-so, our friends! come, come, smooth your cheek:
After a storm the face of heaven looks sleek.

TILT. Did I not tell you these turtles were together?

MIS. T. How dost thou, sirrah?[w] why, sister Gallipot——

MIS. O. Lord, how she's chang'd!

GOS. Is your wife ill, sir?

GAL. Yes, indeed, la, sir, very ill, very ill, never worse.

MIS. T. How her head burns! feel how her pulses work!

MIS. O. Sister, lie down a little; that always does me good.

[w] *sirrah*] When this play was written, and long after, a female was frequently so addressed: see my note on Webster's *Works*, vol. iii. p. 23.

Shines yonder above Chelsea; you lose your shore;
If this moon light you, seek out your light whore.

OPEN. Ha!

MIS. G. Push,[h] your western pug![i]

GOS. Zounds, now hell roars!

MIS. O. With whom you tilted in a pair of oars
This very morning.

OPEN. Oars?

MIS. O. At Brainford, sir.

OPEN. Rack not my patience.—Master Goshawk,
Some slave has buzz'd this into her, has he not?
I run a tilt in Brainford with a woman?
'Tis a lie!
What old bawd tells thee this? 's death, 'tis a lie!

MIS. O. 'Tis one [who] to thy face shall justify
All that I speak.

OPEN. Ud'soul, do but name that rascal!

MIS. O. No, sir, I will not.

GOS. Keep thee there, girl, then! [*Aside.*

OPEN.[j] Sister, know you this varlet?

MIS. G. Yes.

OPEN. Swear true;
Is there a rogue so low damn'd? a second Judas?—
A common hangman, cutting a man's throat,
Does it to his face,—bite me behind my back?
A cur dog? swear if you know this hell-hound.

MIS. G. In truth, I do.

OPEN. His name?

[h] *Push*] See note, vol. i. p. 29.

[i] *western pug*] "I doubt the sand-eyde asse will kicke like a *Westerne Pugge*, if I rubbe him on the gall." Greene's *Theeves falling out*, &c., sig. c, ed. 1637.—"In so much that [during the plague] euen the *Westerne Pugs* receiuing mony here, have tyed it in a bag at the end of their barge, and so trailed it through the Thames," &c. Dekker's *Wonderfull Yeare*, 1603, sig. F 3.

[j] *Open.*] Old ed. "Mist. Open."

Shall not outreach me, nor walk by my door
With my wife arm in arm, as 'twere his whore,
I'll give him a golden coxcomb, thirty pound.
Tush, Pru, what's thirty pound? sweet duck, look cheerly.

MIS. G. Thou'rt worthy of my heart, thou buy'st it dearly.

Enter LAXTON *muffled.*

LAX. Uds light, the tide's against me; a pox of your 'pothecaryship! O for some glister to set him going! 'Tis one of Hercules' labours to tread one of these city hens, because their cocks are still crowing over them. There's no turning tail here, I must on. [*Aside.*

MIS. G. O husband, see he comes!

GAL. Let me deal with him.

LAX. Bless you, sir.

GAL. Be you blest too, sir, if you come in peace.

LAX. Have you any good pudding tobacco, sir?

MIS. G. O, pick no quarrels, gentle sir! my husband
Is not a man of weapon, as you are;
He knows all, I have open'd all before him,
Concerning you.

LAX. Zounds, has she shewn my letters? [*Aside.*

MIS. G. Suppose my case were yours, what would you do?
At such a pinch, such batteries, such assaults
Of father, mother, kindred, to dissolve
The knot you tied, and to be bound to him;
How could you shift this storm off?

LAX. If I know, hang me!

MIS. G. Besides a story of your death was read
Each minute to me.

LAX. What a pox means this riddling? [*Aside.*

GAL. Be wise, sir; let not you and I be tost
On lawyers' pens; they have sharp nibs, and draw
Men's very heart-blood from them. What need you, sir,
To beat the drum of my wife's infamy,
And call your friends together, sir, to prove
Your precontract, when sh'as confest it?
LAX. Umh, sir,
Has she confest it?
GAL. Sh'as, 'faith, to me, sir,
Upon your letter sending.
MIS. G. I have, I have.
LAX. If I let this iron cool, call me slave. [*Aside.*
Do you hear, you dame Prudence? think'st thou, vile woman,
I'll take these blows and wink?
MIS. GAL. Upon my knees. [*Kneeling.*
LAX. Out, impudence!
GAL. Good sir ——
LAX. You goatish slaves!
No wild fowl to cut up but mine?
GAL. Alas, sir,
You make her flesh to tremble; fright her not:
She shall do reason, and what's fit.
LAX. I'll have thee,
Wert thou more common than an hospital,
And more diseas'd.
GAL. But one word, good sir!
LAX. So, sir.
GAL. I married her, have lien with her, and got
Two children on her body; think but on that:
Have you so beggarly an appetite,
When I upon a dainty dish have fed
To dine upon my scraps, my leavings? ha, sir?
Do I come near you now, sir?

The soundness of my judgment, I told you
I kept a whore, made you believe 'twas true,
Only to feel how your pulse beat; but find
The world can hardly yield a perfect friend.
Come, come, a trick of youth, and 'tis forgiven;
This rub put by, our love shall run more even.

MIS. O. You'll deal upon men's wives no more?

GOS. No; you teach me
A trick for that.

MIS. O. Troth, do not; they'll o'erreach thee.

OPEN. Make my house yours, sir, still.

GOS. No.

OPEN. I say you shall:
Seeing thus besieg'd it holds out, 'twill never fall.

Enter GALLIPOT, *followed by* GREENWIT *disguised as a sumner;*[m] *and* LAXTON *muffled aloof off.*[n]

OPEN. }
GOS., *&c.*[o] } How now?

GAL. With me, sir?

GREEN. You, sir. I have gone snuffling[p] up and down by your door this hour, to watch for you.

MIS. G. What's the matter, husband?

GREEN. I have caught a cold in my head, sir, by sitting up late in the Rose tavern; but I hope you understand my speech.

GAL. So, sir.

GREEN. I cite you by the name of Hippocrates Gallipot, and you by the name of Prudence Gallipot, to appear upon *Crastino,*—do you see?—*Crastino sancti Dunstani,* this Easter term, in Bow Church.

[m] *sumner*] See notes, pp. 29, 170.
[n] *aloof off*] See note, vol. i. p. 427.
[o] *Open.*] Old ed. here, and several times afterwards,
Gos., &c.] "*Omnes.*"
[p] *snuffling*] Old ed. "snafling;" but see his next speech.

GAL. Where, sir? what says he?

GREEN. Bow, Bow Church, to answer to a libel of precontract on the part and behalf of the said Prudence and another: you're best, sir, take a copy of the citation, 'tis but twelvepence.

OPEN. }
GOS., &c. } A citation!

GAL. You pocky-nosed rascal, what slave fees you to this?

LAX. [*coming forward*] Slave? I ha' nothing to do with you; do you hear, sir?

GOS. Laxton, is't not? What fagary[q] is this?

GAL. Trust me, I thought, sir, this storm long ago
Had been full laid, when, if you be remember'd,[r]
I paid you the last fifteen pound, besides
The thirty you had first; for then you swore ——

LAX. Tush, tush, sir, oaths,—
Truth, yet I'm loath to vex you—tell you what,
Make up the money I had an hundred pound,
And take your bellyful of her.

GAL. An hundred pound?

MIS. G. What, a hundred pound? he gets none: what, a hundred pound?

GAL. Sweet Pru, be calm; the gentleman offers thus:
If I will make the moneys that are past
A hundred pound, he will discharge all courts,
And give his bond never to vex us more.

MIS. G. A hundred pound? 'Las, take, sir, but threescore!
Do you seek my undoing?

LAX. I'll not 'bate one sixpence.—
I'll maul you, puss, for spitting.

[q] *fagary*] i. e. vagary.
[r] *if you be remember'd*] i. e. if you recollect.

MIS. G. Do thy worst.—
Will fourscore stop thy mouth?
LAX. No.
MIS. G. You're a slave;
Thou cheat, I'll now tear money from thy throat.—
Husband, lay hold on yonder tawny-coat.[s]
GREEN. Nay, gentlemen, seeing your women are so hot, I must lose my hair[t] in their company, I see.
[*Takes off his false hair.*
MIS. O. His hair sheds off, and yet he speaks not so much in the nose as he did before.
GOS. He has had the better chirurgeon.—Master Greenwit, is your wit so raw as to play no better a part than a sumner's?
GAL. I pray, who plays *A knack to know an honest man*,[u] in this company?
MIS. G. Dear husband, pardon me, I did dissemble,
Told thee I was his precontracted wife,
When letters came from him for thirty pound:
I had no shift but that.
GAL. A very clean shift,
But able to make me lousy: on.
MIS. G. Husband, I pluck'd,
When he had tempted me to think well of him,
Gelt feathers[v] from thy wings, to make him fly
More lofty.

[s] *tawny-coat*] "*Tawny* was the usual dress of a summoner or apparitor." REED.

[t] *I must lose my hair*, &c.] "Alluding to the consequences of lewdness, one of which, in the first appearance of the disease in Europe, was the loss of hair." REED.

[u] *A knack to know an honest man*] *A Pleasant Conceited Comedie, called, A knacke to know an honest Man, As it hath beene sundrie times plaied about the Citie of London*, was printed in 1596, the author unknown.

[v] *gelt feathers*] i. e. golden feathers. But I am by no

GAL. A' the top of you, wife: on.
MIS. G. He having wasted them, comes now for more,
Using me as a ruffian doth his whore,
Whose sin keeps him in breath. By heaven, I vow,
Thy bed he ne'er wrong'd more than he does now!
GAL. My bed? ha, ha! like enough; a shop-board will serve
To have a cuckold's coat cut out upon:
Of that we'll talk hereafter.—You're a villain.
LAX. Hear me but speak, sir, you shall find me none.
OPEN. } Pray, sir, be patient, and hear him.
GOS., &c. }
GAL. I'm muzzl'd for biting, sir; use me how you will.
LAX. The first hour that your wife was in my eye,
Myself with other gentlemen sitting by
In your shop tasting smoke, and speech being us'd,
That men who've fairest wives are most abus'd,
And hardly scape[v] the horn, your wife maintain'd
That only such spots in city dames were stain'd
Justly but by men's slanders: for her own part,
She vow'd that you had so much of her heart,
No man, by all his wit, by any wile
Never so fine-spun, should yourself beguile
Of what in her was yours.
GAL. Yet, Pru, 'tis well.—
Play out your game at Irish,[w] sir: who wins?

means confident that I have restored the right reading. Old ed. "Get *fethers*."

[v] *scape*] Old ed. "scapt."

[w] *Irish*] "Is a game which differs very slightly from back-gammon. The manner of playing it is described in *The Compleat Gamester*, 1680, p. 109." REED.

MIS. O. The trial is when she comes to bearing.[w]
LAX. I scorn'd one woman thus should brave all men,
And, which more vex'd me, a she-citizen;
Therefore I laid siege to her: out she held,
Gave many a brave repulse, and me compell'd
With shame to sound retreat to my hot lust:
Then, seeing all base desires rak'd up in dust,
And that[x] to tempt her modest ears, I swore
Ne'er to presume again: she said, her eye
Would ever give me welcome honestly;
And, since I was a gentleman, if't run low,
She would my state relieve, not to o'erthrow
Your own and hers: did so; then seeing I wrought
Upon her meekness, me she set at nought;
And yet to try if I could turn that tide,
You see what stream I strove with; but, sir, I swear
By heaven, and by those hopes men lay up there,
I neither have nor had a base intent
To wrong your bed! what's done, is merriment:
Your gold I pay back with this interest,
When I'd most power to do't, I wrong'd you least.
GAL. If this no gullery be, sir ——
OPEN. } No, no, on my life!
GOS., &c. }
GAL. Then, sir, I am beholden — not to you, wife, —
But, master Laxton, to your want of doing
Ill, which it seems you have not.—Gentlemen,
Tarry and dine here all.
OPEN. Brother, we've a jest,
As good as yours, to furnish out a feast.

[w] *bearing*] "*Bear* as fast as you can . . . when you *come to bearing*, have a care," &c. *The Compleat Gamester*, pp. 155-6, ed. 1674.

[x] *And that*, &c.] A line preceding this one seems to have dropt out: perhaps another is wanting after *And yet to try*, &c.

MOLL. Pardon! for what, sir? what has your rogueship done now?
TRAP. I've been from time to time hir'd to confound you
By this old gentleman.
MOLL. How?
TRAP. Pray, forgive him:
But may I counsel you, you should never do't.
Many a snare t' entrap your worship's life
Have I laid privily; chains, watches, jewels;
And when he saw nothing could mount you up,
Four hollow-hearted angels[m] he then gave you,
By which he meant to trap you, I to save you.
S. ALEX. To all which shame and grief in me cry guilty.
Forgive me: now I cast the world's eyes from me,
And look upon thee freely with mine own,
I see the most of many wrongs before me,[n]
Cast from the jaws of Envy and her people,
And nothing foul but that. I'll never more
Condemn by common voice, for that's the whore
That deceives man's opinion, mocks his trust,
Cozens his love, and makes his heart unjust.
MOLL. Here be the angels, gentlemen; they were given me
As a musician: I pursue no pity;
Follow the law, and[o] you can cuck[p] me, spare not;
Hang up my viol by me, and I care not.
S. ALEX. So far I'm sorry, I'll thrice double 'em,
To make thy wrongs amends.
Come, worthy friends, my honourable lord,
Sir Beauteous Ganymede, and noble Fitzallard,

[m] *angels*] See note, vol. i. p. 250. [n] *me*] Old ed. "hee."
[o] *and*] i. e. if.
[p] *cuck*] i. e. put me in the cucking-stool: see note, p. 185.

in this town, that speaks nothing but *make a mittimus, away with him to Newgate*, used that rogue like a firework,[a] to run upon a line betwixt him and me.

ALL. How, how?

MOLL. Marry, to lay trains of villany to blow up my life: I smelt the powder, spied what linstock[b] gave fire to shoot against the poor captain of the galley-foist,[c] and away slid I my man like a shovel-board shilling.[d] He strouts[e] up and down the suburbs, I think, and eats up whores, feeds upon a bawd's garbage.

S. THO. Sirrah, Jack Dapper ——

J. DAP. What sayst, Tom Long?

S. THO. Thou hadst a sweet-faced boy, hail-fellow with thee, to your little Gull: how is he spent?

J. DAP. Troth, I whistled the poor little buzzard off a' my fist, because, when he waited upon me at the ordinaries, the gallants hit me i' the teeth still, and said I looked like a painted alderman's tomb, and the boy at my elbow like a death's head.—Sirrah Jack, Moll ——

MOLL. What says my little Dapper?

S. BEAU. Come, come; walk and talk, walk and talk.

[a] *like a firework*, &c.] So Dekker (see notes, pp. 490, 503) in his *Whore of Babylon*, 1607;

> "Let vs behold these *fire-workes, that must run*
> *Vpon short lines of life.*" Sig E 4.

[b] *linstock*] Or *lintstock*—a stick with the match (the lint) at one end of it, used in firing cannon.

[c] *galley-foist*] i. e. a long barge with oars: it frequently means that of the lord mayor.

[d] *shovel-board shilling*] i. e. a shilling used at the game of *shovel-board*, and which was always smooth, that it might "slide away" easily.

[e] *strouts*] i. e. struts.

EPILOGUE.

A painter having drawn with curious art
The picture of a woman, every part
Limn'd to the life, hung out the piece to sell.
People who pass'd along, viewing it well,
Gave several verdicts on it: some disprais'd
The hair; some said the brows too high were rais'd;
Some hit her o'er the lips, mislik'd their colour;
Some wish'd her nose were shorter; some, the eyes
fuller;
Others said roses on her cheeks should grow,
Swearing they look'd too pale; others cried no.
The workman still, as fault was found, did mend it,
In hope to please all: but this work being ended,
And hung open at stall, it was so vile,
So monstrous, and so ugly, all men did smile
At the poor painter's folly. Such, we doubt,
Is this our comedy: some perhaps do flout
The plot, saying, 'tis too thin, too weak, too mean;
Some for the person will revile the scene,
And wonder that a creature of her being
Should be the subject of a poet, seeing
In the world's eye none weighs so light: others look
For all those base tricks, publish'd in a book[q]
Foul as his brains they flow'd from, of cutpurse[s],
Of nips and foists, nasty, obscene discourses,

[q] *a book*] "Alluding, no doubt, to some tract of the time. Dekker himself wrote several of the kind; but it is not to be supposed that any of these are here so roughly handled." COLLIER. Not to be supposed indeed; since Dekker wrote a portion of the present play.

As full of lies as empty of worth or wit,
For any honest ear or eye unfit.
And thus,
If we to every brain that's humorous
Should fashion scenes, we, with the painter, shall,
In striving to please all, please none at all.
Yet for such faults as either the writer's wit
Or negligence of the actors do commit,
Both crave your pardons : if what both have done
Cannot full pay your expectation,
The Roaring Girl herself, some few days hence,
Shall on this stage give larger recompence.
Which mirth that you may share in, herself does woo you,
And craves this sign, your hands to beckon her to you.

END OF VOL. II.

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commonwealth of rogues, a slave that can talk of sea-fight, name all your chief pirates, discover more countries to you than either the Dutch, Spanish, French, or English ever found out; yet indeed all his service is by land, and that is to rob a fair, or some such venturous exploit. Tearcat? 'foot, sirrah, I have your name, now I remember me, in my book of horners; horns for the thumb,[o] you know how.

TEAR. No indeed, captain Moll, for I know you by sight, I am no such nipping Christian,[p] but a maunderer upon the pad,[q] I confess; and meeting with honest Trapdoor here, whom you had cashiered from bearing arms, out at elbows, under your colours, I instructed him in the rudiments of roguery, and by my map made him sail over any country you can name, so that now he can maunder better than myself.

J. DAP. So, then, Trapdoor, thou art turned soldier now?

TRAP. Alas, sir, now there's no wars, 'tis the safest course of life I could take!

MOLL. I hope, then, you can cant, for by your cudgels, you, sirrah, are an upright man.[r]

[o] *horns for the thumb*] Pickpockets were said to place a case, or thimble, of horn on their thumbs, to support the edge of the knife in the act of cutting purses: see Gifford's note on B. Jonson's *Works*, vol. iv. p. 413.

[p] *nipping Christian*] i. e. cutpurse.

[q] *maunderer upon the pad*] "*Mawnding*, asking (begging)." "*Pad*, a way." Dekker's *Lanthorne and Candlelight*, 1612, sig c 2.

[r] *an upright man*] "Is a sturdy big-bonde knaue, that neuer walkes but (like a Commander) with a short truncheon in his hand, which hee cals his Filchman. At Markets, Fayres, and other meetings his voice amongst Beggars is of the same sound that a Constables is of, it is not to be controld. He is free of all the shiers in England, but neuer stayes in any place long, &c. &c. . . . These [upright men] cary the shapes of soldiers,

TRAP. As any walks the highway, I assure you.

MOLL. And, Tearcat, what are you? a wild rogue,[s] an angler,[t] or a ruffler?[u]

TEAR. Brother to this upright man, flesh and blood; ruffling Tearcat is my name, and a ruffler is my style, my title, my profession.

MOLL. Sirrah, where's your doxy? halt not with me.

ALL. Doxy, Moll? what's that?

and can talke of the Low Countries, though they neuer were beyond Dover." Dekker's *Belman of London*, 1608, sig c. 3.

[s] *a wild rogue*] "Is a spirit that cares not in what circle he rises, nor into the company of what Diuels hee falles: in his swadling clouts is he marked to be a villaine, and in his breeding is instructed to be so. . . . . These Wilde Rogues (like wilde geese) keepe in flocks, and all the day loyter in the fields, if the weather bee warme, and at Bricke-kils, or else disperse themselues in cold weather, to rich mens doores, and at night haue their meetings in Barnes or other out places," &c. *Id.* sig. D.

[t] *an angler*] "Is a lymb of an Vpright man, as beeing deriued from him: their apparell in which they walke is commonly frieze Jerkins and gally slops: in the day time, they beg from house to house, not so much for reliefe, as to spy what lyes fit for their nets, which in the night following they fish for. The Rod they angle with is a staffe of fiue or six foote in length, in which within one inch of the top is a little hole boared quite thorough, into which hole they put an yron hooke, and with the same doe they angle at windowes about midnight, the draught they pluck vp beeing apparell, sheetes, couerlets, or whatsoeuer their yron hookes can lay hold of," &c. *Id.* sig. c 4.

[u] *a ruffler*] "The next in degree to him [the Vpright man] is cald a Ruffler: the Ruffler and the Vpright-man are so like in conditions, that you would sweare them brothers: they walke with cudgels alike; they profess armes alike. . . . These commonly are fellowes that haue stood aloofe in the warres, and whilst others fought, they tooke their heeles and ran away from their Captaine, or else they haue bin Seruing-men, whome for their behauiour no man would trust with a liuery," &c. *Id. ibid.*

MOLL. His wench.

TRAP. My doxy? I have, by the salomon,[v] a doxy that carries a kinchin mort in her slate[w] at her back, besides my dell and my dainty wild dell,[x] with all whom I'll tumble this next darkmans in the strommel,[y] and drink ben baufe, and eat a fat gruntling cheat, a cackling cheat, and a quacking cheat.

J. DAP. Here's old[z] cheating!

TRAP. My doxy stays for me in a bousing ken,[a] brave captain.

MOLL. He says his wench stays for him in an ale-house.—You are no pure rogues![b]

TEAR. Pure rogues? no, we scorn to be pure

[v] *the salomon*] i. e. "the masse." Dekker's *Lanthorne and Candlelight*, 1612, sig. c 3.

[w] *kinchin mort in her slate*] Old ed. "kitchin-*mort*."—"Kinching-morts are girles of a yeare or two old, which the Morts (their mothers) cary at their backes in their Slates (which in the Canting-Tongue are Sheetes) if they haue no children of their owne, they will steale them from others, and by some meane disfigure them, that by their parents they shall neuer be knowne." Dekker's *Belman of London*, 1608, sig. D 3.

[x] *my dell and my dainty wild dell*] Dell is a girl yet undebauched: "these Dells are reserued for the Vpright-men, &c. . . . . Of these Dells, some are termed Wilde Dells, and those are such as are born and begotten vnder a hedge: the other are yong wenches that either by death of parents, the villainie of Executors, or the crueltie of maisters and mistresses, fall into this infamous and damnable course of life." *Id.* sig. D 3, 4.

[y] *I'll tumble this next darkmans in the strommel*, &c.] i. e. I'll tumble this next night in the straw, and drink good drink (*baufe* being probably, as Reed has observed, a mistake for *bouse*), and eat a fat pig, a cock (or capon), and a duck. See Dekker's *Lanthorne and Candlelight*, 1612, sig. c 2, 3.

[z] *old*] i. e. abundant.

[a] *bousing ken*] i. e. ale-house. See Dekker's *Lanthorne and Candlelight*, 1612, sig. c 2.

[b] *You are no pure rogues*] See note, vol. i. p. 169.